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VOLUMES XIII., XIV., AND XV.  
1897-98-99.

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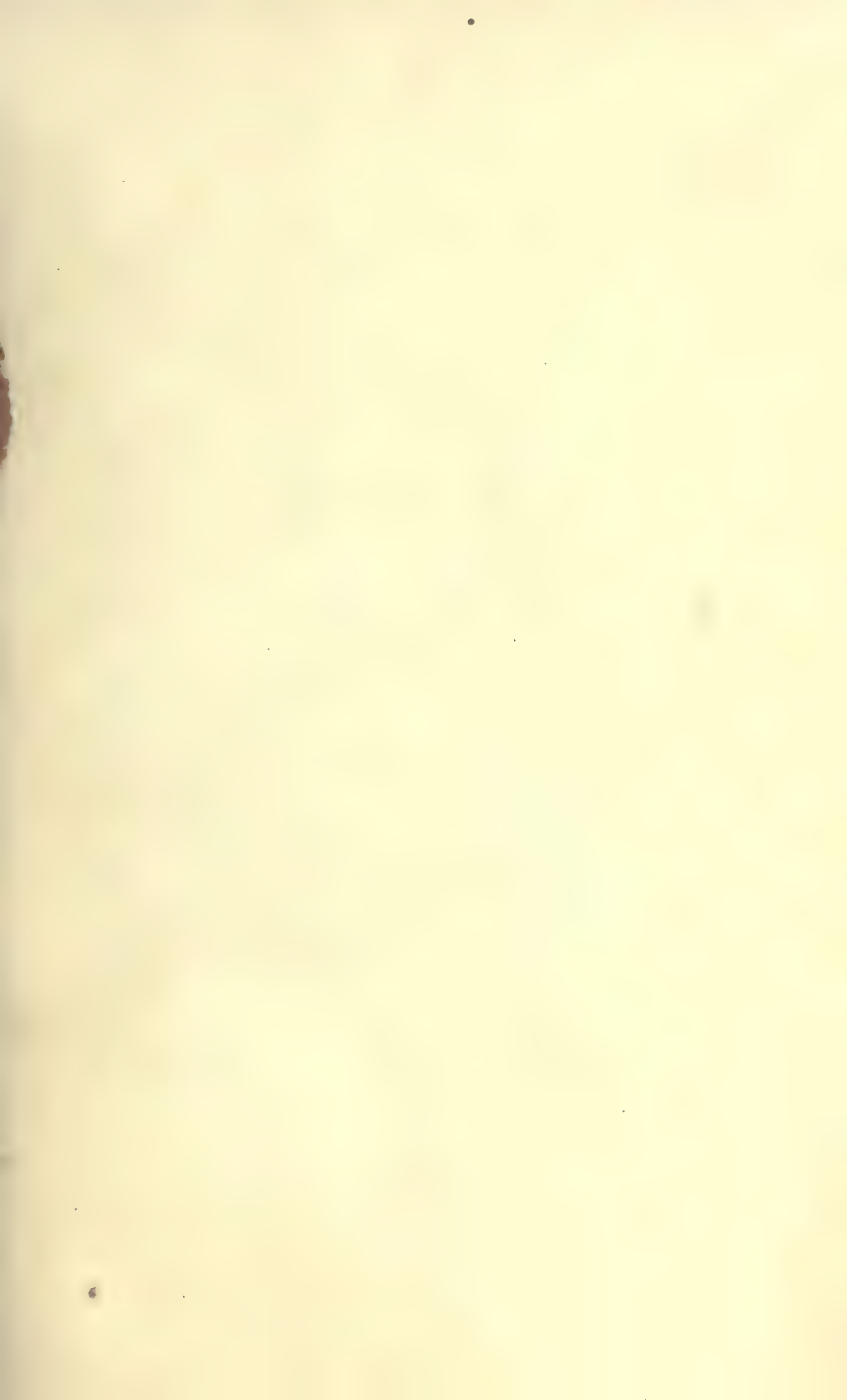
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*J. J. Byer*

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VOL. XIII.

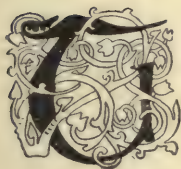
JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

HON. JOHN JAMES DYER,

FIRST JUDGE OF THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR IOWA,  
1847—1855.

BY T. S. PARVIN, LL. D.,  
CLERK OF HIS COURT.



HE high character and the great services rendered in the work of State-building by the Pioneers and Old Settlers are being acknowledged by the people of Iowa. The ceremonies of the Semi-Centennial of our

State's birth just past have conclusively demonstrated this fact and made it apparent to the public view, and we trust that in the future the State-builders who "made Iowa" may live in the affections of the people and in the history of the State they builded for them. The inspiration that is developed by their successors in this progressive generation in beautifying and enlarging the work of their hands has been supplied in a generous measure by those whose praises were sung and whose deeds were so nobly extolled on yesterday at the jubilee of the young State. Most of "the brilliant stars that adorned the firmament" when the light of the Territory was lost in the rising of the State have set and have become "citizens of that better country whose builder and maker is God."

Iowa was not builded like the great states of the old world nor yet like the old States of our own Union, by successive generations of men and statesmen but rather by a single generation of master workmen. In this she the more resembled the fabled Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, who sprang full fledged from the brain of Jupiter the heroic god of the ancient world.

No class of men but such as those through whose veins coursed Pioneer and Old Settler blood could have builded Iowa as they builded the State with foundations strong and broad and deep, for the foundation of the State upon which a grand structure was to be erected should be laid like those of the God of the Universe, upon foundations of "righteousness and judgment." It requires time to take "accurately the altitude of the men" who made the early history of the State, and the historian with the leisure of coming years will no doubt succeed in arriving at results which shall place these men properly before the generations of people who shall profit by the labors of the early builders. When admiring the beauty of the dome, the symbol of the State, reflected in the sunlight of the morning, forget not to render homage to the builders whose modesty bespeaks their merits and who have faded from view with the evening twilight of the setting sun.

It is our purpose in this paper to speak in brief of one, and a prominent one, the Hon. John James Dyer, deceased, of Dubuque, who engaged at an early day in the work of State-building upon the beautiful and rolling prairies of Iowa, stretching from river to river upon the east and west. He was not a Pioneer but one of the most honored and capable of the Old Settlers, who, following and uniting with the Pioneers, are the real and true makers of Iowa Statehood, so recently celebrated in the first capital of the Territory—the city of Burlington.

Mr. Dyer's last and most eminent service to the Territory of Iowa, just preceding her admission to the Union as a State, was rendered in the Democratic Convention which assembled

in the early fall (September 4th) after the adoption by the people of the Constitution of (May 4th) 1846 on August 3rd of that year. The ticket nominated by that Convention was elected October 26th following, though the Act of Congress for the admission of Iowa into the Union was not passed till the 28th of the following December. These events culminated in the *practical* completion of the work of Statehood and Iowa became then and there one of the States of the Union expressed in the motto "E Pluribus Unum" the twenty-ninth star upon the Nation's banner.

When the citizens of the new State, about to be, had convened through their representatives in the Convention it was found that there were no prominent citizens of the new commonwealth who sought the nomination for the office of Governor. The leading Democrats were all aspiring to the offices of U. S. Senator, Members of Congress, of which there were to be two, or Judges of the Supreme Court, three of whom were to be elected by the new Legislature when it should convene. The majority "for the Constitution" was only 456 in the total vote of 18,526 which shows that the people after three successive trials were not overly eager for Statehood. The people had twice rejected the Constitution of 1844 by a vote of 996 majority in April, and 421 majority in August, 1845. At this election of 1846, Jackson County had cast the largest vote in proportion to the number of votes cast for the Constitution (422), and so was styled "the banner County of Democracy," her vote being 588 for and 166 against the Constitution. Lee County having the much larger vote, 1,287 for to 785 against, gave a larger majority, but not in per centage of the population of voters.

In view of these facts it was agreed among the leaders (of which I was one) in Convention that we would give to Jackson County the presentation of a name for nomination for Governor. It was fully believed that the name of Mr. John J. Dyer would be selected and presented by his associate delegates,—he, however, positively declined and for the reason,

as confided to me, that he was a candidate for the appointment of Judge of the District Court of the United States upon the admission of the State—an appointment which a few months later he received; he, however, presented the Convention, with a nominating speech couched in terse and appropriate language, the name of Ansel Briggs, of Jackson County, a worthy gentleman who had held prominent offices in the county and represented it in the Legislative Assembly at its fifth annual session, 1842, but was not generally known to the members of the Convention—he was a modest man of moderate ability and had cut but little figure and so left no mark in the legislation of that year; he was elected and became the first Governor of the new State of Iowa, and as such his name will go down through the years enjoying the honor and respect of his fellow citizens of that and later periods.

John J. Dyer, of Dubuque, Judge of the U. S. District Court for the District of Iowa, was the first contribution of the State to this branch of the higher National Court. This distinguished honor has been later shared by Hon. Jas. M. Love, an Old Settler, of Keokuk, and now by the Hon. Oliver P. Shiras, of Dubuque, who came to Iowa the year following (1856) Judge Dyer's death, and by Hon. John S. Woolson, of Mt. Pleasant — the two latter present incumbents of the bench — all of whom have reflected honor upon the State and appointing power of the Nation. Upon Judge Dyer devolved both the honor and the labor of organizing the Court and establishing wise rules for the practice and administration of justice within its jurisdiction corresponding with that of the State. Of the officers of his Court, the Marshal, Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, of Van Buren County, and the Clerk, T. S. Parvin, of Muscatine County, are still living; the District Attorney, Hon. Isaac M. Preston, of Johnson County, deceased many years ago. The District at first and during Judge Dyer's service embraced the whole State, and Court was held, the first term, July, 1847, at Iowa City, the State capital, and later at Dubuque and Burlington. After the death of his successor, Judge Love, the

State was divided into two, the Northern and Southern Districts of Iowa, and courts are now held at Cedar Rapids, Dubuque, Sioux City and Ft. Dodge for the Northern District and for the Southern District at Council Bluffs, Keokuk and Des Moines, the capital of the State since 1857. Judge Dyer's commission was signed by President Jas. K. Polk and countersigned by Jas. Buchanan as Secretary of State, and is dated Washington, the 3rd day of March, 1847. The date of his being qualified I do not know, but as he was (as I well remember) east at the time of his appointment he must have filed his oath of office in the State Department soon after receiving his commission; the endorsement of his oath upon the Commission is dated at Dubuque the 22nd day of November, 1847.

Well could Judge Dyer at the close of that July, the first term of his Court, have pronounced its "dictum" in behalf of the Pioneers and Old Settlers and declared that the work of their hands was completed, the temple of State builded and passed to the new settlers yet to come as their inheritance and possession, the new born State, with the pleasing announcement to them that

"For the structure that *you* raise  
Time is with materials filled,  
*Our* to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which *you* build,"

and upon you will devolve the work of beautifying, strengthening and enlarging the State for your successors. Judge Dyer lived long enough—a decade—to see the State he had helped to build take her place in the front rank of the commonwealths of the land, possessed of all the elements that constitute a great and a mighty commonwealth.

The intimate relations existing between us as officers of the Court, extended also to the social circle and we were a frequent inmate of his house, breaking bread with him at his table and enjoying, as I am sure, his confidence and esteem through life, would enable me to speak personally of his character as a

Judge and a citizen—we prefer, however, for public reasons to present the testimony of his fellow citizens, also members of the Court, to all of which we can most heartily respond an approval. When his death was announced a meeting of the bar of his city was called and a series of resolutions presented by Hon. Stephen Hempstead, the second Governor of the State, 1850—54, and who had through the whole territorial period occupied positions of high honor and trust, ever serving the people most acceptably. The committee say:

“That we as members of the Dubuque bar deeply lament the loss which our profession, the Court, and the country have sustained in the death of our friend and brother, John J. Dyer.

“That society may well mourn the death of one whose public spirit and generous impulses had endeared him to all who knew him.

“That, as in the profession of the law, so much depends upon the integrity and character of the bench, we especially deplore in the demise of our friend the removal of a Judge whose prompt decision, legal acumen, dignified deportment, patient attention and unvarying courage gave tone to his Court not only attractive to us but to all who came before it.

“That we offer our sincere sympathy to the immediate family and relations of the deceased for the loss of him whose simplicity of heart, purity of purpose and amiable social qualities made his home happy and his friends joyous around him.

“That the memory of a citizen so esteemed, a public officer so eminent and faithful and whose past life was so intimately connected with the welfare and prosperity of the State ought to be endeared to those who have been associated with him and to all who desire to emulate his virtues.”

We know not what we could add to this testimony so beautifully presented and by the entire bar and the citizens of his adopted city, further than to say that “he ever placed honesty before expediency and was ready to follow his convictions nurtured by study and by thought wherever they might lead him.” He was not and never had been a politician of the

ordinary political school, but he was the Judge embodying in his life the highest character and attributes of the office which he laid down only with his life.

Another who knew him well, the first Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, with which he communed, in which he was a bright and shining light and for which he labored in the promotion of its welfare and the service of his divine Master,—thus speaks of him: “honest, generous, kind-hearted and as true a man as the sun ever shone upon, always the christian gentleman who carried his religion with him in all the walks of life and never ashamed to acknowledge himself a disciple of the ‘Man of Galilee.’” Other testimonials and from various classes were given of his worth, but we have said enough to establish the fact that he had ever found a place in the hearts of those who knew him and among whom he lived and with whom he labored in the making of the State and in crowning it with the glory of later years.

John James Dyer was the son of Zebulon and Rebekah Dyer, and was born in Franklin, Pendleton County, Virginia (now West Virginia), July, 26th, 1809. His ancestors were of English nationality; we are not advised of his maternal ancestry. His mother, Rebekah, was the daughter of Major Wagner of Revolutionary fame. Judge Pennypacker, of the Virginia Court and later U. S. Senator, was a brother-in-law of Judge Dyer and a relative also of the lady whom he later married; it was through his influence, in part at least, that Mr. Dyer secured his appointment as Judge. His higher education was commenced in the “Henderson select classical school” conducted by the Rev. John Henderson who was a prominent Presbyterian minister and resided in Augusta County near Richmond, Va., and completed in the University of Virginia from which he was graduated. He then entered the law school of Judge Brisco G. Baldwin, a member of the Court of Appeals, at Staunton, Va., and after completing the course was admitted to the bar and practiced in Pendleton and adjoining counties. His preparatory education was no doubt

thorough as the school had the reputation of sending out into the world many bright boys, who, after graduating, became celebrated in the State as business and professional men.

In the fall of 1835 he married Miss Mary C., daughter of Hon. Joseph H. Samuels, of the Valley of Virginia. In 1842 this estimable lady died leaving three children, Miss Lucy (who later married Mr. Geo. Crane, of Dubuque, a prominent attorney and postmaster under Gen. Harrison), Chapman and Mary, also later married. In the spring of 1845 Judge Dyer married Miss Lucy W. Samuels, sister of his former wife. These ladies were sisters of the Hon. Benjamin M. Samuels, so well known to the people of Iowa in earlier years as one of the most talented and eloquent members of the State bar and whose genial qualities endeared him to the public; he was a candidate for Governor at a later period but being a staunch Democrat in Republican days he shared the fate of his party and was defeated.

Soon after his marriage and while Iowa was yet a Territory he came west and located, first in Jackson County, in the new Territory, and thus became a member of the Old Settlers' Society. Most of the Southern people from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee had chosen southern Iowa as their new home, while Mr. Dyer selected the northern part of the Territory in which to cast his lot. He first came west to look after some lands he had entered and was so delighted with the prospect before him, the beauty of the land, the enterprise of the citizens, that he decided at once to locate with and among them and so brought his family after his return home for the purpose. Later he selected Dubuque as his future home, where he lived an honored, respected and useful life until in the summer of 1855 he went back to his old home in Virginia and was taken sick and died on the 14th of September, 1855, breathing his life away gently; he was buried at Woodstock, Virginia, in the beautiful historical Shenandoah Valley, beside his first wife, leaving his second wife, her sister, with three children, Charles L., residing in Seattle, Washington; Frank

W. in Minneapolis with whom the mother is living; and the youngest and last child, Will Pendleton, also residing in Minneapolis—these sons of our old friend are doing well in business and are worthy sons of the father.

Judge Dyer will ever be remembered and held in high esteem by those who knew him for his manly virtues, his retiring and unostentatious manner, the freedom of his intercourse with his fellow citizens and for his sound judgment and wise counsel and his truly christian character rather than for any innate greatness. He was a safe and a conservative man in the administration of the affairs of his Court; he was a student as well an administrator of the law; he had a high appreciation of the dignity of his Court and so presided that all having business therein were led to observe the decorum of the place and appreciate the judicial bearing of its incumbent. It being the highest Court within the State and the representative of the Nation in its administration of justice he had no easy task to mark the pathway that others at a later period might follow. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand to his fellow citizens in the furtherance of the development of the city he had chosen as his residence and to promote the general welfare of the people of the State in whose behalf he had so effectually labored in territorial days. He ever lent his aid in behalf of all enterprises having for their object the promotion of the best interest of the people in their developing progress as citizens of the municipality or of the State. He was outspoken in his praise of men deserving well as he was in the condemnation of wrong. Not only the members of his church, for he was a strict churchman, but of all denominations in the city revered his christian character and joined in praise and commendation of his services in behalf of religion, morality and education the foundation of all good government and the happiness of mankind.

In the home circle, by the fire-side, he was the model husband and father and a good entertainer; he delighted in the company of the worthy and meritorious and with them

spent many happy passing hours, talking over the past to which he looked with pride and of the future for which he had great hope in that the State, with whose people he had cast his lot would yet rise higher and higher in the scale of its grandeur and magnitude as the home of a people whose virtues and whose enterprise should fittingly correspond with the beauty and fertility of the land they had made their own. Surely such a life was not spent in vain, nor was his strength wasted in frivolous pursuits after personal gain either of wealth or honor, both came to him honestly as he deserved them. Dying as he had lived he has left behind a name, one of the proudest names inscribed upon the escutcheon of Iowa's heraldry.

"O Christian, let thy faith arise  
In every time, in every place;  
The Maker of the earth and skies  
Is strengthening thee to run the race—  
Bid tears depart, subdue thy grief,  
Hushed be the sighs and wiped the tears;  
Thy God is nigh to give relief  
And speaks in mercy 'I am here'."

---

## CHARLES SHEPHERD.

A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

By HIRAM HEATON.

---

**T**HERE are old men now living who, when boys in eastern States, remember that on the Fourth of July celebrations of those days, an old man would occupy the place of honor, and the orator of the occasion would turn to him, when speaking of the debt of gratitude owed to the patriot soldiers of the War of Independence, and invoke blessings on him as one of the heroes of that struggle. Strong hands would raise the old man aloft, that all might see him and the old man's presence would kindle a more intense flame of

patriotic fire in the hearts of the multitude than could be kindled by the most impassioned oratory.

One of these old men came to Iowa in early days, lived a few years and died and was buried within our borders, but the old man's memory has almost faded away and no monument has been reared over his dust to mark a spot that should be one of the most honored in the State.

In 1837 Charles Shepherd came to the Territory of Iowa, from Brooklyn, New York, with his wife, three sons and one daughter—two of the sons were married and had families. Shepherd had served in the War of Independence as a private in the Pennsylvania troops under Captain Patrick Duffee and Colonel Thomas Proctor. For the three years of his actual service he received in 1818 a pension of eight dollars a month. At the time of his application for pension he was fifty-eight years of age; he was living at that time at Duaneburg, New York, but he afterwards moved to Brooklyn where his son, Henry, kept a bowling-alley. Shepherd lived a number of years, after he came to Iowa, in a little cabin beside the Old Territorial road, two miles west of Rome, Henry County. The cabin stood a few rods east of where the road to Mills-paugh's mill, at the present time, diverges from the main road.

Mr. Shepherd is remembered as being a very small man, whom time had bowed until he almost went double.

It cannot be denied that the Shepherd family was not held in high esteem by the neighboring settlers, but this was because of the worthless character of the sons; one of whom lived with his parents, and all of them depending upon his pension, to a great extent, for a living. However, emigrants and travelers, in passing by the humble cabin, when they learned of the history of its occupants would stop to see the old soldier, that they might be able to tell, they had seen one who had served in the Revolution. They would make him small presents of tobacco and whiskey, for he was not an exception to the rule that "drinking is the soldier's pleasure."

To those who, mindful of the honorable part he had borne

in our country's history, would listen, he never tired of fighting his battles over again. He had been at Trenton and Valley Forge, and that battle and Washington's considerate care of his men were often the subjects of his rehearsals.

In 1843 Shepherd removed to the east side of Skunk River and built a cabin in the bottom land, some mile and a half up the river from the present Millspaugh's mill. Here he lived until April, 1845. The summer of 1844 had been a very rainy one, and in consequence of the high water, John Crawford, who had begun a mill, had been unable to construct the dam. Early in the spring of 1845 he had employed a number of young men, with ox teams, to get the material together for the dam. At night the oxen were turned loose, to pasture on the wild grass, already springing up, for the spring was unusually early. One morning a young man, George W. Crawford, in collecting the oxen, called at Shepherd's cabin and found the old man very ill; returning at night, he watched by the bedside until death came, and he afterwards, with the assistance of Isaac Shoults, dug a grave and buried the neglected old man.

Shepherd was buried on the hill that rises just beyond where his cabin stood in view of the river. The grave is in a patch of weeds and briars, in a meadow, onto which a pile of huge tree stumps have been rolled. From the hill a beautiful prospect is spread before one of the river, of farms near and beyond the river, of hills and valleys and scores of farm houses in the eastern part of Jefferson County. Some years ago a move was made by Crawford and other gentlemen of Henry County, to place a monument to Shepherd's memory at this place, but through want of interest the project failed. George Crawford, the man who helped to bury Shepherd is yet living in the neighborhood of Rome, but when he shall have gone and the pile of stumps shall have been burned and the field shall be entirely smoothed, the place of the grave of Charles Shepherd, perhaps the only grave of a revolutionary soldier within the bounds of the State of Iowa, will have been lost.

*Glendale, Iowa.*

## STATE BOUNDARY DISPUTES.



WE have already published two articles upon disputed boundaries and the final settlement of the same—in the July and the October numbers of *THE HISTORICAL RECORD* for 1896—the first concerning the contest between Pennsylvania and Delaware, the second between Michigan and Ohio. It is a pleasure to be able to present the report of a commission entrusted with the final settlement of a line which more nearly concerns the State of Iowa.

In the year 1808 the Osages ceded lands to the United States. In 1816 it became important to Illinois that the northern boundary of the Osage cession be established. Colonel Sullivan, after conference with the Indians and with United States Commissioners, surveyed and marked a line, referred to in the report below.

When Missouri was admitted as a State the "Sullivan line" was designated as her northern boundary. After the "Black Hawk Purchase," in 1832, settlers in Iowa became familiar with the fact that the parallel of latitude extending eastward from the northwest corner of Missouri would not intersect the rapids of the Des Moines River, as the statute fixing the northern boundary of Missouri declared. In the year 1837, one Joseph C. Brown, acting for Missouri, established a line known as "Brown's line." This last line gave to Missouri a strip of land of more than 2,500 square miles to the north of "Sullivan's line."

By Congressional act approved June 18, 1838, the President of the United States was authorized to ascertain and mark the southern boundary of the Territory of Iowa. An examination was made by General Lea. The matter was brought into court and the Supreme Court of the United States issued a decree at the December term 1849, under which Hendershott and Minor established and marked a line called the "Hendershott

and Minor line." A permanent monument was set each ten miles, and others less durable were set for each mile. For a strip of five miles between the fiftieth and sixtieth miles from the beginning of the Hendershott and Minor survey the posts had decayed or had been removed, and for a narrow strip Missouri and Iowa claimed jurisdiction. The Supreme Court of the United States again had the matter under advisement, and issued a decree February 3, 1896, demanding a re-survey and a re-marking of the Hendershott and Minor line. A Commission consisting of a representative, each of Iowa and Missouri, and of some third man, upon whom the two State Representatives should agree, was constituted by the Court. The Commission as constituted was James Harding, of Missouri; Peter A. Dey, of Iowa; and Dwight C. Morgan, of Illinois. Their report follows. EDITOR.

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*To the Honorable, the Supreme Court of the United States:*

The undersigned Commissioners appointed by the decree of your honorable Court, dated February 3, 1896, to find and re-mark with proper and durable monuments such portions of the boundary line between the States of Missouri and Iowa, run, marked and located by Hendershott and Minor, in accordance with decree of your honorable Court, dated, June 3, 1851, as have become obliterated, especially between the fiftieth and fifty-fifth mile posts on said line, etc., respectfully submit the following report:

On the 27th day of February last, the Commissioners met in the City of Chicago, and fully discussed matters pertinent to the proper performance of the duties imposed upon them. Construing the decree as applying to all portions of the boundary line in question, the Commissioners decided to advertise in newspapers, published in counties in Missouri and Iowa adjacent to the boundary, for information regarding such parts of said line as were in dispute, or had become obliterated. This was done and considerable information elicited, but as the officials of one of the States interested declined to authorize

the work necessary in retracing the line, excepting where directed in the decree, nothing was done beyond the finding and re-marking "with proper and durable monuments," such portions of the line as was necessary for its proper re-location between the 40th and 60th mile points, as shown hereinafter.

After careful consideration, it was decided to apply to General W. W. Duffield, Superintendent United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, for a detail from his corps of assistants to perform all field work necessary in carrying out the instructions of the Court. It was decided that the employment of expert officers of the Geodetic Survey Corps for the service required would result more satisfactorily to the States concerned than would the selection of any private parties, as the high professional attainments of these officers, and their freedom from any possible bias regarding the boundary line to be established were ample guarantees for the entire reliability and impartiality of any work done by them.

Correspondence was accordingly had with General Duffield, who consented to detail two of his assistants, and also to supply them with a complete outfit of all instruments and appliances necessary in the prosecution of the proposed work. This offer was at once accepted. A meeting was afterwards had in St. Louis, March 11th, ult., when it was decided to meet at Lineville, Iowa, a point immediately upon the boundary line between Missouri and Iowa, for the purpose of personal investigation as to the proper point or points at which to commence operations. Two of the Commissioners accordingly met at Lineville, on March 18th, ult., and spent three days in the examination of the boundary line, and of points on said line claimed to have been established by Hendershott and Minor in 1850. The first step taken was to decide regarding the proper points between which our work of re-location of that part of the line designated in the decree of your honorable Court, namely, from the 50th to the 55th mile points on the Hendershott and Minor line, should be commenced. It appeared to us that the cast iron monuments placed by Hendershott and Minor at intervals of

ten miles would naturally be more reliable than any traditional points, and the first investigations were made as regarding the 40th, 50th and 60th mile points, these being originally marked by Hendershott and Minor with iron monuments, as stated. After careful examination and much inquiry, the Commissioners were satisfied that the monuments marking the fortieth and sixtieth mile points were in their original positions. As regarded the monument at the 50th mile point, whilst no positive evidence could be had as to its removal from its original position, the rumors and statements made were such as to render its reliability a matter of doubt, and it was, therefore, determined to use the monuments at the 40th and 60th mile points as fixed points between which to relocate the boundary line.

It was subsequently arranged for the Commissioners to meet at Davis City, Iowa, a point on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad adjacent to the fortieth mile point, where it was proposed to commence work. General Duffield was accordingly notified, and on Wednesday, April 8th, ult., the Commissioners reached Davis City and met Messrs. W. C. Hodgkins (in charge of work), and A. L. Baldwin of the United States Geodetic Survey Corps, detailed as per arrangements made with General Duffield. These gentlemen brought with them a very complete outfit of instruments of the best description used in geodetic work, including all necessary equipment for astronomical observations, as well as field work. We proceeded to the 40th mile point on the afternoon of April 8th, ult., and arranged for the commencement of work the following day. On April 9th, ult., a party for field work having been organized and the necessary teams and wagons hired, the entire party proceeded to Pleasanton, Iowa, a point situated immediately on the boundary line just east of the 45th mile point. Pleasanton and Lineville subsequently became the bases of operation, our parties changing from one of these points to the other as the necessities of the work required.

Work was commenced at the 40th mile point as arranged.

It soon became quite evident that the actual boundary line, as indicated by points shown, and satisfactorily identified, differed from the line as would be established by the field notes of the Hendershott and Minor survey. In order that the relative positions of the actual mile points between the 40th and 60th mile points could be properly determined and also their true relation to the theoretical points as found in accordance with the courses and distances, shown in Hendershott's report, it was deemed necessary to establish a chord or base line twenty miles in length between the 40th and 60th iron monuments, to which all points actually found and definitely located or shown and claimed as being upon the boundary line could be referred and from which all points finally determined could be accurately located. For the details of the actual field work and its results we respectfully refer to the accompanying report of Mr. W. C. Hodgkins, in charge of party. It is proper here to state that the field work, done as it was in accordance with the precise methods of the United States Geodetic Surveys, was necessarily very slow and tedious, but its accuracy, in our opinion, cannot be questioned. The measurement of the twenty mile base line involved a very great amount of labor, whilst the computations necessary in the exact reduction of the measurements were also very laborious. Complete topographical notes were also taken for the entire work, but the Commissioners have deemed it unnecessary to have maps prepared, as their preparation would involve a considerable expense without any corresponding benefit. The very unfavorable weather during a great portion of May and a part of June interfered seriously with the prosecution of the field work, causing a delay of from two to three weeks.

Careful examination was made in every instance for the precise location of the original Hendershott and Minor mile points, but out of twenty-one of these points, included in the survey, only nine, including three iron monuments, could be satisfactorily identified. The 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 49th, 54th, and 58th mile points were identified and located by evidence entirely

satisfactory to the Commissioners. As regards the 50th mile point (iron monument), concerning the reliability of which doubt had existed, the Commissioners are satisfied that it is very little, if at all, out of its original position, its relation to the 49th mile point (which was clearly identified as Hendershott's original point), as determined by the base line, confirming our judgment. After the work of re-location had commenced and preliminary work on the twenty mile base well advanced, statements were made to the Commissioners to the effect that the iron monument at the 60th mile point had at one time been moved from its original position. This being a matter of importance, the monument in question being considered as a fixed point in establishing the base line, an inquiry was had regarding it and a considerable amount of testimony heard.

This testimony was very conflicting, but after its careful consideration and the prolongation of the base line some four miles eastward of the 60th mile point, the Commissioners were satisfied that the monument was occupying its original position.

The location of the 52nd mile point was more difficult, and involved a much more extended investigation than for any point established by the Commissioners. It was claimed, and strongly urged, that the original 52nd mile point, as established by Hendershott and Minor, was at a point witnessed by two trees, an elm and an oak, which trees, as well as a point established from them in accordance with Hendershott and Minor field notes, were shown. The field notes regarding this point and also the 53rd mile point, are as follows:

(Chains.)

"80.00 Set 52nd mile post.

Bearings. Elm 18 inches diameter. N.  $87\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ .

E.  $10\frac{1}{2}$  links. Burr oak 12 inches diameter.

S.  $22^{\circ}$  W. 28 links."

(Continuing.)

"N.  $88^{\circ}$  47 E.

(Chains.)

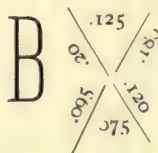
" 0.30 A pond 250 links wide; direction of its length N. & S.

5.00 Prairie.

15.00 Timber.

- 30.00 Field (Stokes') fence, nearly N. & S.  
57.50 Left field.  
80.00 Set 53rd mile post." Bearings black oak 8" diameter. S. 53° E.  
15 links. Black oak 6" diameter. N. 53° E. 64 links.

The trees shown and claimed as being the original witness trees for Hendershott and Minor's 52nd mile point agree very well with the field notes as regards their distance from the 51st mile point, and also as to their relative positions to each other. The distances and bearings of these trees from the point shown and claimed as the original Hendershott mile point also agree with the field notes closely. Beyond these coincidences, however, there is in our judgment nothing whatsoever to warrant a conclusion that they were ever marked as witness trees by Hendershott and Minor. In their report (10th Howard, pages 15 and 16), they state: "In timber the number of the mile is marked on the witness trees with the letter appropriate to each State, there being one tree marked on each side of the line wherever possible. The foot of each witness tree is marked 'B. L.' " The oak tree shown, and claimed to be a witness tree for the 52nd mile point, had a large "blaze" on its trunk about five feet from the ground. Nothing whatever could be ascertained by the Commissioners to in any manner indicate what, if any, marking had been inscribed on the blaze, nor could any information be had concerning such marking. At the foot of this tree, facing N. 45° E. is to be seen a blaze on which is plainly discernible the letters "B. X." The blaze on the trunk of the tree faced directly east, whilst the point to which it is claimed to refer is but 22° East of North from the tree. It is the universal custom of surveyors in marking witness trees, so far as the experience of the Commissioners goes, to make such marks so as to face as nearly as possible the point witnessed. The "B. X." mark faces certainly 25° East, and the blaze on trunk of tree 68° East of the point claimed to be witnessed. Measurements of the "X" mark at base of tree are as follows—in tenths of one foot:



The mark inclining to the left extends above the letter "B" and is quite close to the upper curved line. The mark inclining to the right runs closely to the lower part of the "B." It would have been quite as practicable to have cut a letter "L" as an "X" on the blaze found at foot of this tree, and the Commissioners were not prepared to accept this letter "X" as an "L" without stronger corroborative evidence than they could obtain. This tree, if marked by Hendershott and Minor, must have been so marked forty-six years ago. A section of the tree at a point eight feet above the ground, the tree being very uniform in size from three feet above the ground for eight to nine feet above, was cut and sent to Prof. McBride, botanical expert at the University of Iowa, for his opinion (as expert), as to its age, etc.

In a letter from him to Commissioner Dey, May 19th, 1896, he states:

"I judge that the tree when felled was 70 years old. Its history runs about as follows: 59 years ago it received an injury (blaze?) of which a scar persists. The tree at the time was about 11 years (11—16) old, and not to exceed, bark included,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches thick. I say *about* 11 years, for it takes some years not recorded on the section, for a tree to attain six feet in height. 25 years later, the tree had added about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches to its radius. The next 17 years a little more than one inch to the radius, making the diameter of the wood (bark not counted), about  $8\frac{1}{4}$  to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Since this another inch of wood has been added to the radius. Calling this 17 years (it is more rather than less, as the annual increment is constantly smaller), we have the total since the scar, 59 years."

This oak tree, as shown by Prof. McBride, at point where section examined by him was cut, was  $8\frac{1}{4}$  to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in

diameter, when 53 to 58 years old. Being 70 to 75 years old it would have been 24 to 29 years old in 1850, and its diameter where blaze was found could not have exceeded 5 inches. As the blaze shows a face of fully eight inches, it is evident it could not have been cut on a tree with a diameter of only five inches. The diameter of this tree at base, where "B. X." mark was found, is now 15 inches. Applying the proportionate growth of tree as shown by Prof. McBride, and its diameter at base, could not have exceeded 8.5 inches 46 years ago, and its size was not sufficient to have received the blaze now shown.

Regarding the elm tree, also claimed to be a witness tree for the original Hendershott 52d mile point. This tree also has a large blaze about four feet from the ground. Nothing whatever was shown to prove that it ever had any mark upon it (prior to the time of a private survey made in 1893), other than the characters "S 28." The letter "S" if it ever existed is now totally obliterated. The figure "2" is still plainly discernible, and a part of the upper portion of a figure "8" to the right of the "2" can also be traced. Nothing was shown to prove that it was ever marked at its base with the letters "B. L." as it should have been were it a Hendershott witness tree. Diligent search had evidently been made at some time for this mark, as is plainly evidenced by the chopping at its base, and had the proper marks ever been found it is quite certain the fact would have been in evidence before the Commissioners.

The Hendershott notes show that at 30 links eastward of the 52nd mile point the bank of a pond was reached, and that the pond itself was 250 links in width, making a distance of 280 links from the 52nd mile point to the east bank of pond. The bank of this pond directly east of the 52nd mile point, claimed to be witnessed by the "elm and oak," has evidently moved eastward to some extent since 1850, as shown by present conditions. Measurements made by the Commissioners show that 280 links eastward from the point claimed as the Hen-

dershott 52d mile point reach a point 59 links east of the present bank of the pond. Thirty chains east of their 52d mile point, as seen by their notes, the Hendershott line crossed the Stokes' field fence. The line of this fence is still plainly visible. A line straight from the 52nd mile point claimed to be witnessed by the "elm and oak," to the 54th mile point, will pass at least 70 feet south of the "Stokes" fence line, as noted by Hendershott. For more than thirty years, and after the establishing of the boundary line by Hendershott and Minor, it is claimed a road was maintained and worked as a Missouri road between the 52nd and 54th mile points, and that until within the past five years this fact was never questioned. It is claimed that the line recognized by parties living on both sides of the boundary as being the Hendershott line since his survey, and until within the past few years, is now plainly shown for a very considerable distance between the 52nd and 53rd mile points by the line of what is known as the "Fugate" fence line. It is claimed this fence was put up by one Fugate, the owner of land in, and a resident of, Iowa (and who was also a surveyor), and who, living as he did close to the line and present when the Hendershott survey was made, probably knew where the true line was, and placed his fence on that line. This line very closely agrees with a line running directly from Sullivan's 52nd mile point to the 54th mile point, the last named having been satisfactorily identified and located by the Commissioners. It is claimed to be improbable that Fugate placed his fence north of the proper line.

The Commissioners most carefully considered all the conditions relating to the point claimed to be the Hendershott 52nd mile point and witnessed by the "elm and oak," but the more the matter was weighed the stronger became their conclusion that the trees mentioned could not have been the witness trees as claimed. Coincidences of position constitute their claim. It is proper here to state that within a short distance to the north of the 52nd mile point as established by the Commissioners, are the stumps of an elm and burr oak which

agree as well as do the other elm and oak as to distance from the 51st mile point, better as to topographical conditions, and are very similar as to the relative position required by the field notes for the witnesses to the 52nd mile point. The Commissioners have no idea that these stumps referred to were those of Hendershott's witness trees, but make this statement to show that coincidences such as shown by the "elm and oak," are not impossible. To have crossed the "Stokes" fence, in a distance of 30 chains, starting from the supposititious 52nd mile point claimed to be witnessed by the elm and oak, an angle of at least  $2^{\circ}$  to the left would have been necessary, and also another angle to the right, equally great in order to run directly to the 54th mile point. Hendershott's notes make no mention of any such angles. The angle recorded as having been made at the 52nd mile point was  $.29'$  to the North, the course having been changed according to the Hendershott notes from N.  $89^{\circ} 16'$  E. to N.  $88^{\circ} 47'$  E. We are satisfied from personal investigation, and from points found and referred to our base line, that the original Sullivan line can be readily traced from his 51st mile point to his 52nd mile point, and we believe it very probable that the Hendershott line between the 52nd and 54th mile points is nearly identical with the Sullivan line. Whilst we did not adopt the Sullivan line between the points named, very good reasons could have been given for doing so. The Hendershott notes make no mention of Sullivan's line after leaving his 49th mile point until his 54th mile point was reached. They make no mention of finding Sullivan's 52nd mile point, or of any trees on his line. But they say in their report (page 4, 10th Howard Report), that they "discovered abundant blazes and many witness trees, which enabled us to find and re-mark the said (Sullivan) line as directed by the Court." Also on page 7, same report, it is stated: "*But in heavy bodies of timber no difficulty was experienced in discovering evidences of the precise location of the (Sullivan) line, not only by blazes, but by line and witness trees.*" (Italics are ours.) And on same page: "The general to-

pography of the country, and especially the crossing of the streams, greatly facilitated us in following the line, and in some instances when confirmed by the old blazes enabled us to establish it with sufficient certainty." Commencing some ten chains east of the 51st mile point, the country through which the boundary line passes was and is heavily timbered, and as before stated, the Sullivan line in the timber is at this time readily to be found. The inference that the Hendershott line eastward from the 51st mile was nearly identical with the Sullivan line is quite as strong as the contrary, notwithstanding no mention is made by Hendershott of the Sullivan line after leaving a point 6.20 chains east of the 49th mile point until reaching the 54th mile point.

The Sullivan line, between the 51st and 52nd mile points, as shown by his field notes, crossed the east fork of Grand River (now called Weldon), three times. This line now, by reason of changes in the bed of the stream, will cross the Weldon five times. With the exception of the "elm and oak," there were no traditional or apparent evidences claimed as indicating the original location of the Hendershott and Minor 52nd mile point. A line run east with the bearings given by the Hendershott notes, from their 51st mile point, would pass at least 40 feet south of the point indicated by the "elm and oak." A line run eastward as per the Hendershott notes, from the point claimed as the Hendershott and Minor 52nd mile point, would pass at least 90 feet south of their 54th mile point. The Commissioners carefully considered all the comparatively authentic traces of the Hendershott line, together with the topographical conditions given in the notes of the survey. Between the 53rd and 54th mile points were found evidences of the Hendershott line which were satisfactory, and the line established by us was run directly from the 54th mile point, which, as before stated, was identified—to the 52nd mile point, and passing through the points found between the 53rd and 54th mile points. The Hendershott notes show a line direct from the 52nd to the 54th mile point.

The line as finally established and marked by us, between the 52nd and 53rd mile points, is north of the boundary line as claimed for Iowa, and south of that line as claimed by Missouri, and, as it happens, very nearly equally divides the narrow territory in dispute although there was no intention to compromise the difference. We are satisfied that the line as established by us, between the 53rd and 54th mile points, is very nearly, if not identical with the original Hendershott line, and in accordance with the marks of that survey. The same line was produced to the 52nd mile point, notwithstanding it passes considerably south of the plainly indicated Sullivan line. The 52nd mile point as established and marked by us, was placed as nearly as possible in accordance with the notes of the Hendershott survey, evidenced by the width of the pond, and also its distance from the "Stokes" fence line.

The field notes of the Hendershott and Minor survey show as follows:

At 6.30 chains eastward from the Hendershott 42nd mile point Sullivan's 42nd mile point was found, and course changed at that point from N.  $88^{\circ} 53'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 06'$  E.

6.37 chains eastward of Hendershott's 43rd mile point Sullivan's 43rd mile point was found, and course changed at that point from N.  $89^{\circ} 16'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 47'$  E.

7.00 chains eastward of Hendershott's 44th mile point Sullivan's 44th mile point was found and course changed at that point from N.  $89^{\circ} 47'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 9'$  E.

6.20 chains eastward from Hendershott's 49th mile point Sullivan's 49th mile point was found, and course changed at that point from N.  $89^{\circ} 9'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 16'$  E.

4.07 chains eastward of Hendershott's 54th mile point Sullivan's 54th mile point was found and course changed at that point from N.  $89^{\circ} 16'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 2'$  E.

2.53 chains eastward of Hendershott's 58th mile point Sullivan's 58th mile point was found, and course changed at that point from N.  $89^{\circ} 2'$  E. to N.  $89^{\circ} 27'$  E.

In each instance it will be seen that the Hendershott courses

are changed at the Sullivan mile points. The decree of your honorable Court, made January 3, 1851, declared that the line should be direct between each Hendershott mile point and it is evident that the actual courses between the points referred to above are not in accordance with the recorded courses. It was found, by reference to our base line, in all cases where the field notes show a straight line between such points that when the distance recorded as a straight line was two or more miles, the line is actually a curve. The ordinates measured from the base line do not show any regular rate of curvature, and the curves themselves swing to the South and then to the North, the base line crossing the boundary line three times in twenty miles. The greatest distance of base line from boundary line is at the 55th mile point, which is about 247 feet north of base. The 46th mile point is 160 feet south, and the 60th mile point 153 feet south of base.

It is difficult to account for the discrepancies found between the recorded line as shown in Hendershott's notes, and the line actually found. It is quite possible that the irregularities either grew out of the inaccuracy of the solar compass used on the survey, or an inaccurate use of the instrument itself.

We were surprised at the facility with which the Sullivan line could at the time of our survey be traced for considerable distances along the twenty miles of line included in our operations. Of twenty-one mile points from the 40th to the 60th inclusive, Sullivan had witness trees for fifteen. Some of these witness trees can now be found, and also well defined line trees mentioned by him. On Hendershott's line only eight mile points out of the twenty-one referred to were witnessed by trees. Had the care shown by Sullivan in marking his line, been exercised by Hendershott and Minor, the line of the latter would have been much more fully and satisfactorily defined. The hurried manner in which the work of the Hendershott survey was performed, (151 miles of re-location, in addition to random lines, having been accomplished in 30 days), may in some measure account for the great lack of witness

trees, and other evidences necessary for an actual location of the boundary line of 1850. We are inclined to the opinion that so far as regards the twenty miles mentioned the Sullivan line can be as readily re-located as can the Hendershott line.

The decree of your honorable Court requires that the line re-located by us shall be marked with durable monuments. Twenty-one mile points included in the line re-located, being from the 40th to the 60th mile inclusive, are now marked as required. The 40th, 50th and 60th miles are marked with the cast iron monuments originally placed by Hendershott and Minor in 1850; mile points intermediate are marked with stone monuments. These are of the best quality of Missouri red granite, are twelve inches square, and from 6' 2" to 6' 6" in length. The stones stand 2' above ground (this portion being hammer dressed), and are well finished in every particular. On the north side of each stone is plainly cut the word "Iowa;" on the south side the word "Missouri;" on the east side the words "State Line," and on the west the figures denoting the number of the mile point.

The iron monuments were re-set so as to show about 18 inches above ground. The granite monuments were set with great care, their apices being exactly on the line. They were well rammed when placed in ground and will need no witness trees. Their weight averages 1,050 pounds each, and we think they can safely be pronounced both durable and permanent.

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## SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

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HE ceremonies commemorative of the completion of the fiftieth year of Iowa's statehood were observed at Burlington during the first week of October with banquet, processions, addresses, music and poetry, all dealing with the pioneer history of Iowa. On the first of the month a ban-

quet was given in honor of the Vice-President of the United States, Adlai E. Stevenson, the highest dignitary present, and the first of such rank to press the soil of Iowa, with the exception of President Cleveland's visit to the Corn Palace at Sioux City. It is true that John C. Breckenridge had been a citizen of Iowa and a resident of Burlington, but it was long before he had been thought of for Vice-President, and Abraham Lincoln had visited our State, but this too was before he or anyone had dreamed of him for the Presidency.

Mr. Stevenson's short address at the banquet in response to the welcome of Senator John H. Gear, the presiding officer, was short but appropriate.

The celebration was participated in by most of the distinguished citizens of Iowa still living, who had woven their names into her history. Governor Drake, of course, was there, and some ex-Governors who had preceded him in the executive chair—Sherman, Gear, Carpenter and Newbold. Our strength in the Federal Government, present and past, was represented by Gear, Harlan, Sam. M. Clark, Cousins, and others. There were days set apart in the week for separate representative interests, as Democratic day, Republican day, Pioneer and Old Settlers' day, Governor's day, etc. The addresses, poems, letters, and indeed all utterances, were laden with the memories of youthful life and pioneer days. As samples of the many rhetorical productions we reproduce a few entire, beginning with the eloquent historical

ADDRESS OF EX-GOVERNOR BUREN R. SHERMAN.

*Mr. President:*—Standing in such a presence and surrounded by many of the noble and brave pioneers of a half century ago, who laid, deep and enduring, the foundations of this Empire State of the West, and to whose intelligent labor and truly heroic sacrifices in the cause of good government and happy homes are we of the present day most largely indebted for the prosperity and contentments which have ever attended us, and the good name always vouchsafed us, I do not hesitate

to confess my inability to do even approximate justice to such memorable occasions and invoke your charity in the attempt. The thoughts which well up from the heart are rich and manifold in reminiscence and overwhelming in volume, and it is difficult to concentrate them to the extent proper for utterance or worthy your considerate attention, but in the brief time allowed me for expression, I will endeavor not to weary your patience by indulgence in non-essentials or tiresome platitudes, but strive to present only facts connected with the history and development of the State.

Fifty-eight years ago this region was a part of the great Wisconsin Territory, as before of Michigan and Missouri, and originally belonging to the great Louisiana Purchase, and comparatively unknown, save as the outlying portion on the sun-set side of the "Father of Waters;" but in that year of 1838, and principally for the reason we were so distant from territorial headquarters on the shore of Lake Michigan, that a proper acquaintanceship was practically impossible, we were organized into a Territory of our own, and the name "Iowa" bestowed upon the new jurisdiction.

To us was sent that noble old Ohioan, Robert Lucas, as the first chief magistrate, who industriously engaged acquainting himself with the extent and resources of his new and wholly uncovered domain, and to whose efforts in their development, and in the diffusion of information concerning the same throughout the then States of the Federal Union, during his three years incumbency of the office, was greatly resultant the rapid growth which followed his coming. In this good work he was ably seconded by both Chambers during the years 1842-44, and Clark for the years 1845-46, so that in the eight short years of territorial life the new region had made material progress, and was gladly welcomed to the rank and dignity of statehood, which was finally consummated on the 28th of December, 1846,—an event we are now celebrating. Our population, which was but 22,859 when set apart as a Territory, had grown to 81,920, when as a new

State we launched out to our destiny, being the sixteenth in consecutive number admitted to the original thirteen of the Union.

In area we comprised nearly one-third the original Wisconsin Territory, being exceeded only by that portion afterwards known as Minnesota, but yet larger than that locally designated as Wisconsin; our precise area being 55,475 square miles, then one of the largest in the Union, being the eighth in size, but now exceeded by several, all of subsequent admission, and leaving Iowa at this date the nineteenth in area of all the States. It was made up in the largest part of prairie land, which for beauty of appearance, and in the general fertility of the soil, was superior to any in the then national domain, and for healthfulness of climate as conclusively demonstrated by the appearance and activity of the people, could not be excelled anywhere on the globe. The State was also supplied with numerous streams of clear and pure water with which to make glad the heart of the husbandman and stock raiser, some of which were navigable far into the interior of the country, and thus as the forerunner of the extensive railroad system of transportation soon to follow, contributed not a little to the rapid settlement and development of the new State, which advanced in rapid stride to prominence in the galaxy of sovereign States.

The pioneers of these days—and the fourteen years from admission to 1861, the outbreak of the war, may properly be designated as our pioneer days—have left a record of their intelligent toil conspicuous and enduring and to which we are glad to refer and accord them the honors so justly their due. Many are yet spared in the enjoyment of the fruits of their earnest labors, and are to-day recipients of the universal esteem of their fellow citizens.

Amongst the most prominent at the time of admission were Augustus C. Dodge and George W. Jones—the former hailing from the city of Burlington, and the latter residing in the mining city of Dubuque—who were the first United States

Senators from the new State, and strove faithfully in duty to their constituency and, as if in reward of their early service, were permitted to live for nearly two score years thereafter, to witness the growth of the structure to the foundation of which their labors had been largely contributory, Mr. Dodge departing on November 20, 1883, and yet a resident here, and Mr. Jones allowed to remain until July 22 of the present year, when his summons came. During his service in the United States Senate, Mr. Dodge enjoyed the fellowship of his venerable father, Hon. Henry Dodge, who was United States Senator from Wisconsin—the only instance in the history of the country where father and son were both members of our highest legislative body at the same time. It was a matter of quite general remark in those days, in view of the fact that the father was a radical Republican in political sympathies, and the son a confirmed adherent to Democratic policies and practices.

Another of the early pioneers was Ansel Briggs, the first, Governor of the new State, who served the people four years, 1846 to 1851, and retired with a good name and record. It was my privilege to see him several times during his later years, for he remained a resident of Jackson County until his death on May 5, 1881, and always to hear him speak in enthusiastic terms of the remarkable growth and grandeur of the Hawkeye State,

The second in regular line was Governor Stephen Hempstead, a prominent lawyer in Dubuque, and a man of high character, whose administration of State affairs was creditable both to himself and the State. During his incumbency of the office he made his home at Iowa City, the then Capital, but on its expiration returned to Dubuque, where he lived in dignified retirement and in the enjoyment of the respect and affection of all who knew him until his death, February 6, 1883.

The third Governor was one whose name and fame was co-extensive with the nation, and whose career, in all the public positions held by him, was most honorable in every respect.

A native of Vermont, he came early to Iowa, bringing with him those sterling qualities of mind and heart which have been proverbial to the denizen of the Green Mountain State, and locating himself in this city of Burlington in the practice of his profession, at once became an acknowledged leader both in public and social sense, and regarded as a man of unusual ability. His elevation to the Governorship in 1854 was but an acknowledgment of the general public confidence in his ability and statesmanlike methods. Nor were the people any wise disappointed, for he continued to grow in general public esteem, which manifested itself when near the close of his three years' gubernatorial service, by his election as a member of the United States Senate, there to continue his labors in behalf of a people who had so signally honored him, and in the general service of a great nation of freemen, whose highest ambition was the accomplishment of the hopes and efforts of the founders of the Republic, that it should become the region of prosperity and contentment, and a beacon light to the world in every good endeavor. Senator Grimes continued in this work both to the satisfaction of his State and the Nation until ill health compelled his resignation in January, 1870, and consequent retirement from public gaze, when the angel of death o'ertook him on February 7, 1872, much to the sincere sorrow of the entire country; and one of the very greatest of Iowans passed on to his eternal reward.

Ralph P. Lowe, of Keokuk, was inaugurated Governor of Iowa on January 14, 1858, in which position he served for two years, fully sustaining the high standard of his predecessor both in industry and probity, and to the universal commendations of the people, whose general interest was to him always paramount to every other consideration, and in whose service he was successful as indefatigable. On his voluntary retirement he was immediately elected one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Iowa, in which exalted position he was continued many years, and only retired because of ill health, and calmly awaited the death summons which finally came on

December 22, 1883, and the State mourned the loss of one of its distinguished sons, a man of pure character and exemplary life, who had been an honor to his State, and a joy to his legion of friends everywhere. It was during his service in the court, and with the companionship of such associates as Chief Justice Wright and Judges Dillon and Baldwin, that the bench was raised to its highest standard of ability, ranking with the ablest in the nation, its every member eminent in legal lore and enjoying the unbounded confidence of both bar and people.

This was manifest in the long service there of most of the judges of that tribunal, some of whom were transferred to other fields of labor and honor, but always to general public satisfaction. This was conspicuously true of that eminent jurist, Geo. G. Wright, who was first elected to that court in 1855, and continued there, as Chief Justice, and Judge, until his resignation in 1870, because of his election as United States Senator. He remained in that body until 1878, having declined reëlection and retired to his home in Des Moines, there to enjoy the fruits of a well spent life, and receive, as he ever was entitled, the love and unwavering confidence of all the people. He, too, was one of the very early pioneers of the State, having first made his home in Keosauqua, and one of whom because of his upright and honorable life, it is a joy to speak. The record of his life is an inspiration to every citizen, and he was borne to his tomb on January 13, 1896, full in years and ripe in honors, and blessed in memory and followed by the sincere lamentations of all the people. Requiescat in pace!

The beginning of the year 1860, witnessed the inauguration as Governor of Iowa, of that grand and heroic citizen, Samuel J. Kirkwood, of whom it is but justice to say he was equaled by few, and excelled by none, who immediately took up the responsible work assigned him, and fully demonstrated his peculiar fitness thereto, and as we look back upon those days of anxiety, and scan his administration, realizing the exceeding grave responsibilities which rested upon him as the Governor

of a sovereign State, in the most perilous times the Nation ever saw, and the strange and treasonable developments even then discernible in a large portion of the country, and remember the traitorous and bold utterances of very many of the theretofore prominent men of the Nation, and which were seemingly avowed by a correspondingly large proportion of the population, at least of one-half the States, we can not resist the belief that the same was true of the Chief Executive of the Nation, if ever man was destined by the Creator, to special and important duty, it was exemplified in the election of Kirkwood as Iowa's Governor, therein to become the strong right hand of the President, and together with the loyal sons of the Hawkeye State, give strongest support to the Nation's cause, and eventually prevent the destruction then imminent.

Scarcely had the noise of the rebellious guns been heard in the dastardly midnight attack upon Fort Sumter, when Kirkwood issued his famous proclamation—one of the first of the loyal utterances—calling upon Iowa's sons to rally in support of the national government, and immediately, as if by magic, the very flower of the State's manhood came forward, and in really wonderful number, and with one accord, made proffer their services and fortunes, and their very lives, if necessary, in defense of the national cause. In these herculean labors, which resulted to the eternal credit of the State, he was very ably assisted by that grand man, immigrant from the granite hills of New Hampshire—ex-Governor N. B. Baker, of glorious record—who, as the Adjutant-General of Iowa, performed really heroic service in the enlistment and equipment of the real army of Iowa troops, and that, too, with a promptness unequaled in any of the States. The fact was, the work was expedited through the confidence of the people in the ability and sterling integrity of the Governor, and in whom they were in no wise deceived. In his appointments to command them, personal favoritism cut no figure, but most careful scrutiny was manifest in their selection; and hence was secured the services of such heroes as Curtis, Crocker, Tuttle,

Reid, Elliott, Belknap, Chambers and a score of others, equally meritorious, and both to whose invincible courage and genuine manhood, were the Iowa soldiers largely indebted for the splendid record made, which has never brought blushes of shame to an Iowa cheek. Suffice to say, the Iowa column, amounting to 76,242 men, bravely maintained the credit of the State, and wrote its name in imperishable letters in the great World's Temple of Fame.

Although Kirkwood withdrew from official prominence in January, 1864, declining further position, the people would not permit his retirement, and afterwards in 1875, he was again elected to the Governorship, but only served for one year, having meantime been elected United States Senator to commence on March, 4, 1877, but in which capacity he served but for four years, resigning to accept the position of Secretary of the Interior of the United States. At the conclusion of that service he returned to his home in Iowa City, where he remained in enjoyed retirement until his departure for the spirit world, which occurred on September 1, 1894, at the ripe age of eighty-one years, much to the very sincere and general regret of every citizen of the State, and of him it may truly be said: "He lives in perpetual memory."

Another of the early pioneers also made a name for himself and the State, which will endure in history, and creditably also, and of whom it is a pleasure here and now to speak, as he is the only one remaining of our ante-war prominent men. And yet I confess to not a little embarrassment, for the reason the gentleman has honored us with his presence on this occasion, thereby demonstrating his continued and strong interest in every and all things pertaining to the State of his adoption, now over fifty years' experience therein. He was the first person elected to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in Iowa, it having been in the month of April, 1847, and less than four months after the admission of Iowa into the Union. Afterwards, on January 6, 1855, and again on January 17, 1857, he was elected United States

Senator from Iowa, being the third in line to be advanced to so prominent position from this State. He was continued in this office for nearly three full terms, or until March 4, 1873, except for a short time he served as Secretary of the Interior, and always to the credit of both State and Nation, and ever to his own honor as an upright and competent member of that distinguished body. This can be said of him, that he always remembered he was a citizen of Iowa, and was ever faithful in its real interests; and in the prominent position he held in the national councils, was able to accomplish much in behalf of her citizens, for which he will ever be held in most grateful remembrance. Nor will the Iowa soldiers, both in camp and hospital, ever forget his welcome presence, and kindly words, as he visited us during our sojourn in "Dixie." And so of all his life, ever faithful to his work, he has made a record for himself, enduring as brass or marble; and enwrapped in the very hearts of all his countrymen, he has no fear for his good name or record, which will be revived and perpetuated to latest generations. My hearers already divine to whom this reference is made, and I crown him with this chaplet, indicative of the real and strong affection of Iowa for James Harlan.

It was during the war period, 1861-65, the State reached the maximum of its strength and influence, both in the Federal councils and in home control; for with Kirkwood in the Executive Chair, and Grimes and Harlan in the National Senate, and James F. Wilson, Price, Allison, Grinnell, Kasson and A. W. Hubbard, in the House of Representatives, and Wright, Lowe, Dillon and Baldwin as Judges of our Court of last resort, it made up an aggregate in ability and real worth, not excelled in any other of the States, nor since even in our own history, and supplemented by the valor and service of the devoted Iowa volunteers on the battle grounds of the South, combined to the proud record of the State, and which will continue to the permanent satisfaction of all the people.

Another of the early pioneers and of the territorial era, was

one who first landed in Iowa in 1839, less than one year after its organization, and engaging in active business, achieved merited success in his work, and was well known as one of the leading business men of the new State. He has ever remained a citizen of this city, which has repeatedly honored him, until the State demanded his service, and resulted in the election of John H. Gear as Governor in 1877, in which position he continued for two full terms, until January, 1882, and proved to be one of the most painstaking and competent officials in its entire history. But this was not all, for he was then elected as Representative of the First District in the Congress of the United States, where his service was of such importance, that the people promoted him to a seat in the United States Senate, there to continue his labors to the betterment of the citizenship of the whole country, and judging from a study of his life, and the results of his earnest efforts in the general public interests, we can not doubt the future to his great credit; and as Iowans, we may well congratulate ourselves on the faithful and competent services of John H. Gear, and as well also his zealous associate, William B. Allison, so conspicuous and effective as shown by the records both of State and Nation.

There are many others of our early pioneers yet with us, in all the walks of life, of whom it would be a pleasure to speak, but the time allowed me will not permit. Only a comparatively few occupied prominent place, nor was it necessary they should, in order to proper remembrance. Like the make-up of the army, all could not be generals, no more than chaplains, for we had division of duty and authority, and the war demonstrated the fact there was an equal proportion of real heroism and oftentimes the most hazardous amongst the men who carried the musket rather than those in chief command. And so I would be glad to speak of our every-day, but less prominent pioneers, but will pass to other scenes by way of comparison of our early days with the experiences of to-day.

The record of Iowa's progress is a glorious one, viewed from whatever standpoint, as a few examples therefrom will

conclusively demonstrate. It was nine years after its admission ere the first railroad spike was driven in its territory, but in the years since then, it has grown to that extent that it now has nearly 9,000 miles of railroads penetrating into every one of its ninety and nine counties, and only exceeded by five other of all the States.

The latest general State school reports of two years ago, make this most gratifying exhibit, that Iowa was the eighth in rank, in the number of children enrolled in the common schools of the State, the number being 513,614, and only second in the number of teachers employed therein, and this fact, which attests in strongest terms the intelligence of the people, and their fidelity to American progressive ideas, for with an educated constituency, neither tyranny nor degradation is possible.

In population we have advanced to tenth in rank, according to the last Federal census, of 1,911,896—now over two millions! And what is really most remarkable, that only  $\frac{5.7}{100}$  of one per centum of all that vast number is made up of the colored element, and that inclusive of Chinese and Indians! No other of the States can make such showing!

In the war for the preservation of the Union, the Iowa soldiers numbered 76,242, being the eleventh in the list of the United States service, but out of this number of brave sons, so many as 13,001, or one-ninth of the lost of the entire Union Army, laid down their lives in defence of the general government and to the general good of the people of each and all degree!

And so, my fellow citizens, the history is soon told, and the labors and sacrifices of our fathers, and treasuring their labors in perpetual remembrance, let us all

“So live, that when the summons comes  
To join the innumerable caravan  
That moves to the pale realms of shade,  
Where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death,  
We go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon,  
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,  
Approach the grave, like one  
Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

## LETTER OF MRS. SEMIRA A. PHILLIPS.

OSKALOOSA, IOWA, September 29, 1896.

*Hon. Charles Beardsley, Chairman of Committee for Pioneer and Old Settlers' Day, Burlington, Iowa.*

DEAR DR. BEARDSLEY:—It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of September 17, inviting me to attend and participate in the proceedings of Pioneer and Old Settlers' Day. I am sorry to have to say I cannot be there, but will try to tell of some of my recollections and experiences of the early days, as you were pleased to ask me to do.

Many Drs. Johnston, famous for wisdom, have from time to time appeared on the stage of action. The great State of Iowa was admitted into the Union on the forty-second anniversary of the birth of one Dr. Johnston, who was a great geographer and maker of maps.

The Dr. Johnston I am going to tell about, appeared on the stage of action about the same time, was an M. D., and supposed to be endowed with great wisdom and to be very scholarly.

In the early autumn of 1843, my parents having sold their possessions in the old "Hoosier State," decided to move to Iowa.

One day, having been sent to see a sick neighbor, I found Dr. Johnston there, sitting by a table, portioning out on the point of his pen knife, some medicine from various small bottles which he placed on square bits of paper, then proceeded to fold them up into little oblong packages. After returning the bottles to his pill-bags, and giving directions about the powders, and cautioning the family to not let the sick man have cold water, but dress that blister frequently with wilted cabbage leaves, he turned around and addressed me something like this:

"Well, Semira, I understand you are going to move to Iowa." I told him we expected to do so.

"Well," said he, "you are doing a very foolish thing to leave a land of great poplar, beech and sugar trees, and go

where there is nothing but bleak cold praries, with only here and there a little scrubby timber. Fuel is scarce and has to be hauled a long way, the winters are fearful, and people are in danger of freezing to death." Then he went on to say "the Mississippi River is only navigable a short time in the year on account of the rapids just above Keokuk. With all these objectionable features, Iowa never can be much of a country." Although the doctor was the acknowledged oracle in that region, his pessimistic talk did not deter us from loading our household goods into big wagons and rolling out for Iowa. We started from Cambridge City, Indiana, October 22, 1843, and kept the national road to Terre Haute.

The woods were gorgeous with their October coloring. Paw paws were ripe. Hickory nuts were falling. The days warm and hazy, the nights mellow.

Nearly every farm house on the road was a "Tavern" where movers could find shelter and a big fireplace in the kitchen where, if they desired, they might do their cooking, but we had a tent and preferred camping out.

As we journeyed through Illinois, east of Springfield, we saw many high trestles spanning ravines, and much grading, all overgrown with grass. We were told a railroad had been projected, and after much money and labor had been expended, was abandoned for lack of means to finish it.

At Springfield were cars drawn by mules on a railroad track where once a locomotive had been used. The country had not yet recovered from the financial crash of 1837. As we neared the western boundary of Illinois, we heard many stories of highway robbery by Mormons.

Their city, "Nauvoo," was said to be a den of thieves. But we were not molested.

On the 7th of November we crossed the great "Father of Waters" in a ferry boat, and first set foot on Iowa soil at Ft. Madison.

Our first night in Iowa was spent with some old friends who had come a year or two before, and were located on a farm of

four hundred acres, in what was called "Green Bay Bottom," three miles above Ft. Madison.

My faith in Dr. Johnston's knowledge began to weaken, when I saw great tall sugar trees all about our friend's house and vast fields of corn stretching away off toward the river.

My first winter in Iowa was spent in Salem, Henry County. The majority of Salem's citizens were Quakers, who were the only denomination owning a meeting house.

I went to a Quaker meeting at that log meeting house, where I heard that aged saint, Joseph Hoag, preach. He was the Joseph Hoag whose prophecies concerning our country have been so often printed in the newspapers. He was a very old man when I saw him in 1843. At Salem we heard much talk about the "New Purchase" some seventy-five miles to the northwest. A relative of ours who was living near Salem had explored the "New Purchase" and was enthusiastic in his description of a certain locality called the "Narrows." In the summer of 1844, death broke into our family, and all that was mortal of my beloved mother found a last resting place in the Friends' burial ground at Salem. In 1844 Mt. Pleasant was a considerable village. The country surrounding Mt. Pleasant was beautiful beyond description. Some of Iowa's most brilliant young men were citizens of Mt. Pleasant, the Wallaces, the Porters, the Sanderses and many others. Alvin Sanders lived in Mt. Pleasant in 1844 and kept a store of general merchandise. Two miles north of Mt. Pleasant was what was called the Brazelton neighborhood. In the spring of 1844 the school directors in the Brazelton neighborhood were kind enough to employ me to teach a school. When we were negotiating concerning that school, those gentlemen informed me that Miss Jane Smith had taught their school the summer before and had taken her pay in farm produce, as cash was a very scarce article. They proposed to pay me a rather extravagant price, one dollar and fifty cents per scholar for a term of three months if I was willing to take my pay in produce as Miss Smith had done.

I agreed to their terms. They thought the most of my patrons would pay me in cornmeal, and would agree to deliver the same to any mercantile house that I might designate in the town of Mt. Pleasant.

The Brazeltons, Corks, McMillens, Moores, Smiths, Alexanders and others were patrons of my school. They all owned big tracts of land, horses, cattle, sheep, swine and long rows of rail pens filled and heaped up with great big ears of yellow corn.

When my school closed I traded my produce to Mr. Alvin Sanders for such articles as I could wear. I remember with what fear and trembling I approached Mr. Sanders when it became necessary for me to dispose of my cornmeal.

He hesitated a little at first, and intimated that the supply might be greater than the demand. He seemed to think the amount of cornmeal I had to dispose of would exceed the requirements of the citizens of Mt. Pleasant. I think he noticed my embarrassment, and the kindness of his heart prompted him to take the whole lot and risk the chances of disposing of it. I have always felt grateful to Mr. Sanders for that act of kindness.

Mr. Sanders had the reputation of being a superior young man, both intellectually and morally. I was not surprised in after years to hear that he had "gone on to fortune and to fame." A sensation was created in the region of Mt. Pleasant that summer by the tragic death of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith.

In August, 1844, I came with my uncle and aunt to Mahaska county, which has been my home more than half a century. We came in a big wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen. We traveled miles and miles without seeing a house. Oskaloosa was located on the eleventh day of May, 1844, in the center of the region called the "Narrows."

The Des Moines and Skunk rivers in their meanderings toward the great "Father of Waters" approached nearer each other at this place than at any other, they are not more than nine miles apart here, and that is the reason this place is called

the "Narrows." The country all about here was charming to behold when seen in its native state. When I first beheld it the prairies and sloughs were covered with yellow and purple blossoms. Groves were fringed around with sumach and hazel which were beginning to take on their red and yellow color. Deer skipped from grove to grove and there were prairie chickens by the thousands.

My first view of Oskaloosa was on September 14, 1844. When within half a mile of the town it suddenly loomed up in view, I stopped and counted the houses. There were just fifteen little log cabins, whose clap board roofs were not much higher than the "blue stem" grass in which they were nestled. Judge Joseph Williams held court in Oskaloosa when the grand jury held their deliberations in one slough and the petit jury in another.

Judge Williams was a character. Possessed of many talents, he was not only judge, but ventriloquist, musician and temperance lecturer. He played on the violin, composed his music and sang his songs. At the time of which I am speaking everybody lived in little log cabins. I can't think of a family who had more than one room, and yet they would have thought it very inhospitable to refuse shelter to strangers.

Most of these early settlers had made claims of half a section, and had brought with them a little bag of silver coin which they kept buried under their puncheon floors awaiting the land sales. They were self-denying, self-respecting, God-fearing men and women. In nearly every rude cabin was erected an altar to the living God. They ate their coarse food with thankfulness. I taught Mahaska's first school in the fall of 1844. That same fall, on October 13, was the first organization of the M. E. Church in Oskaloosa. I was present at that meeting and one of the charter members.

Many things I would like to say will have to go unsaid, for this letter is so long I am ashamed of it.

Wishing the great Semi-Centennial Celebration may be a success from first to last, I am very truly your friend,

SEMIRA A. PHILLIPS.

## EARLY STEAMBOATING ON THE IOWA RIVER.

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BY H. W. LATHROP.

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ON the 20th of June, 1841, but five years after the first white settlers had located in this county, and when the population of Iowa City was but a few hundred, our citizens were startled by an unusual sound coming from the timber south of the city. The noise was not the howl of the wolf, the screech of the panther, nor the whoop of the wild Indian. It was oft repeated, and seemed approaching the city, and the listeners did not have long to wait to learn that the unusual noise was the puffing and whistling of the steamboat Ripple, Capt. D. Jones master, that had spent the night tied up to the bank four miles below, but was then on its way from Burlington to the Port of Iowa City.

The next day after its arrival the joy of our citizens found expression in a public dinner given to Capt. Jones and his officers and crew, which was supplemented by toasts and speeches suitable to the occasion.

Among the citizens most active in the matter were Jesse Williams, Territorial Auditor, Chauncey Swan, Commissioner to locate the capital, J. B. Newhall, author of "Sketches of Iowa," Jesse Bowen, afterwards Adjutant General on Governor Kirkwood's staff, Capt. F. M. Irish, and others but little less prominent.

Among the passengers on board were Wesley Jones, Moses Cramer, Jas. W. Neally, D. W. C. Barron and James Herron.

The Ripple returned with "five cases Iowa City marble, weight 20,000." Thus it reads on the original bill of lading now in the Historical Society's collections.

The next steamboat to reach Iowa City was Rock River, Captain Thayer, which came up April 21, 1842. At one o'clock the next day an excursion was taken by the boat, some fifteen miles above the city to what is now known as the "Old Capitol Quarry," from which was obtained the stone for build-

ing the old capitol at Iowa City, and stone from it was used in the new capitol at Des Moines. A hundred or more merry-makers composed this excursion, including husbands and wives, and swains and sweethearts.

The boat made a second trip on the 9th of April with freight from Muscatine and Burlington.

On the 2nd day of March, 1844, Wesley Jones as agent, advertised that the light draught steamer, Agatha, James Laferty, master, would leave Burlington on the 7th for Iowa City. The trip was made as advertised, and she took in tow a couple of keel boats as far as the mouth of the Cedar River, which were to be loaded there and taken back on her return.

On the 6th of June, the Maid of Iowa, Captain Repshen, reached Iowa City with a keel boat and both left in a few days loaded with freight, mostly corn and produce. Before leaving the Iowa River the keel boat grounded, swung around broad-side to the current, broke in two and her 1,000 bushels of corn was lost.

The steamer Agatha, Captain Thomas, on the 22nd came up and took out a load of freight.

July 11th the Maid of Iowa made her second voyage, which she repeated in September, taking out 1,000 bushels of wheat, she was looked for to return in October and take out 3,000 bushels more, but a process in the hands of the sheriff at St. Louis prevented that return.

In the spring of the year, 1845, Charles A. Robbins built the hull of a steamboat on the bank of the Iowa south of the city, which was launched and taken to St. Louis to be completed, but it never came back.

During the first forty years of Iowa history every seventh year was a very wet one when all our creeks and rivers were bank full during the whole season and 1844 being the second in this septennial period may be counted as the steamboat year.

There was no more steamboating on the Iowa as far up as Iowa City till the high water year of 1851, when in the month

of June a large steamboat came up from St. Louis, loaded with merchandise and tied up on what is now the Athletic Park. She made a second trip and brought up 300 barrels of flour for Harvey W. Fyffe, one of our leading merchants.

The next steamboat project here was the building of the steamboat Iowa City, by Capt. Wm. Reninger, Col. Harvey Graham, and Henry Sporleder in the year 1865. The wood work was built by Capt. Reninger and the boiler and engine by Col. Graham. She was one hundred and ten feet long, sixteen feet beam and was intended mostly for Iowa City trade, and during the three years that Capt. Reninger was master, Col. Graham engineer, and Mr. Sporleder clerk, she plied between Mississippi and Iowa River towns with headquarters at Wapello, often finding it difficult or impossible to get over the Buttermilk Falls in the Iowa in the south part of Johnson County. She was finally sold to parties in Davenport and used exclusively on the Mississippi.

In the late forties and early fifties, before the iron horse made his advent here, our merchants were in the habit of building flat boats and keel boats in the winter, and sending out in them on the flood tide in the spring to St. Louis, the pork they bought from the farmers at one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half per hundred, and the corn and wheat at ten to fifteen cents, and thirty-five to fifty cents per bushel. These boats were never returned, but were sold to be used in the Mississippi River trade. In this trade a boat was occasionally sunk with its cargo before reaching the Father of Waters.

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### WHO MADE IOWA?

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**T**HE most elaborate address of all delivered at the Semi-Centennial Celebration was that of Hon. T. S. Parvin, which, with the above title has since been published in a pamphlet of fifty-two pages with twelve illustrations.

The author, who is almost the only living representative of the earliest ante-state period remaining with us who is available as a witness, is gifted with an excellent memory which is well stocked with pioneer lore, and has the natural bent of his mind inclined to order and method, a trait which has been largely cultivated by occupation. In addition he is of most industrious habits, and moreover his love of the pioneers and his pride in having been a partaker with them in their frontier hardships, all conspire to give his testimony the weight of reliable orthology.

Professor Parvin is naturally jealous of the fame of his coadjutors and is quick to resent the appropriation of the credit due the pioneers to a later body of citizens, believing that the "twig" of Iowa Territory had given to it its inclination to a firm and symmetrical growth by the pioneers rather than by those who joined in her development and growth at a later period.

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#### DEATHS.

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EDWARD WORDEN died at Iowa City, December 5th, 1896. On the occasion of his funeral the following tribute was paid by Mr. G. R. Irish:

"Edward Nathaniel Worden, son of Nathaniel and Calista Worden, was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, May 18th, 1827, moved to Peoria, Illinois, 1838, moved to Iowa City, 1840. Received his education in Iowa City under Dr. Reynolds. Commenced the study of surveying with Cyrus Sanders, 1847. Respect for a school mate and lifetime friend moves me as an old settler to mark the departure of one who has passed his life in this community by a few words ere the grave closes and the shadows of forgetfulness fall around our memories of the dead. As a scholar Mr. Worden was bright, always with the leaders of his school. Socially he was grave and given to solitary contemplation of the acts of men and the works of nature. His chosen vocation was pursued with

energy and scholarly exactness. Perhaps no man in the county was more widely known to its inhabitants, and none were as familiar with the hills and dales of the county. His lines and stakes and corners will bring to mind the bent form of the old surveyor when decay shall have consumed his body and rust destroyed the instruments with which he wrought; his life was useful to his fellow men, and its long and many years were to him a season of pleasure. His labors over, his record made; admonished by his errors, guided by his virtues, we lay his body to rest and say farewell to a friend who goes before us through the dim mists of death to the hoped for bright beyond."

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#### NOTES.

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LIEUTENANT CHAS. YOUNG, of the 9th Cavalry, is the only one left in the army of the twenty colored youths sent to West Point since the experiment of appointing negro cadets was begun in 1870. Only three were graduated, all the rest failing to complete the course. Lieutenant Flipper was the first to successfully pass the academic board. After a couple of years of rather dashing and popular service he became involved in difficulties which forced him out of the army. Lieutenant Alexander, also of the 9th Cavalry (whose enlisted men are all colored), who was the next to successfully pass through the West Point course and gain a commission, died in 1894 at Wilberforce, Ohio, where he had been detailed as instructor at the Military Academy for colored boys.

WE never realized the inadequacy of our pages more than now, when we desire to reproduce some of the valuable historical contributions offered at the Semi-Centennial Celebration in the form of addresses, letters, and poems. We wished to cull one of the poetic specimens, even the shortest of the occasion, but find no room, and have to content ourselves with copying one address and one letter.





*James M. Elton*

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 2.

JAMES M. ELSON.

BY A. N. HARBERT.

**J**AMES M. ELSON was born on the 6th day of November, 1838, at West La Fayette, Coshocton County, Ohio, and was the fourth child of Samuel and Matilda Elson. They were natives of Virginia, and in their early childhood removed to Ohio, at which place they were married, and nine children were born to them.

The family removed to Iowa in 1852, locating on a farm situated in Linn County. In the daily labors of this pioneer farm James' youth was spent.

The opportunities for an education were limited, principally to the winter months of the district school, where he became proficient in the common branches.

He inherited from his parents a splendid physique, marvelous power of endurance, and a physical bravery that knew no fear, while his sympathies were in harmony with a generous heart and one of the truest natures.

The men with whom he came in contact were rugged and self-reliant and his association with those hardy pioneers of civilization imbued him with an unfaltering energy and an indomitable will. His character was thus unconsciously being molded and formed by surroundings that imparted strength and steadfastness to it.

His entrance into manhood was upon the field of battle. When the flash of the first gun, which thundered down upon Sumter, brought a nation into line, he was among the first to offer his service as a volunteer soldier, to defend and maintain the government.

He enlisted in Company C, Ninth Regiment, Iowa Volunteer Infantry, on the 30th of July, 1861, and was mustered into the service of the United States, at Dubuque, on the 24th of September.

The first duty to which the regiment was assigned, was guarding a line of railroad in Missouri.

The Regiment joined the Army of the Southwest, and began its first campaign on the 28th of January, 1862, which resulted in the memorable battle of Pea Ridge on the 7th of March. The Ninth Iowa was the first under fire, and was in the heat of the combat during the entire day. At the close of the day they had gained their first victory, which proved to be dearly bought, as they had met with heavy losses.

Jeremiah E. Elson, an older brother of James, who was in the same Company, was severely wounded.

The Color Guards were organized immediately after the battle, and James was promoted Color Sergeant, as a recognition of the cool, daring bravery that he exercised during the battle. The position is not only one of honor, but also very dangerous. Prior to the making of a charge, the Color Sergeant is instructed to carry the regimental colors, and make for a certain place on the enemy's line of works, which is to be the guide of the regiment. When the signal is given, he makes for the position ordered, and plants the colors at the designated place; should he be shot down, the next guard is to seize the colors, and carry out the orders.

The Army of the Southwest had been effectual in driving the Confederate forces beyond the limits of Missouri and Arkansas, after which the Ninth Iowa was assigned to the Fifteenth Army Corps, and embarked for the lower Mississippi on the 18th of December.

It participated in the attempt to take Chickasaw Bayou, the assault and capture of Arkansas Post, and Jackson, Mississippi. A position was taken in the outer works of Vicksburg on the 18th of May. After severe skirmishing the following day, they gained an admirable position within about seventy-five yards of the enemy's works. A general assault was ordered to be made along the entire line at ten A. M. on the 22nd.

The crowning effort, the final consummation of merit, the cool and determined character of James M. Elson was brought out before assembled thousands on that 22d day of May, 1863, when they needed a brave man to carry and place the emblem of our nation on the enemy's works in front of Vicksburg.

The Army of the Tennessee was in line at the appointed hour, and Color Sergeant Elson was ordered to lead the charge. His reply was: "If my life is spared to reach the breast works, I will plant the flag of the Ninth Iowa there." The order was given to forward, and facing a storm of shot and shell, dealing death and destruction on every side, he led the regiment, and the regiment led the entire army. He was unable to fulfill his promise for in making the attempt to plant the flag on the enemy's works, he was shot down within a few feet of them, and on looking back, he learned that every one of the Color Guards had fallen, either killed or wounded, and that the regiment was badly shattered. He was bleeding profusely from a wound in his thigh, which would soon have resulted in death had not a brave comrade crawled over to him and tied his hat cord around the limb, thus compressing the arteries and saving his life. He lay on the field in this condition until nearly dark, before he could be rescued. The flag, wet with the crimson stains of his life's blood, was unfastened from the staff, and drawn from under the prostrate body of its bearer, at the time he was removed from the field.

General Steele, the Division Commander, who was watching the charge from an eminence, witnessed the brave dash of the Color Sergeant, whose gallantry so forcibly impressed

him that he issued an order on the field of battle, that he be promoted to any vacancy among the commissioned officers of his Company, as a recognition of his brave conduct. A Lieutenant's commission was the reward, and across the face of it was printed in large red letters, "Promoted for good conduct at Vicksburg."

He lay in the hospital for some weeks, struggling between life and death, and when he finally gained sufficient strength, a leave of absence was granted for him to be taken home. His weight was reduced from one hundred and sixty pounds to eighty pounds. His mother's careful nursing soon brought about a return of his usual health and strength.

The Grand Lodge of Iowa granted a special dispensation to Benton City Lodge, No. 81, to confer the Masonic degrees on him as another recognition of his gallant conduct.

He returned to the field after an absence of two months, remaining until the close of the year, when the regiment was granted a thirty days' furlough. On his return home this time, he plighted his vows at the marriage altar, with Miss Margaret Anderson, on the 2nd of January, 1864.

He returned with his regiment at the expiration of the furlough and participated in Sherman's historic campaign. Lieutenant Elson was inspecting his Company before Atlanta on the 24th of August, when a stray ball from the enemy struck the branch of a tree, and glancing down struck him on the shoulder, passed through the upper and posterior part of the lung, and lodged in the pleural cavity, where it became encysted. He was obliged to leave the field for one month, and on his return was promoted Quartermaster, which position he held during the remainder of the war.

At the close of the war Mr. Elson returned to his wife and home, preferring the peaceful pursuits of life to those of war. Three sons and one daughter were given to bless their lives, the sons, Frank A., Edward J., and Harry A., survive their parents.

Mrs. Elson died in 1876, and four years later he married Miss Addie C. Lewis, who also died in 1891.

Mr. Elson was a man who inspired confidence the moment he came into your presence, and he was honored at various times, with positions of trust. He was appointed Postmaster for Shellsburg, and filled the position for a period of eight years, and in 1893 was elected Sheriff of Benton County, on the Republican ticket. The large majority of votes which he received was a tribute to his personal popularity, and the esteem in which he was held was manifested by a popular demonstration. He wore the highest decoration awarded by the government for acts of heroism voluntarily performed, having been awarded a "Medal of Honor" by the Congress of the United States.

A few weeks after entering upon his official duties as sheriff, the rebel bullet that had lurked in his body for so many years, accomplished what it was intended to do sooner, ending his life on the 26th of March, 1894. When death came it disclosed, not only the warm affection, friendly devotion, and high esteem of his associates, but also the firm and enduring hold he had upon the affection of his country everywhere.

The funeral services were held at Shellsburg, on the 28th, under the auspices of the G. A. R. and the Masonic Fraternity, and the remains were laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery.

His deeds are carved in letters of life on the unbroken columns of the country's union to be handed down to the future generations as a tribute to his bravery.

The battle flag that he carried at Vicksburg, is now sacredly treasured in a hermetically sealed glass case in the archives of the State Capitol as a memorial of his bravery. It is numbered "28" in the State's battle flag collection, and contains the following extract taken from the history of the regiment: "On the 22nd of May (1863) in line with the whole Army of the Tennessee the regiment went first up to the assault. Its colors went down a few feet from the rebel works after the last one of its Guards had fallen either killed or wounded, and its dripping folds were drawn thence from under the bleeding body of its prostrate bearer."

## SOME IOWA BANK HISTORY.

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BY H. W. LATHROP.

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SCARCELY had a message from the President of the United States created as deep an interest, or made a more lasting impression up to the time it was delivered, than the one sent to Congress by President Jackson on the 10th day of July, 1832, vetoing the bill for the recharter of the United States Bank. So pleased and elated were the opponents of that bill that they procured the printing of that message in different parts of the country on white silk and white satin, that copies of it, so printed, might be kept as mementoes and souvenirs, and one of them has been preserved and presented to the State Historical Society of Iowa, and it is hanging in a frame on one of the walls of its rooms.

This was the beginning of an anti-bank war that did not end in Iowa till the act incorporating the State Bank was passed, adopted by a popular vote of the people, and went into full operation a quarter of a century later.

Although the charter of the Bank did not expire till 1836, the government deposits were removed from it the year following the veto, to other institutions, known as "Pet Banks," and a document known as the "Specie Circular" was issued in 1836. This circular prohibited the selling of the public lands for any money except gold and silver, although current bank funds were taken by the government for all other purposes.

The winding up of the affairs of the United States Bank seemed to be a signal for the creation of an unusual number of banks in all parts of the country, the number reaching three-fourths of a thousand. When the financial crash of 1837 overtook them, they staggered along for a few years under a suspension of specie payment, the weaker ones going into liquidation, and the stronger continuing under the law of the

survival of the fittest, and among the latter were those that were made the depositories of public funds. Among the former was one established at Kirtland, Ohio, of which Sidney Rigdon was president, and Joseph Smith, Jr., the founder of the Mormon Church was cashier, and one chartered on the 30th day of November, 1836, by the Wisconsin Legislature and known by the corporate name of the "Miners' Bank of Dubuque." The first directors of this bank were Ezekiel Lockwood, Francis Gehon, John King, William Myers, Lucius W. Langworthy, Robert D. Sherman, Wm. W. Coriell, Simeon Clark, and E. M. Bissell. The corporation by the terms of its charter was to continue till the first day of May, 1857, and it could begin operations when \$40,000 of stock had been subscribed and paid in. By its charter it could issue no bills for a less denomination than five dollars, and in four years the Legislature could prohibit the issue of bills for less than ten dollars, and in ten years of a less denomination than twenty dollars.

Commencing just before the year of the veto of the United States Bank bill, there was a wild speculation in the purchase of public lands, which had a few years previously been reduced in price from two dollars per acre to be paid in installments, to one dollar and a quarter in one cash payment, and the increase of the issues of the new banks making money plenty stimulated this speculation so much, that government revenues from this source of \$3,900,000 in 1833, rose to \$4,800,000 in 1834, to \$14,700,000 in 1835, to \$24,800,000 in 1836, and then dropped to \$6,700,000 in 1837, and a year later to less than half that amount.

General Jackson's specie circular rendered the issues of these banks useless in the purchase of these lands for either speculation or settlement. This curtailed the issues of the Miners' Bank of Dubuque and crippled its business to that extent, though some of its notes were still taken in the purchase of government land when they were redeemable at its own counters in specie.

On January 19th, 1838, a committee of two from each house of the Wisconsin Legislature was appointed to examine the affairs of the bank, count its money, etc., and report, but before they entered upon their duties, the organization of Iowa as a separate territory took the bank from under their jurisdiction.

On the 28th of the following November, a committee, consisting of one member of the Council and two members of the House of the Territorial Legislature of Iowa, was appointed to perform that duty, and they reported in detail the results of their examination concluding that report with, "your committee are constrained to believe that the Miners' Bank of Dubuque is in a safe and solvent condition."

In January, 1841, the Territorial Agent was by the Legislature authorized to negotiate a loan of not more than \$20,000 nor less than \$5,000 to be expended in building the Capitol at Iowa City, and in June a loan of \$5,000, and in September one of \$500 more was made, and these loans were made from the Miners' Bank, and the money paid out in Iowa City for materials and labor on the Capitol then in process of erection.

The financial cyclone that swept the whole country in 1837, forcing all the banks into the suspension of specie payment during a few following years, could not fail to reach this bank, located as it was at one of the very outposts of civilization. On the first of March, 1841, it suspended specie payment till July 1842, when it resumed for a week and then again suspended.

In January, 1842, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives to compel the bank to resume specie payment, and at a later day one requiring it "to stop its discounts and issues while it continues to suspend specie payments." Neither of these bills were passed, but after being debated, referred, etc., dropped out before reaching a passage.

On December 7th, the second day of the session, a bill was introduced in the House for the repeal of the bank charter, and from this time through the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh

Legislative Assemblies, it took its chances after three separate introductions, and a subjection to all the dilatory motions known to legislative bodies, and being made a foot ball on all possible occasions till May 14th, 1845, when it reached its final passage and became a law, but without the Governor's signature, he refusing to sign it or veto it.

During the pendency of the bill in the Fifth Legislative Assembly, a report was made by a committee to whom it was referred, containing the statement that the Territory was owing the Bank \$5,876.25 then long overdue, and that this with the specie on hand was enough to redeem all its outstanding notes not in the hands of the stockholders. The report states in regard to the directors that "they are men of unimpeachable integrity, in whose honesty and business capacity the community have the fullest confidence." One member of this committee was Stephen Hempstead afterwards the second Governor of the State.

When this money was borrowed the unsold lots in Iowa City were pledged for its payment, and the Territory was during all the time the debt remained unpaid relying on the sale of these lots to bring the money, and after the repeal of the charter the Territorial Treasurer was authorized to sell these lots at public sale, on a credit of six and twelve months, to raise money for its payment, and whole blocks of them were sold for six dollars per lot.

The friends of the Bank resisted the repeal of its charter and did not rest till the matter was settled by a decision of the Supreme Court against it.

So strong was the opposition in the Legislative Assembly to banking in any form, that the bill introduced by James (afterwards Judge) Grant for a bank at Davenport was "rejected" by a vote of twenty-one to two on its first reading, and one for a bank at Iowa City introduced by H. D. Downey was referred to a select committee and never afterwards heard from.

This whole three years' contest with the Bank was a war-

fare between weakness and poverty on one side, and impecuniosity, bank prejudice and legal power on the other, with final victory perching on the banner of the latter.

While the Territory represented by the Legislative Assembly was trying to force the Bank to pay specie on its notes, so depressed was public credit, that territorial warrants were hawked about the streets at a fifty per cent. discount because there was no specie or any other money on hand to pay them. It was a clear case in which "the pot should not have called the kettle black."

The Constitution of 1846 not only prohibited banking in express terms, but required the General Assembly to prohibit it by law. The Democratic State Convention of the same year, then the dominant political party, in its platform declared "against all banking institutions of whatever name, nature, or description," and seven years later said, "we adhere to the known and long established doctrines of the party relative to the currency."

From 1845 to 1858 a period of thirteen years, when our State population was sometimes increasing at the rate of 90,000 per year, and we were increasing our agricultural production and all other branches of business at a corresponding rate, we were the dumping ground of all the "wild cat" banks of other States, and were doing business with their financial drift wood, the poorest and most worthless currency in circulation; we were powerless because we were prohibited by the constitution from establishing banks of our own. This money, mostly the issues of the State stock banks of Illinois and other western States, we used in our ordinary business at all rates of discount, as quoted in the bank note detectors of the times, but it could not be used for paying taxes or buying eastern exchange, or entering public land.

Under this state of affairs it was conceived by some of our business men that if such currency had to be used, they might as well make and issue it themselves if they could find a place where it could be done. One was soon found.

In 1855, Nebraska with a population of less than 5,000, had been made a Territory, and there was no restriction on its Legislature chartering all the banks called for. Men from Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, as well as from Nebraska applied for and obtained all the bank charters they asked for, and in less than two years eight banks were organized.

The first of these was "The Western Fire and Marine Insurance Company," set going in March, 1855, and presided over by Thos. H. Benton, Jr., an original Iowa hard money anti-bank man. Until January, 1856, when five more of these "wild cats" were littered, there were more of the issues of this bank in circulation in Iowa than any other, but after that time they, with the notes of the bank of Florence, controlled by Cook and Sargent, of Davenport, and Cook, Sargent & Downey, of Iowa City, the issues of the Bank of Nebraska by B. F. Allen, of Des Moines, and those of the Bank of Fontanelle by Green & Weare of Cedar Rapids, were the circulating medium, the main currency of the business men of bankless hard money Iowa. There was no anti-small bill clause in the charters of these banks, and their ones, twos and threes were sufficiently numerous for all small commercial transactions.

When in September, 1857, the Ohio Life and Trust Company collapsed, and the weak banks of the country began to stagger and fall against each other, and finally to the earth, the Western Fire and Marine was the first of these to go, following the Ohio Life the same month. In closing up the concern only \$191.30 in specie and \$121.00 in bills of solvent banks were found in its vaults, and its notes became worthless.

The Bank of Florence was kept up as long as the credit of its backers held out, its issues being quoted at a discount while in circulation. They were all finally redeemed.

There were three places, Davenport, Iowa City, and Des Moines, where the bills of this bank were originally put in circulation, and at each of the two former places they were used to pay for the erection of a fine and commodious bank building.

The Bank of Fontanelle followed in the same wake.

Cedar Rapids, Marion, Vinton, Osage, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Fort Dodge, and Sioux City each had a banking house from which the notes of this bank were floated.

The Bank of Nebraska with a smaller circulation was the last of these Iowa-Nebraska banks to succumb, for the credit of B. F. Allen was then so good, and the redemption of the bills of his bank so prompt, that it outlived the others, but it finally met their fate. Its notes were at par as late as April, 1858, but when it was finally closed up, its assets were thirteen sacks of flour, one iron safe, a counter, desk, stove-drum, three arm chairs, and a map of Douglass County, returned as sold by the sheriff on execution.

About this time Iowa City, Bentonsport, and several other cities issued scrip to circulate as money in denominations of one, two, three, five, and ten dollars, printed on bank note paper and in bank note style, and this scrip so printed circulated freely for a time, but as it was not current far from home it was soon discredited.

Even the old Western Stage Company with Colonel Hooker controlling it at Des Moines, and Colonel Porter at Iowa City, issued its scrip that was paid out for labor, horses, and horse feed, and taken for stage fare, and arrangements were made for its redemption in current funds at one of the banks in Chicago.

In his first message to the General Assembly in 1858, Governor Lowe has this to say: "In the absence of a national paper currency, and with an established policy of seventy years standing in the use of a mixed currency of paper and metal, by the States each for itself, providing and regulating its own circulating medium, it would seem to be the very climax of human folly for a single State, possessing equal powers, to *lean* wholly upon other States and foreign corporations for its currency. Yet Iowa from the beginning has been guilty of this great folly, the effect of which has been to keep out that amount of fair proportion of gold and silver which a wise and well regulated banking system would have

necessarily supplied, and subjected us to the necessity as well as the hazard of employing the paper of a thousand banking institutions in other States, at an immense annual cost in the shape of interest, failures, and counterfeits, and now when the whole country is overtaken by a money crisis, in which many of their banks have gone into liquidation, and others have withdrawn their issues, we find ourselves destitute of a circulating medium.

"It is needless to disguise the fact that we are greatly in debt, with no disposition, however, to break faith with our creditors. Possessing millions of produce and other good property we have no money or available credit to meet our liabilities."

After doing business thus long with such a debased currency, it can well be conceived that the people of the State were in a condition to demand something better, and when a call came for a convention to amend our anti-bank constitution, that call met with a hearty response, and the call was made more for the purpose of reforming the currency than for anything else.

When that convention met in January, 1857, it was found that but four of the thirty-six members composing it were anti-bank men, and that the bank question had nearly lost its political character. Following up the policy of choosing bank men to the convention, a large majority of the members elected to the Seventh General Assembly were bank men and they passed two bills providing for banks, one entitled, "An act authorizing general banking in the State of Iowa," and another "An act to incorporate the State Bank of Iowa." The latter which proved to be the most popular one of the two passed the Senate by a vote of twenty-eight to four, and the House by forty-two to eighteen, showing a radical change in sentiment since the repeal of the charter of the Miners' Bank of Dubuque, in 1845. Several attempts to prohibit the issue of bills of a less denomination than five dollars were made, but they all failed, and the banks, by the provisions of

the law could make ten per cent. of their issues one dollar notes, ten per cent. two dollar notes, twenty per cent. under five dollars, and fifty per cent. under ten dollars. A leading member of the Senate, who as a legislator in one of the older States several years previously, had favored a law prohibiting the issue of any bank notes under the denomination of twenty dollars, had been cured of his small bill phobia and voted for this bill.

These two acts were submitted to a vote of the people and adopted, but no banks were ever organized under the General Banking law, but soon after the laws were adopted by a vote of the people, measures were taken to put into operation the "State Bank of Iowa," and the "Branches of the State Bank of Iowa." This was about the middle of September, 1858. The State Bank did no banking business proper, that was all done by the branches, and no one branch could do any business until five branches were organized and ready to commence, and their condition as to funds and character of their directors had been ascertained by the Bank Commissioners chosen for that purpose. The business of the State Bank was the general supervision of the Branch Banks and not more than thirty branches could be organized in the State, nor one with a less capital than \$50,000 nor more than \$300,000, and in no town with a population less than 500, nor more than one branch could be located in a town, or with less than five stockholders, and it must at all times have on hand twenty-five per cent. of its circulation in specie.

A safety fund was created of twelve and a half per cent. of the capital of each branch, to be held by the State Bank for the redemption of the notes of those branches that failed to pay specie on them, and as there were eight branches at first established, one at each of the following places: Davenport, Muscatine, Iowa City, Dubuque, Keokuk, Mt. Pleasant, Oskaloosa, and Des Moines, and later seven more at the following places: Lyons, Washington, Burlington, Fort Madison, McGregor, and Council Bluffs, there was at first a safety fund of at least \$50,000, which was later increased to \$93,750.

The government of each branch was to be under the control of not more than nine nor less than five directors.

The State Bank was under the control of a Board of Directors composed of one member from each branch and three Directors at large chosen by the General Assembly.

The State Bank furnished each branch with its circulating notes, and each branch could have notes to double the amount of its paid up capital.

These banks proved to be very useful institutions, and a great help to the State in 1861, for when the first call was made on the Governor for troops, there was not a dollar in the Treasury to pay for the raising, subsisting, clothing and arming them, and the only resort for available funds was the branches of the State Bank. As soon as the needs of the State were made known all the Banks that could, responded generously and promptly. Nor did party political affiliations hinder in this matter, for such Democratic Bank Presidents as W. T. Smith, of Oskaloosa, and W. F. Coolbaugh, of Burlington, vied with such stalwart Republicans as Hiram Price, of Davenport, and Ezekiel Clark, of Iowa City, in opening their vaults for this purpose. J. K. Graves, of Dubuque, wrote Governor Kirkwood, "draw on our bank for \$30,000 and the draft will be honored." W. T. Smith, President of the Branch at Oskaloosa, wrote, "we will let you have every dollar our bank can spare."

Thus in her early days in building a Capitol, and in her later days in helping maintain the integrity of the Union, Iowa resorted to her banks for help.

The Eighth General Assembly undertook to and did pass a bill that would have opened a wide door to "wild cat" banking. An act was passed amending the General Banking law by abolishing the office of Bank Commissioners, reducing the required capital from \$50,000 to \$25,000, and permitting banks to be located in towns with a less population than 250, but Governor Kirkwood, who as a member of the Senate participated in the enactment of the former, vetoed it.

When by the passage of the National Bank law in 1865, the issues of the State Banks were heavily taxed, the State Bank of Iowa closed up its business and its branches reorganized and became National Banks.

There are now in the State 168 National, 162 Savings, and 188 State Banks, making a total of 518.

The following statements of the condition of the banks of the State for the years indicated show the growth of the banking business from first to last, except the fourteen years from 1845 to 1859, a period regarding which no financial bank records can be obtained, as we had no banks to make records.

## 1838.

Capital, . . . . .	\$100,000
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	71,597
Deposits, . . . . .	3,686
Surplus, . . . . .	3,935

## 1859.

Capital, . . . . .	\$215,550
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	153,414
Deposits, . . . . .	234,241
Surplus, . . . . .	31,680

## 1865.

Capital, . . . . .	\$1,048,200
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	2,468,362
Deposits, . . . . .	2,851,462
Surplus, . . . . .	308,905

## 1877.

Capital, . . . . .	\$ 8,473,152
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	15,583,549
Deposits, . . . . .	12,586,486
Surplus, . . . . .	2,687,520

## 1894.

Capital, . . . . .	\$ 36,863,500
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	104,976,048
Deposits, . . . . .	93,895,425
Surplus, . . . . .	4,511,983

1896.

Capital, . . . , . . . . .	\$29,481,400
Loans and Discounts, . . . . .	71,405,338
Deposits, . . . . .	69,374,025
Surplus, . . . . .	4,674,278

An attempt was, at one time, made to give the Branches of the State Bank of Iowa a monopoly of the bank note circulation in the State. An act was passed by the Tenth General Assembly which took effect July 4th, 1864, making it a misdemeanor "to pay out or in any manner put in circulation, or offer to put in circulation, any bank note, bill or other instrument intended to circulate as money, issued or purporting to be issued by any bank, individual or corporation in any other State, District or Territory within the United States or any foreign country."

These misdemeanors were punishable by a fine of five dollars for each note offered for circulation, except those issued by the authority of Congress, or notes of the Branches of the State Bank of Iowa. This monopoly did not benefit the Branches of the State Bank for any great length of time, as they closed business within fifteen months of its taking effect. Its enforcement would have necessitated the establishment of an exchange office at every crossing of the Mississippi River on the east, and the Missouri on the west, to say nothing of points on the north and south boundaries of the State where those coming to the State could trade their home-issued bank notes for those issued in Iowa.

The writer on coming to Iowa from Central New York in 1847, knowing that banks were prohibited here by the constitution, and supposing that the circulation of bank notes was also prohibited, exchanged his paper money at Buffalo at a discount for specie, only to find that the currency exchanged there for gold was just as current here in Iowa as the gold itself.

## BUILDING THE FIRST SCHOOL-HOUSE.

A SKETCH, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY T. H. MACBRIDE.



OUR little prairie community was very much like any other one of a thousand such that forty or fifty years ago took possession of the rolling plains of eastern Iowa. How any one of us came to that particular prairie, hardly one of us could tell. We started out from older communities not knowing whither we went, and presently found ourselves on the prairie all strangers at the outset, hailing from every section, united only in enthusiasm and the strong determination to win home and fortune. Those who were first on the ground selected lands which charmed alike by beauty and by nearness to water and to wood, at that time the only source of fuel. Those coming later dropped down on this quarter-section or that as circumstances seemed to dictate. Of course we all knew each other soon. If we did not know a man's name, we had no hesitation in riding over to ask him, nor was there any delicacy as to reporting, to the limits of opportunity, any facts ascertainable about a newcomer, his wife, children, horses, personal history, and belongings.

For the crystallizing or organization of such a heterogeneous section of humanity, Sundays seemed to offer best occasion. Father Blew stirred somewhat to life the community spirit by riding the prairie all one Saturday afternoon and inviting everybody to meeting at his house at two o'clock the next day. Of course everybody went, even although everybody knew that Father Blew's house was no bigger than the average at that time and contained no more than two or three rooms at most. But it was summer time and those who could not get indoors, could stay out and look in by the windows or even sit in the wagons and hear through the open door what was going on within. Father Blew was a preacher,

sure enough, although to what communion he adhered I never thought to enquire. His generosity included us all, and the entire absence of formality in his mode of worship made it easy for all to feel at home in his religious meetings. Otherwise he lived a quiet secluded life, his companion a spinster sister, very reticent, but a famous maker of delicacies withal, always for the gratification of other people. The house was farther noted as the first in the neighborhood to have a garden enclosed by a picket fence. There was also a fence before the door and in the narrow yard the blue-grass grew right up to the very base-board. There were no romping children there to trample it out, or keep the ground about the cottage bare. This was believed to be the first appearance of blue-grass in that county and there are those to-day who would derive the name of the now universal sod from that of the old-time prairie preacher. However this may all be, the Sunday invitation once accepted, was oft repeated and with the same results, again and again, until meeting at Father Blew's became the regular thing and any fine Sabbath afternoon would bring out such a crowd of people that "movers" sometimes stopped their white-covered wagons on the highway and sent some one up to ask "if it was a funeral?"

It was on some such Sunday in the early fall that Father Blew closed his sermon with the announcement that after singing, all the men of the congregation were invited to meet around Gerrit Simpson's wagon outside to consider a matter of great importance to the community. How the news got outside I do not know, but no second announcement was necessary. By the time the tones of Old Hundred had died away and the benediction was well pronounced such a crowd had gathered about Simpson's wagon that Mrs. Simpson, who had been in the house, could not see it at all, and Father Blew found great difficulty in getting into the forum for himself appointed. The old gentleman wore a pair of home-spun pantaloons of a tint since irreverently designated butternut, and his coat was of the cut known as shad-belly with shiny brass buttons, but his

vest seemed clerical and we all wondered where he got it. As he rose that afternoon, in Simpson's wagon, and looked over his glasses at the crowd, he seemed so dignified, and yet withal so benevolent that the people instinctively recognized their leader and required not so much as a gesture for perfect silence and attention.

"Friends and neighbors," began Father Blew, "I have as you know no children of my own, but I notice that all—most all of you are men of family; this is a most salubrious climate and God has given us many children. They are like prairie-chickens in a buckwheat patch in fall, and yet so far they are learning nothing. They are ignorant children. They know nothing except the wild freedom of these great meadows, and the skill for the little daily tasks which you assign them. How shall these children become citizens of the great Republic unless they learn to know its history and can read its laws? We must have a school. All you who are in favor of a school for this community raise your hands!" Every hand went up, except that of Peter Mitchell, the Englishman, but he was deaf and could hardly have been expected to give assent to such a proposition until it was explained to him. "Now," continued Father Blew, "in order to have a school we must have a school-house; our first school-house back in Ohio was built of logs and I propose a log school-house here. Gerrit Simpson offers a half-acre of his hill top for a school-yard and if we all turn in and bring logs from the timber Friday we can have a raising-bee Saturday, and next Sunday morning will see a new school-house."

The proposition was received with shouts. Gerrit Simpson's half-acre was agreed to as centrally located, and that quiet gentleman was induced to make it an acre. Every farmer proposed what he could do, most agreeing to bring logs, although Sam Waterson was allowed to bring from his quarry a load or two of rock for corners, chimney and so forth, and "Saw-mill" Johnnie promised slabs enough for the floor and seats and inch boards for the desks. All was conditioned

on fine weather. But in those days for some reason the weather was always fine. Morning after morning in autumn the sun rose gloriously over the low wave-like hills of our horizon and chased away the chill of night, and at eve he sank red again into the grassy plain just as for the sailor he dips beneath the level of the ocean. And so the sun rose fair on Friday, and it was soon evident that we were really a community and not a mere accidental clustering of families, for over the whole prairie there was a common stir. Everywhere teams and their drivers were on the road; mostly "running-gears," the driver astride the hounds behind, his pendent feet and legs knocking the pollen from the asters as he passed. In half an hour every team was out of sight, lost in the big woods that then occupied Skunk River bottoms; but by afternoon Simpson's hill looked like a gigantic wood-pile. There were logs enough to build two school-houses to say nothing of rock and slabs. Peter Mitchell brought in silence a load of lime and covered it with some of Saw-mill Johnnie's slabs. Somebody else had not forgotten sand, and Mr. Lyon, the richest man in the neighborhood—he loaned money to the rest—sent split walnut clap-boards for the roof, just what he had left over from roofing the barn; he hoped there would be enough. Father Blew in work-a-day dress stood there all day keeping tally, and great was his satisfaction as he read to his sister at night how the forests of Lebanon did once furnish trees to build the temple of Solomon.

Saturday morning the sun rose early, but there were many on our prairie who that day saw him rise. There was business on hand, and excitement such as we never knew again until that day the shot was fired on Sumter, and then it was of a different sort. Father Blew is reported to have been found there by Gerrit Simpson about sunrise. Gerrit knew he had not been there all night for the old man wore a different coat. Gerrit himself was not only famous as the owner of the site on which the structure was so soon to rise but had won a reputation the fall before by setting up and

tying one hundred shocks of corn in a single working-day, simply because he had heard that some man in Illinois had done the feat, and because nobody in our section believed it could be done. Then came Peter Snyder, a Pennsylvania German, who could make chairs and who came over to make the furnishings. The next was long Bob Langstraw, the carpenter, whose technical skill shown in many ways about his own unfinished residence was the envy of the country-side. There was a curly-cue sawed ruffle all around his cornice and the door-casings, so far as in place, were made of walnut and mitred at the corners. Bob brought abundant tools and went immediately to work. The sound of his axe welcomed others of whom there is here no space to tell. There was Gottlieb Landsman who had been a sailor, who on the open prairie, had built his house in likeness of the hull of a ship, and by a short ladder went into it by a sort of port-hole on the side, the wonder of mankind. Then there was Mr. Dennis, a tall, strong, black-bearded man, who said little but was called an abolitionist all the same; and Solomon Ramsgate who was a Methodist par excellence, who held family-worship night and morning, and who when on a summer day he opened his windows toward Jerusalem could be heard by half the settlement. It was a common joke that Mr. Ramsgate's name should have been Ramshorn, but Mr. Blew objected, as did Mr. Henstop whose name, originally, no doubt, Hohenstauffen, had been thus curtailed in old Pennsylvania until it came to Iowa a constant temptation to levity. Nor must we omit Mike Lafferty, who came very early with a load of logs, all walnut, and a tree to set out. People said he had been out all night, for his timber was ten miles away. Blessed be Mike! That tree is growing yet, and Mike's grandchildren have played beneath its shadow. As for Mike's walnut logs he said there was naught too good for the "childer," and his logs went in early into the structure. They were fine and straight, and were sound enough to make lumber when the old school-house eventually

went down, years after, to give place to a new structure of Minnesota pine.

By the time that all those living farthest from the scene were busy, each with axe or adz, or the tool that suited him best, the near neighbors began to put in an appearance. Peter Mitchell was there in time to lay the rude corners and the hearth for the fire place which was to occupy one end. Black Sambo helped him. Sambo, of course, lived with Dennis and took naturally to lime and whitewash. Later on as Samuel Beauregard he entered the army and served through the war, but this day he was tender to old Peter Mitchell and, as he afterward remarked, helped to lay the foundations of one of the first educational institutions in the State of Iowa.

The first courses were laid in white oak. Then came Mike Lafferty's walnut. After that bass-wood and quaking asp, Father Blew objecting to hickory on account of the borers and dry-rot. Men worked as never before. Langstraw assumed general direction as superintendent of construction, bevelling the logs for the next notch above, and occasionally throwing out a stick which some fellow in his enthusiasm had notched on both sides. Everthing went on in quiet save that now and then a thumb would get fast in the place where the chinking ought to be, when Father Blew's benediction was apt to be employed, part of it, at least, in an inverted sense, and that good man would charitably find occasion to turn his back and converse for a moment with Peter Mitchell in a somewhat elevated tone of voice which shut out other voices.

Toward noon the industry slackened somewhat. The sun grew warm. Coats had long since been shed, and the small boys, still barefoot, were sent with buckets to Watterson's spring for fresh supplies. There began, also, to be some little anxious watching, down the road, and not infrequent inquiries as to the time of day. Away on the ridge of the next line of hills Bob Langstraw declared he saw something red or yellow. Was it not a cluster of New England aster or the wav-

ing wands of golden-rod? No, surely; for presently over all the prairie bright colors were predominant, reds and yellows, and blues that to the eyes of hungry workmen outshone the colors of the flowers, as mothers and sisters and children came burdened with buckets and baskets. Bob saw a yellow sun-bonnet with two or three red ones following after, and every man saw the color he loved the best. And the quantities they brought! and the excellence of it—how shall it ever be told! Mrs. Mitchell brought pickled pig's feet with allspice thrust in in convenient places, enough for small and great; Mrs. Dennis brought fried prairie chicken which Sambo himself had shot the day before; Mrs. Simpson vinegar-pies for which she was celebrated and which certainly constantly absorbed all the sourness there ever was in that happy family; Mrs. Ramsgate brought wild-plum jelly and crab-apple preserves with a flavor for which no finest pastry-book has ever yet suggested so much as a name; and Miss Blew somehow managed to lug over under her white-apron a big pan full of bread-pudding whose excellence was the wonder of the hour; while Father Blew himself, by no means idle, building of the abundant chips a roaring fire, offered coffee with cream to all comers. What a merry company! What exclamations of glad surprise as basket after basket disclosed its unexpected richness! But what is the matter with Mike Lafferty? Why sits he out by himself watching the valley? Calls for Mike elicited no response; but when Father Blew went over and spoke softly to the lonely man, poor Mike at last confessed, "Sure and I be expecting Katie." Just then a shout arose and Mike turned round to see his heart's desire ride in proudly from the other direction. She had gone clean past Simpson's hill, and only discovered her mistake when old Mrs. Snyder, who could speak no English, and therefore stayed at home, caught the bridles of the little roan mare and started astonished Katie back again. "I could not come fast" said she "for there was the basket and I was feared for Paddy sitting on behind me."

And now everybody was quiet. Hungry people say little in presence of good things to eat. "Let the children first be fed," said Father Blew, and little Paulina Landsman, seated upon a log, in an attempt to accept a piece of cream pie at the hands of the good preacher and to watch his brass buttons at the same time, tipped over backwards completely, and Father Blew must needs pick her up, which was more than he could do for the pie, while grieving Gottlieb exclaimed, "*Ach was!*" for Paddy Lafferty had secured his piece of the same pie in safety and with a satisfaction not for a moment to be questioned.

After dinner, however, the tongues were loosened. New as it was, our community was not destitute of themes for conversation. Had not Dave Hathaway's boy been bitten by a rattle-snake last August, and, in absence of the requisite whiskey had not the lad displayed remarkable symptoms, all the markings of the reptile having come out one after another on the boy's body, so that people came for miles to see? No knowing what further transformations might have ensued but that the necessary stimulus finally arrived. Then, were not the "soul sleepers" last winter engaged in a missionary tour in the settlement just south of us and were not even now some whiffs of their doctrine circulating on our prairie winds, much to the vexation of Father Blew? Besides these more weighty matters the usual neighborhood happenings were interesting then as now, though all unchronicled in the columns of the weekly journal.

Soon, however, one man after another picked up his tools. This was no time for talk. The log walls rose apace. The soft brown of the oak, the rich purple of the walnut, the pure white of the linden and aspen, succeeded each other in bands around the house which Peter Snyder declared were as handsome as the stripes in his wife's carpet. This old artificer, by the way, consumed the day in building furniture. Selecting from the pile of slabs the straightest, the old chair-maker bored leg-holes on the bark side, made legs of hickory poles,

brought from his own wood-pile, and so fitted a row of seats around the prospective school-house almost before the walls were up. In the same way the cunning mechanic knew how to build the desks; for did he not bore holes around the walls inside at a convenient height and inclination, into these holes thrust slanting pins long enough to carry Saw-mill Johnnie's smoothest plank, and when these were once in place the desks were done. Nowadays the seat revolves to the convenience of the pupil; in that earlier day the pupil revolved to the convenience of the desk, and whisked his legs now to this side of the bench, now to that, as duty might require.

Meantime the building rapidly approached completion. Many hands made light work. The walls were bound across by aspen ceiling-joists and similar straight poles built up the gables and tied them to each other and so supplied the place of rafters. A hole had been left at one end for the fire place; the chimney should rise outside. Opposite the chimney was the opening for a door. Gottlieb and Lafferty were the committee to lay the slab floor and build the door frame; Father Blew actually manufactured that day a pair of wooden hinges. Many is the day they creaked thereafter, summer and winter groaning out their soapless misery.

Suffice all to say that ere the sun went down that day the house was builded, at least as far as circumstances would permit. Mr. Lyon's shingles, better than expected, actually covered nearly the whole roof, and Mr. Simpson said he would bring over a few more on Monday and finish it; the fire-place was built up to the chimney throat, and Mitchell and Sambo were to return and build it higher and plaster up the chinking; it was agreed that these should be paid by subscription for working over time; Mike and Gottlieb had sawed out each a section of a log, one on each side where the windows were to be, and Langstraw agreed to get the glass in before cold weather. Snyder and Father Blew had the door swinging and creaking, and even constructed a wooden bolt to fasten it. One by one the workmen drew off together to admire,

while from behind them the sinking sun lent his most glorious rays, lighting on the rude walls every axe-stroke with colors dearer and more golden than the tints of stained glass;—had they not done it themselves!

Just then a head was thrust out of the western window, if we may so dignify the long slot where the log had been removed, and Lafferty's voice it was that cried: "Would yez be opening that door!"

Mike's request was greeted with a shout and several started to release him from his unnoticed imprisonment.

"We thought you might stay in there all night," said Mr. Simpson.

"If any of ye gintlemen want to stay in there all night ye're welcome; but sure them that lived to get out in the morning would be dead with the cold," said Mike.

Another shout louder than before greeted Mike's bold rejoinder, and the men forgot they were tired and nearly fell over the logs in their fun. Gottlieb Landsman climbed up with much risk to some of Mr. Lyon's shingles, and tied a bunch of autumn flowers to the end of the ridge-pole; that was German fashion, he said. Then father Blew proposed three cheers for the new school-house and they were given with a will, then three cheers for Iowa heartier still; but when the echoes had died away Bob. Langstraw sprang upon a log and waving his hat cried, "three cheers for Father Blew," and these were loudest and longest of all. Was it the cool air of evening that dimmed the old man's glasses with mist, so that he saw not the stout farmers as silently gathering their tools they slipped off one by one each on his separate way? We cannot say. Father Blew as he had been first to come was likewise last to go; and when a few weeks later the happy children chased each other round the corners of the new school-house and shouted until their music would sometimes reach across the valley to his home, Father Blew would stand, and smiling watch them, as he tapped the garden pickets with his cane.

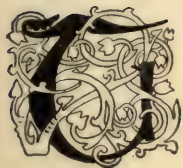
Only a log school-house, you say, a crude and clumsy affair. Yes: but that crude structure became the center of intellectual life for our community. The first light-houses were simply beacons kindled on the forelands; the Eddystones with revolving, far-reflecting lamps came later. With no more than Peter Snyder's furniture, and a good teacher, we learned to read and write, but what we read was worth reading and our penmanship while perhaps neither spencerian nor vertical in style has nevertheless proved generally good at the bank. Nor were the builders of the log college themselves personally unrewarded. To say nothing of spelling schools which sometimes, I must say, threatened the mental health of the community, but which afforded opportunity for the development of certain social instincts otherwise much hampered if not utterly suppressed, we had debating clubs which settled the supremacy of the pen as against the sword, the superiority of republican institutions, the unrighteousness of human slavery, the folly of drink, and we have even heard the classic use of the verb βαπτίζω proclaimed within those walls. There was also the utmost religious freedom. The "soul-sleepers" at one time held the fort for two weeks; with little effect, it seems, for their deliverances were declared to be enough to make the few occupants of our little cemetery turn in their graves; mesmerists and phrenologists of every sort came that way, made their grimaces and passed on. As politics grew warmer, such discussions, of course, superseded all else. The school-house became a voting precinct, and through its rude, narrow window passed in an almost solid vote for John C. Fremont for president of the United States, until who shall say that the building of Father Blew's log school-house did not effect, to some extent, at least, the fate of the republic and so the destinies of mankind.

## THE FIRST HOME OF THE UNIVERSITY.

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BY DR. J. L. PICKARD.

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HE approaching demolition of the "Old Hospital" is worthy of a passing notice. For Iowa City it has the flavor of antiquity.

Its history as Mechanics' Academy may properly be sketched by some one of the association which erected it. The University first rented, then purchased, the building.

February 7th, 1854, the Trustees of the University appointed a Committee to consider the question of opening the University.

May 8th, 1854, the Committee reported in favor of immediate organization, and that suitable accommodations might be furnished professors and students. The Committee made a conditional contract for the rental of the "Mechanics' Academy," at the price of one hundred and thirty-five dollars from April 15th to November 1st, 1854.

July 7th, 1854, the Trustees authorized the Committee (reduced from seven to three members), to offer Professors from \$1,000 to \$1,500 salary.

The lease of the Academy was extended from November 1st, 1854, to May 1st, 1855, for \$125. November 21st, 1854, Prof. William C. Larrabee, of Indiana, was elected President with the salary of \$1,500, and Professor Moore, of Illinois, was elected professor upon the salary of \$1,000. Neither gentleman accepted.

Early in March, 1855, by some authority not recorded, Alexander Johnston, Abel Beach, and E. M. Guffin were installed in the Mechanics' Academy, as Professors of Mathematics, Language, and Preparatory Studies respectively.

March 15th, the Trustees rendered the opening valid for a term of sixteen weeks.

April 2nd, 1855, the Trustees ventured to enlarge the corps of Professors by the selection of James Hall for the chair of

Geology and Natural History, and Josiah D. Whitney for the chair of Mineralogy, Meteorology and Chemistry.

May 28th, 1855 the Trustees elected Henry S. Welton to the chair of Languages, Prof. Abel Beach having resigned on account of ill health. Hon. Loran Andrews, of Ohio, was elected President, and John Van Valkenberg Principal of the Normal School.

Mr. Andrews declined the Presidency, and July 16th, 1855, Hon. Amos Dean was chosen President, and was the first to accept the Presidency.

September 1st, 1855, the Trustees issued the first circular in catalogue form. It provided for nine departments of Collegiate instruction, to which were added the Normal department and the Preparatory department, with each department under one Professor.

Partial opening occurred in September, 1855, and continued until June, 1856, the only Professors in actual service being Messrs. Welton, Johnston, Van Valkenberg and Guffin, the President (Chancellor), and other Professors adorning the circular as in nominal connection with the University.

Until the removal of the Capital to Des Moines the Mechanics' Academy was the home as it had been the birth-place of the University of Iowa.

The statements made above are gathered from an address delivered in 1867 by Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Jr.

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### VOLNEY D. DOUGLASS.

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BY HIRAM HEATON, GLENDALE, IOWA.

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**F**EW men who have served in the Federal armies in the great civil war passed through more vicissitudes of fortune, or underwent greater hardships than did Volney D. Douglass, of Company F, 17th Iowa Infantry.

Enlisting as a private, in the town of Fairfield, the summer

of 1862, when not yet seventeen years of age, having been born in 1845, his life for a number of months did not differ from that of thousands of other men, who were then in the army. Omitting any account of the first months of his army life, what manner of man Mr. Douglass was, can be obtained from reading some letters of his, written to a young lady, who subsequently became his wife, better than pages of description would be able to give.

The first letter is written from Helena, Arkansas, March 12th, 1863, in which he writes:

"I am sick from being on steamboat ten days. We are now camped on the river bank and I expect it will make all of us sick—Have heard that we are to go south by Yazoo pass, I think we will get south far enough if we keep on going down. \* \* \* \* Send your minature as soon as you get it: I want to see how you look."

On the 3rd of May he writes from Black River:

"DEAR LOTE (Lottie?):—We have been marching some since I last wrote. We are now in the rear of Vicksburg. The Secesh fired some guns at us, but ran when we took after them. I hope we will whip them soon, so we can go home. I received your minature all right, it looks natural; you haven't changed a bit since I last saw you. This is the first time I have had a chance to write since we started on this trip. I think we will have a battle at Vicksburg before long. We had a little fight the other day; some of our men got killed, not many." And the seventeen year old boy, whose heart is all at home, adds news from his father's family, that he had received in a letter: "Lydia and Ed. have both got the mumps. Uncle Milton had them. We haven't had any tents for too weeks. Dont expect to have any more this summer.

"I remain your most affectionate."

"While I am in Dixie land,  
I'll read the writing of your hand."

The next letter is from Annapolis, Maryland; June 20th, 1863, he writes:

"My wound is getting well fast. I was wounded the 14th of May, then taken prisoner. Was in the capitals of all the States from Jackson to here, and a worse looking country I never saw. I would not, to live in, give Iowa for all of them. At Columbia about fifty girls of a female cimmornary came to the window, and every one of them said: Look at the Yankees, look at the Yankees! Some was good looking and some was not so good looking. It came near killing me coming so far before I was able to travel; seventeen hundred miles. I never was so glad in my life as I was the time I saw the old stars and stripes on the flag of truce boat. I am wounded in the wright thy."

The next letter is from Benton Barracks, Saint Louis, Missouri, July 18th, 1863:

"I have received a letter from you, the first in three months. We had a fine dinner the 4th of July. We have been gaining some glorious victories in the last few days. I think will wind up the war before long, hope so any way. The Secesh did not take your likeness; they wanted to, but I would not let them have it. I went three days without anything to eat, That was as long as I cared to go without something to eat. The Secesh took all of our clothes, my money and even our knives and matches. You tell some of them copperheads that some of the Illinois boys are coming home on furlow, and if they dont keep low some of them will get hurt. That's so for they said they would whip the first one said anything to them."

The last letter to be copied from, is also written at Benton Barracks, July 24th, 1863.

DEAR LOTE:—I can't say if there is a man in this hospital named William Henry Duffield. I am trying for a furlow. I dont know if I shall succeed or not. I know what I can do, I can go home without, and they can't hurt me neither. Their is four of my company gone now. W. W. Daugherty, my pardner, is in the hospital at Jefferson Barracks. There is men and women coming in every day to see their sons and

husbands. One woman came in just now, just in time to see her husband draw his last breath. One shell killed seven of our boys—Elza Wayland was one of them.

“I’ll think of the at all times.

“V. D. DOUGLASS.”

While the foregoing extracts give a youth, who should still have been in the school-room, they also give a healthy mind, one that loved the flag; but his heart was longing for home. The successes of the Federal armies at Gettysburg and Vicksburg had filled all hearts with the belief that the war was almost ended. Chickamauga came, and undeceived the country, and the western forces were hurried to Lookout Mountain, and Mission Ridge, and after them the almost continuous struggle from Dalton to Atlanta.

In the early days of July, 1864, the greater part of the division to which the 17th regiment belonged, had been sent back from Sherman’s main army, and distributed at different points along the railroad to guard it from being destroyed by raids of cavalry, and guerillas. A body of blacks was stationed at Dalton, and nine miles farther on the 17th was placed to guard Tilton. The regiment at once proceeded to construct a block-house. It was made of hewed logs, twelve inches square, in two courses set in the ground, making a wall twenty-four inches thick. Outside this defense, a ditch was dug, and the earth thrown up against the wall, fully four feet high. Over the block-house was laid a solid floor of hewed logs, and on these was piled clay to the depth of four feet in the center, sloping to the edges, and over the clay heavy planks were laid, to glance off shot.

Early in the morning of October 13th, skirmishing began at a distance, resembling, at first, the chopping of trees by woodmen.

Colonel Archer was informed of the approach of Hood’s army; that Allatoona had been attacked, and that he might expect the enemy. He foresaw, that in all probability, he would be unable to make good his resistance against the force

that was approaching, and he gave orders for the men to prepare rations and have their haversacks full, that when in the hands of the enemy, they might have food of their own for a few days. This order was disregarded by the men. Before eight o'clock more skirmishers were sent out to retard the enemy's approach as greatly as possible, and learn if only cavalry was attacking. Their first skirmishers were twenty men of Company F.

One man ordered out with them pleaded that some one might be sent in his place, but he put down his coffee which he was just about to drink, and pale as a dead man, finally went. He went but a little way before a bullet injured every bone in one of his hands; glad that it was no worse with him, he returned to the fort laughing. The skirmishers were forced back, and by eleven A. M. were all in the fort, or in the ditch surrounding it. At this time the Confederate commander demanded the surrender of the place, hinting at unpleasant consequences if Colonel Archer made a defense. But Archer returned a refusal knowing that Sherman was on the heels of Hood's army, and whether he made good his defense until relieved, or not, it was important to retard the enemy's movements as much as possible. Archer formed his men in two lines, both in the fort, and in the ditch; the first line was to aim and fire, while the second was to load the guns. Archer's orders were, "kill as many as you can, boys!" For hours the men from comparatively safe position, complied with this command. The two lines of defense, one above the other, the fort and ditch, were, like the Turkish defense of Plevna, entirely impregnable until some twenty-four pounders were brought up, when what had been a protection, became no better than a trap. A shell entered the block-house and exploded the reserve ammunition and farther defense was impossible. The last shell the enemy fired exploded in the house and killed and wounded fifteen men.

However, the men of the 17th were saved from raising the white flag, by the brigade mail-agent, of the 56th Illinois,

who had taken refuge with them, and who now fastened a white handkerchief to a stick and thrust it through a hole; by this time there were plenty of holes in the block-house. The surrender was made at four P. M.

Colonel Archer's defence of Tilton deserves to be classed with General Corse's defense of Allatoona for subborn bravery. Corse had more than four times as many men as Archer had, and in a much more defensible position, with Sherman signaling from Kenesaw Mountain, over the enemy's heads, "Hold the fort for I am coming." Corse had every inducement to make a stubborn resistance, if he had needed any, while Archer could hardly hope to do more than delay the enemy's movements; with almost a certainty of being compelled to surrender before assistance could arrive.

Penley, the Color Sergeant, gave the flag to a man of the 10th Texas, which was the first regiment of the enemy to reach the fort.

Hamp. Taylor, of Company F, ran to Colonel Archer, called him a coward and traitor. leaned his musket against the bank, jumped on it, and broke it, and then called out, "Here's your prisoners."

Two hundred and eighty-four men in all, surrendered, but so stubborn had been their resistance, they had killed and wounded more of the enemy than their number before the fight began. The sergeant in charge of the battery said the capture did not compensate for the loss of men, and General French would better have let them alone.

That night the prisoners were marched nine miles, to Dalton. That place had surrendered without a blow in defense, the commandant fearing a massacre if he should not be able to make good his defense with his colored troops. From Dalton the blacks marched with the 17th the next day, and as any white citizen claimed them, they were returned to slavery. Now that they were prisoners the men could reflect on Colonel Archer's order to fill their haversacks, for they got nothing to eat in four days, and then they were fed like cattle

on sorghum stalks, that were scattered from a wagon on the ground.

For several days they lived on pumpkins, which many of the men ate raw; a piece but little larger than a man's fist serving for a day's food. At Summerville they received rations of hard tack made of rice; one was a day's ration. On the entire march they saw no able-bodied men; only women and old men; the able-bodied were all in the Confederate army. From Summerville the prisoners were taken to Talladega and put on cars to Selma. At Selma they received half a pint of corn meal for a day's ration; little better than starvation, and the men were by this time much reduced in flesh. However, the Confederate soldiers fared but little better than their prisoners did. At Selma the prisoners were put on a boat, and taken down the Alabama River to Cahawba, and the 510 men were added to 2,600, already there in a large one story warehouse that had been fitted up for a prison. The space was terribly crowded and the floor, which was the earth, was a mass of filth and vermin. But during the three days they were in Cahawba they were fed much better than in any other prison. From Cahawba they were taken to Montgomery by boat, and there transferred to cars for Columbus, Georgia. While at Montgomery a boy came to them with a small chicken, for which he asked ten dollars; three of the men were able to make up that sum in greenbacks, which they gave for it.

All along the route the people would turn out to look at the prisoners, and make remarks; the women were particularly good at the latter, but as the prisoners had nothing to do but study making replies they became adepts at repartee, which some of the women learned to their chagrin. At Columbus the prisoners were camped near the cars and during the night Captains Deal and Shelton, and Lieutenant Hudson made their escape and reached our lines safely. The prisoners were now taken to Millen, where about forty acres had been enclosed with a stockade; that is tree trunks twenty feet

long were set in the ground side by side, making a strong high fence. While at Millen the time for the presidential election came on, and the Confederates expected some comfort from the votes of the prisoners, not doubting that the hardships they had undergone, and were still undergoing would lead them to desire "peace at any price." There were 10,000 prisoners in the stockade, and to make voting easy, they were to deposit beans for ballots; white beans for McClellan, black beans for Lincoln. Of the thousands of beans voted, there were only 200 white ones cast.

But now Sherman had started on his march to the sea, and Kilpatrick's cavalry was straining to reach Millen to liberate the prisoners. The Confederates hurriedly sent them to Savannah, and then by flat cars to Blackshear; all the time amusing them with assurances that they were to be exchanged. They were a day and a night on the cars without any kind of protection against a pitiless cold rain, and it was this rain that laid the foundation of Mr. Douglass' mortal illness. For two days the prisoners were absolutely without any food, without shelter, and in a beating December rain. From Blackshear they were forwarded to Thomasville, then marched sixty miles to Albany, and thence on cars twenty miles, into Andersonville, which they entered Christmas day.

When Sherman began his march, Andersonville had been abandoned by the Confederates, but now that he was at Savannah, it was again utilized; not having been disturbed in the two months of its solitude. Little can be added to what has many times been told of the horrors of Andersonville. Strong men, in vigorous health in a short time had to succumb to the terrible hardships there endured. What was it for the poor boy, V. D. Douglass, already broken in health, discouraged and homesick? One wonders why the authorities at Washington did not exchange the Confederate prisoners, held in the north for those poor creatures. Two reasons are given: one that the Confederate prisoners, if released, were able to return, at once to the ranks, while the prisoners held

by the South, were almost to a man unfitted for further service; the other reason was that Secretary Stanton believed there was too great a willingness, on the part of some men, to surrender, and that it was well to discourage the tendency. Humanity inclines to the belief that the Confederates grieved over the sorrows of their prisoners. It was for this reason they tried to induce them to enlist in their army; that they might release them from confinement, for they could hardly hope for any useful service from them. In February, 1865, V.D. Douglass and some fifteen other prisoners enlisted in the Confederate service to escape what to them would have been certain death—any longer confinement in the Andersonville prison. In telling the writer of this, Mr. Douglass said he did not regard his oath to the Confederacy binding, as it was given only to save his life, and that it was his purpose to desert at the first opportunity. The Confederacy was by this time falling to pieces, and the opportunity soon presented itself and he was again in the Union lines.

One of the pioneers of Jefferson County, named Frederic Schneringer, when a youth, served in Napoleon's armies. At the battle of Vittoria, Wellington routed Marshal Jourdan and King Joseph, and Schneringer was one of the numerous prisoners taken. Wellington compelled the prisoners to enter his ranks, and soon after, Schneringer was sent to Halifax with forces intended to serve against the Americans. At the first chance given him, he deserted and found his way through the Maine woods to an American settlement, where a widow had pity on him, married him, and together they came to Iowa, and they are both buried in the Lockridge cemetery. The Confederates were not alone in history in compelling their enemy's prisoners to serve in their ranks.

The war was over before Douglass was twenty years old, and he at once set about acquiring the education that had not been possible to him before enlisting.

In 1869 he received the appointment at Glendale as railroad agent and postmaster, to succeed the father of the writer,

who had died. He lived a happy life with his young wife until 1871, when he suddenly died from the effects of his imprisonment, and lies buried at Chariton. A little daughter lies buried in Lockridge cemetery. A son, Edward, lived to young manhood, when he died and is buried by his father. The widow, bereaved of husband and children, lives at Chariton.

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LETTER FROM DR. SALTER.

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BURLINGTON, IOWA, February 22, 1897.


READING in THE HISTORICAL RECORD, pp. 10-12, of the grave of Charles Shepherd, as perhaps the only one of a Revolutionary Soldier in Iowa, recalls to me what Dr. Wm. Ross, the first postmaster and first clerk of the Court in Burlington, told me when he was here, June 1, 1883, viz: that when he came here in 1833, he brought his father with him, who had been a Revolutionary Soldier and was one of the first settlers of Lexington, Kentucky. The old gentleman died here the same fall, and his grave, he said, was the first white man's in this part of the "Black Hawk Purchase."

In what is stated about Presidential visits to Iowa, p. 28, I think the writer must have forgotten those of Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Benjamin Harrison, though that of the latter was, I believe, before he was President.

Of course, you know, Governor Sherman, p. 32, errs in making Grimes "a native of Vermont." He should have said "the Granite State." Grimes filled out *more* than "three years gubernatorial service," being inducted in December, 1854, and laying down his office January 14, 1858.

I am now trying to digest, reduce and arrange in order the

proceedings of the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the State, but find the material exceedingly bulky, and some of it refractory from surplusage, repetitions and inaccurate and contrarious statements, to say nothing of rhetorical extravagances and violations of the art of spelling and writing correctly, so that I am sometimes at my wit's end what to do.

Should I ever get through, I want sometime to send you a closing chapter on Henry Dodge, to complete my account of that remarkable man.

WM. SALTER.

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### IOWA POESY.

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WE have received *Sonnets and Other Verse*, by MRS. ISADORE BAKER, *Iowa City, Iowa*, 1896—a little volume of thirty-three clearly printed pages, containing thirty-six miscellaneous poems. We have had occasion to quote from this author before, showing our appreciation of her work, which has established itself as an integral part of the literature of the land, from Boston to the Western coast. Mrs. Baker is a native Iowan, an “old settler” if not a “pioneer,” having been born at Muscatine, where the roar of the Mississippi and the splendors of a wild landscape gave the first impulse to her imaginative inclinations. Her father, J. Y. Blackwell, was an early pioneer and a member of the Iowa Legislature. Mrs. Baker’s poetic temperament, as expressed in these poems, is variable, sometimes light and spirited, but generally pensive and contemplative. The rhythm and metre are appropriate to the theme, and never violative of the rules of her art. Directed by the comparative novelty of the subject, and its full length being within the measure of our limited space, we select as a sample of the text the three stanzas following:

## THE BICYCLE BOY.

Gliding so airily,  
 Guiding so warily,  
 Steed steel-caparisoned, hail well ahoy!  
 Jaunty equestrian,  
 Scorning pedestrian,  
 Navarre of the highway, the bicycle boy.

Sing then in measure free  
 What must his pleasure be,  
 Conquering space with a speed and defiance!  
 Centaur can ne'er compete,  
 Kyrat with flying feet,  
 Rival in sinew this scion of science.

Swift as a bird in flight,  
 Noiseless as ray of light,  
 Only the rider knows aught the full joy;  
 To scan the horizon wide,  
 Beauty on every side  
 Thrilling the heart of the bicycle boy.

## HAWKINS TAYLOR.

**H**OPING in some way to obtain for publication in *THE RECORD* a full account of the life of this interesting Iowa pioneer, we have not before referred to the death of Hawkins Taylor, which occurred in Washington City a few years ago, after he had passed his 80th year. Not one of the old pioneers had a warmer affection for the Hawkeye State than he. He came to Iowa from Illinois, and had migrated there from Kentucky before the end of the fourth decade of the century. He contributed many papers to the "old" *Annals of Iowa* when put forth by the State Historical Society, and some also to *THE HISTORICAL RECORD*. It was his practice latterly, upon the occurrence of any notable event having relation to Iowa to indite for *THE RECORD* his opinions thereon. Before his death Mr. Taylor had embodied his reminiscences of his early life in Iowa in a

systematic narrative which he designed to have published in a book, but which remains in manuscript that should be secured for one of our historical libraries, as it doubtless contains many valuable facts relative to the early history of Iowa no where else recorded.

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### INDIAN HUNTERS.

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WRITER in a military paper gives the following description of the old methods resorted to by the Southern Indians to catch wild turkeys:

The oldest of the White Mountain Indians will yet relate to you their mode of catching these noble birds in bygone years, ere the redman had sold them for fire-water and firearms.

Half a dozen or more young bucks would go to the haunts and roosts of the turkey, and, armed only with their lassos and each climbing a large tree near the usual trail leading toward the turkey roost, would wait until evening, and when a flock of these birds would come along in single file (as they always travel when not feeding) the Indians on the several trees would, at a given signal, drop the noose of their lasso over the heads of the largest birds in the flock, "yank" them up, and, repeating this, would catch more from the next flock coming their way, thus securing plenty of game for food, besides having some for sale to their white brothers for rum and powder.

Another mode of catching or "still hunting" these birds was to carefully skin a very large gobbler, cure it, feathers and all, together with head, feet and legs, leaving the bill on, with the eyes removed. When the skin was ready for use, a young buck armed with his hunting knife and a few buck-skin thongs, would crawl into this skin, lacing it up in front over his naked body, his head thrust up sufficiently near to the eye holes and bill so as to enable him to look through these openings left in the head. The arms being kept under-

neath the wings, the skin of the turkey legs laced over the Indian's bare legs, the turkey feet tied over and above his feet, with the redman's skill and his "ingenuity" thus applied, it was nearly impossible to tell the real turkey gobbler from the Indian's manufactured one. The Indian thus prepared for a still hunt, would bide himself to the haunts of the turkey, and when a flock would come along he would sally forth, and when near them, would strut about, call and gobble like unto a real bird, which in time would usually provoke the king gobbler of the flock to attack him in fight. The Indian in the turkey skin would wait his chance, throw his arm over the fighting gobbler and tie a buckskin thong tightly about his neck, choking him; then, leaving him to struggle, would calmly repeat his role of playing turkey gobbler until he probably succeeded in securing several birds. If the flock became suspicious, and seemed to be about to run or fly, the Indian turkey gobbler would waltz up toward them and, making a dash at them, secure possibly one or more birds.

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#### DEATHS.

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LEMUEL B. PATTERSON, a curator of the State Historical Society of Iowa, died at his home in Iowa City, March 15, 1897.

Peter H. Patterson, a Pennsylvanian by birth, had settled in Rush County, Indiana, while it was a Territory. Suffering the loss of his property in the crisis of 1837, he came with his family of four sons and four daughters, (one daughter having died before his removal) to Iowa City, in April, 1841, and resided in a log house, on property adjoining the Carleton property on the Rochester road, and when he went in 1849 to California, the family removed to a log house on the corner of Dubuque Street and Iowa Avenue. Lemuel, his second son, then nearly seventeen years of age, with his brothers, set themselves resolutely to work to redeem obliga-

tions under which their father was placed by the disastrous panic above alluded to, and provided for the family also. They engaged in manual labor as opportunity offered. Lemuel became a member of the family of his brother-in-law, Judge Carleton, and pursued the study of law with an older brother, who later settled in Washington, Iowa, and still continues the practice. When the subject of our sketch had been admitted to the bar he began practice in this city, but not finding it very remunerative he, with a younger brother, opened a drug store, and after a few years of success the elder partner resumed the practice of law; the younger partner continued in the business and removed to Sioux City, where he now resides. One other brother is a resident of Seattle, Washington. The sisters, Mrs. Carleton, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Carroll, and one unmarried, died many years ago.

The two brothers, L. B. and O. A. Patterson, purchased the lot where the homestead now stands. Upon this lot they erected a house for the parents, but the father went to California and died there in 1850. His widow survived him but eight years.

Lemuel B. Patterson married Jane L. Hazard, a daughter of Rev. S. H. Hazard, pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Iowa City, May 8, 1851. His first residence was in a house, burned a few years since, at the corner of Summit and Burlington Streets. In this house his daughter, who survives him as Mrs. Willard J. Welch, and a son were born. He built a house upon the lot now occupied by Mrs. John Porter. August 22, 1855, Mrs. Patterson died and two days later her little son followed her.

Mr. Patterson, thus doubly bereaved, devoted himself to the care of his surviving child and to the duties of his profession, removing to his mother's home, where he resided till his death.

In 1861 he entered into partnership with Mr. Levi Robinson. The firm of Robinson & Patterson is recognized as the law firm of longest continuance, without change, of any in the State of Iowa.

Mr. Patterson's failing health led to his withdrawal from the firm in 1896, after thirty-five years' continuance, but he survived his partner by several months. The firm was considered conservative and strictly reliable in all their transactions. Both have left an unblemished reputation as a rich legacy to their children. Neither sought or cared for political honors which were easily attainable by men of their standing in their respective parties.

Mr. Patterson served two terms as Territorial Librarian, and while thus employed he drafted the first homestead act placed upon the statutes of Iowa. He served two terms as Alderman at the same time acting as City Solicitor. His membership in the Board of School Directors was continued for twenty years and was then terminated only by his resignation. In the Democratic National Convention of 1864, he sat as a delegate. In the first bank of Iowa City he was a trustee, and at the time of his death he held a similar position in the Johnson County Savings Bank to which he was elected in January, 1887.

He was one of the originators of the "Johnson County Claim Association," through which many secured a title to lands upon which they had settled prior to the lands being brought into market.

In every enterprise undertaken in the city his counsel was sought, and his aid was freely given. He retained his interest in the University, an interest inherited from his father, who had aroused his friends to demand its location in Iowa City.

Toward childhood he had a warm heart and so made an invaluable supporter of public school interests.

He was a devoted friend to young men who were striving to make the most of themselves and many an encouraging word dropped from his lips known only to those whom he addressed.

The brothers inspired by his devotion were not content until they had canceled every pecuniary obligation which had weighed down a too trusting father who sought to help friends caught in the panic.

Strict business integrity had its reward and his later years were years of enjoyment of what he had honestly earned.

He was averse to all lavish display but gratified fully his love of good books. To many he was reticent and seemed cold and unapproachable. No warmer heart ever beat in human breast as many who enjoyed his friendship can testify.

He was a sincerely religious man without ostentation, living in the memory of his sainted mother and wife.

In 1891 he spent a summer in travel in Europe in company with Mr. Davies, of Sidney, Ohio, who had been a student in his office and was devotedly attached to him. Mr. Davies proved a valuable companion and Mr. Patterson often expressed a hope that he might repeat the journey at some time, for he was a lover of travel, not for travel's sake, but because of the culture which came from personal acquaintance with scenes in which from his reading he had become interested.

His fondness for history made him a valuable curator in the Historical Society upon whose monthly meetings he was a regular attendant until illness prevented.

A loving son, a devoted husband and father, a successful business man, a wise counsellor in law, a worthy citizen, and a warm hearted friend has passed his three score years and ten, and has laid down the burden so honorably borne for fifty-six years in the State he loved. P.

CHARLES BEARDSLEY died at Burlington, Iowa, December 29, 1896, aged sixty years. He was born in Ohio of English ancestry who came to America in the seventeenth century. He was a graduate in medicine and came to Iowa in 1855, practicing in Muscatine, then in Oskaloosa, and removing in 1865 to Burlington where he became editor of the *Hawk-Eye*. Under Governor Larrabee he held the office of State Oil Inspector, and before that had been a member of the State Senate, and at one time was Fourth Auditor of the United States Treasury. Ever since his first arrival in Iowa he had been a prominent actor in the editorial and political history of

the State. His cordial manners and warm friendship attached to him many followers. His last public appearance before his death was at the Semi-Centennial Celebration, in which he took a leading part.

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## NOTES.

JANUARY 1st last, there were on the rolls 11,988 Mexican war pensioners and 7,908 widows of Mexican war soldiers.

It is due to Dr. Salter to say that his letter published in this number was not furnished at first for publication, and that his assent thereto was reluctantly given, as he does not wish, as he says, to appear in the role of a critic of his brother collaborators in gathering together facts in the pioneer history of Iowa.

In this number we publish biographies of two soldiers, Elson of the 9th, and Douglass of the 17th Iowa Infantry. They were comparatively obscure heroes, but we think the true picture of the war and its times will be more accurately portrayed in a rehearsal of their lives and words, even to their bad spelling, than by a description of achievements by more prominent actors.

In another part of this number Dr. Pickard has an article referring to the building lately known locally as the "Old Hospital," formerly, when it first had relationship to the University, as the "Model School," and before that as the "Mechanics' Academy," lately torn down to make way for a Hospital for the Medical Department. It was built in 1842 by the Mechanics' Mutual Aid Association, whose members originally consisted of James N. Ball, A. H. Haskell, A. G. Adams, L. S. Swafford, E. Lanning, Thomas Combe, Thomas Ricord, Francis Thompson, and Abraham Burkholder. The corner stone was laid June 11, 1842, Rev. John Libby, a Protestant Methodist minister, making the dedicatory address.

The Legislature on January 4, of the previous year, had passed an act donating to the Association the west half of the block on which the structure was erected provided a building worth not less than a thousand dollars should be erected thereon for educational purposes within the year. This provision was faithfully complied with, the building having been completed within the time specified and its value much exceeding the sum named. This act named as the officers of the Association, James N. Ball, President, L. S. Swafford and Thomas Combe, Vice Presidents, E. Lanning, Secretary, and A. G. Adams, Treasurer. Those who worked on the building were A. H. Haskell, L. S. Swafford, Thomas Combe, Thomas M. Banbury, Robert Hutchinson, Seth Williams, S. M. Wadley, H. P. Sexton, Hugh V. Gildee, J. B. Hollingsworth, George Bowman, carpenters; Charles E. Sangster, Thomas B. Anthony, brick masons; Francis Thompson, stone cutter; James M. Hawkins, Asa Beckwith, plasterers; E. J. Lock and C. Cartrett, painters. Not fifty dollars in money, we are informed by Mr. Swafford, one of the incorporators and builders, who kindly furnishes us the information embodied here, actually passed hands in the erection of this building, which has borne such an interesting part in the educational history of the State. All else was done by exchange of work and material. Mr. Swafford secured the lumber from Henry Felkner at his mill on Rapid Creek, three miles north of Iowa City, and made all the frames, which were oak, that went into the outer walls. The turned posts in the front doors were fashioned at a mill on Ralston creek, at the site of the present oil mill, where there was then a chair factory. As soon as the building could be occupied, a public library was kept open there two days in the week, which was maintained for several years, with L. S. Swafford as Librarian. William and Hugh Hamilton, brothers, taught the first school in the building. It was the daughter of the first named who in after years married a titled personage of England.





*L. Robinson!*



*L. S. Patterson*



# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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LEMUEL B. PATTERSON.

BY J. L. PICKARD.



SOME men are remembered for the affection they have awakened and memory does not survive the passing of their friends; some leave an impress upon the minds of those who have felt the sting of sarcasm, the torture of hatred, or the wound of undeserved slight, but the memory is buried in the grave of the enemies they have made; some live too long in the marks of the desolation wrought under the sway of unbridled ambition; some by lives of quiet usefulness seeking the good of the people surrounding them, as well as of their own immediate family, build for themselves a monument in the hearts of men, in the permanent institutions which they have helped to found—a monument imperishable, as it is attractive.

In this latter class we place the subject of this sketch.

In the study of individual character one finds light in turning back a generation or two. Ancestry leaves its impress.

PETER H. PATTERSON was born of Scotch-Irish parents in Pendleton County, Virginia, nearly a century ago.

ELIZABETH BAUSMAN was born of parents who came to Allegheny County, Pennsylvania from Holland but a little time before her birth.

Soon after Miss Bausman's marriage to Mr. Patterson they removed to Ohio, and later to Rush County, Indiana, where seven of their nine children were born; the two eldest were born in Ohio. Both parents were active members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Patterson engaged in the practice of law.

In the financial revulsion of 1837, Mr. Patterson suffered the loss of his property through the failure of a friend whose paper he had signed as security. This led him to seek a more favorable locality for recovery and he moved from Indiana to Iowa City in April, 1841, bringing with him four sons and four daughters, one daughter having died before his removal.

Their first residence was a log house upon land adjoining that of his son-in-law, Judge Carleton, just east of town upon the Rochester road. With Judge Carleton he continued his law practice, and later with his two eldest sons.

The four daughters died many years since, but they are affectionately remembered by the older residents of the city into the social and religious life of which they builded their lives. Mrs. Carleton, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Carroll had homes of their own—one daughter remained unmarried.

The band of four brothers continued unbroken for fifty-six years after their coming to the Territory of Iowa. They had all witnessed the passage of the Territory into statehood. Two of them, Antis H. and Lemuel B., having studied law in the office of their brother-in-law, Judge Carleton, were admitted to the bar and continued in practice in Iowa with interruptions hereafter noted for more than a half century. The survivor of the two brothers is still an honored practitioner in Washington, Iowa. The youngest brother resides in the State of Washington. The one most intimately associated with the late Lemuel B. Patterson is a resident of Sioux City, Iowa.

The father, accompanied by his eldest son, Antis H., went to California, in 1849, where he died the following year, leav-

ing the mother and the younger children to the care and support of the two sons, Lemuel Bausman, and Onias Augustus. They resided in a log house at the corner of Iowa Avenue and Dubuque Street until the brothers purchased the lot upon which the homestead now stands, and fitted up the house for the mother which she occupied till the time of her death in 1858. This house remodeled and enlarged was occupied by Mr. Lemuel Patterson, his daughter, Mrs. Willard J. Welch, and her husband, at the time of his death, March 15, 1897. It had been his home for more than forty years.

Recurring to the early life of Mr. Patterson it appears that his entrance upon the practice of law was at a time when all business was at the lowest stand. Recognizing the need of means wherewith to aid the struggling father in his efforts to recover from his financial embarrassments, he entered the drug business having his next younger brother, Onias, as partner.

Leaving much of the management of the business to his brother, he accepted the position of Territorial Librarian for two terms, devoting his time to the preparation of a well arranged catalogue of the collection which was the basis of the present State Library. Surrounded then by the attractions of legislative action, spending his nights as well as his days in the Capitol, and clinging still to his fondness for law, he drafted a bill for a Homestead Act, which was accepted by the legislature and placed upon the statute book, approved January 15th, 1849, where it has remained without material change to the present day. This was the more remarkable since he had so recently attained his majority. Without doubt his attention had been attracted to the questions of landed property since his father and at least one of his brothers-in-law were members of the "Johnson County Claim Association"—an organization having for its object the protection of settlers upon lands not then entered for sale, by recording the claims and all transfers of the same, and when the lands were opened for entry by attending the public sale and defending the rights of claimants as of record. When all claimants had secured the lands

upon which they had settled, and the County Recorder had been installed in his office the Association ceased to exist.\*

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\*Through the courtesy of Hon. Charles Aldrich, Editor of the *Annals of Iowa*, the following letter is presented in proof of the statement made above. Interest is added to the letter from the fact that it was probably the last letter Mr. Patterson ever wrote. Its date, February 20, 1897, was but three weeks before his death.

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 19th, I would say that it finds me in a bad condition to answer in a satisfactory manner, as I am on the flat of my back from a prolonged illness of over a year. I am very weak and hardly able to write. But I will give you my recollection of the facts of the first homestead law in Iowa, as it is the one act of my life in which I feel some pride as the originator thereof. By the active assistance of friends, its passage was secured.

At that time I was a very young man, and was Territorial Librarian. I had become acquainted with many members of the Legislature. The causes that led me to think of it, and determined me to try and get proper legislation on the subject, were, that I had observed the actions and hard-heartedness of the money lenders in this community, who generally loaned their funds at 40 per cent. interest. When a poor man had a piece of land which he desired to improve, they were quite eager to make him a loan, taking a mortgage on his land, and sometimes also a chattel mortgage on his personal property. When the obligation became due, or as soon as the same reached the amount that would absorb the property, they would clean the poor fellow out of his worldly possessions, turning him out helpless, with nothing for himself and family.

I saw many instances of such hardships, and I considered it a great wrong that ought to be controlled by proper legislation. Among the legislators then in session I had become very intimate with a member of the House from Lee County, the Hon. Isaac W. Griffith. He had lost his right arm in the Mexican War. I approached him first about the necessity of this legislation, and desired to know whether, if I should draft a bill on the subject, he would present it and do what he could to secure its passage. I must say that he did all in his power for the measure. I assisted him all I could with other members of both Houses, until its final passage. Of course, it was a very crude law, but was afterwards amended by different legislatures. It was the first effort ever attempted in Iowa in this direction, the starting point of all homestead legislation in our State. The measure has proven of much benefit to all our people in the development of Iowa.

If this shall be of any benefit in answering your inquiries, I shall be greatly pleased, as I write under many disadvantages.

Truly yours,

L. B. PATTERSON.

CHARLES ALDRICH, ESQ., *Des Moines, Iowa.*

Success in business, due to untiring industry of the brothers and a determination to meet all claims against their father's estate, had its reward in the comfort of their mother and in the complete cancellation of all obligations which had weighed so heavily upon their father. Then the thoughts of the subject of this sketch turned to the gratification of his desire for a home which he might enjoy as his own.

Upon the 8th of May, 1851, Mr. Patterson was united in marriage with Jane L. Hazard, daughter of Rev. S. H. Hazard of the Presbyterian Church of Iowa City. At the same time her sister became Mrs. Palmer, now residing, a widow, in Winterset, Iowa. This interesting double event was celebrated in the house now owned by President Schaeffer, of the State University of Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson at once began house-keeping in a house at the corner of Burlington and Summit Streets (burned a few years since). Here was born his daughter who survives him—Mrs. Willard J. Welch. For a little time they resided in a house, which then stood next east of that owned by Mrs. R. E. Ogden, and which was taken down after its purchase by the sisters of St. Agatha's Seminary. This was but a temporary stay while he was building a house on Bloomington Street, afterward sold to Colonel Porter.

In this new home a son was born, and here the father suffered a double bereavement in the death of his wife, August 22nd, 1855, and two days later in that of his infant son. At this point appeared one characteristic in Mr. Patterson's life by which he will be longest and most tenderly remembered. In memory of his sainted wife he devoted himself without reserve and in sincere consecration to the training of his motherless child. For a short time she received from her grandmother a care such as a mother would have earnestly desired if herself denied its exercise. This help was of short duration, for the mother soon joined the wife beyond the silent river. Mr. Patterson made of his child a companion and to his home he continued a devotee, finding there a solace

from the daily cares of professional life. The daughter from her childhood, and her husband after she grew to womanhood and remained in the home, had no other thought than that of making the home attractive. It was an ideal home in which was felt the sacred influence of the departed mother and wife, an influence too sacred to be broken by the introduction of any one to take the place of the latter.

Outside his home Mr. Patterson had few familiar friends. He cared little for society pleasures, but was a most welcome visitant wherever he went. His dearest friends were his books. His favorite authors were tourists, biographers and historians. Some of these he read and re-read with increasing delight and they formed the staple of his conversation with his friends. His fondness for historical studies made him a most valuable member of the State Historical Society, of which he served as a curator until his death.

The greater part of his professional life, of which others have written, was spent in partnership with the late Levi Robinson—a partnership organized in 1861, and continued till Mr. Patterson's failing health led to his withdrawal in 1896. At the time of its dissolution it was the law firm of longest continuance in the State of Iowa, and was everywhere recognized as conservative and eminently trustworthy.\*

Mr. Patterson's political affiliations were with the Democratic party. To the promulgation of its principles he gave most faithful and zealous service though rarely accepting public office which had no fascination for him. He served two terms as Territorial Librarian, and two terms as Alderman, acting also at the same time as City Solicitor.

His love of children and his devotion to the cause of education retained him for twenty years upon the Board of Directors of the public schools of Iowa City, from which he retired voluntarily.

His early experiences led him to sympathize with young

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\* Mr. Swisher contributes to this number a sketch of Mr. Robinson.—ED.

men who were struggling to obtain an education. One of them speaks for himself in the conclusion of this sketch. His praises were fully voiced in a recent meeting of the Bar Association where his helpfulness to younger members of the bar was emphasized.

From his father who interested himself warmly in the establishment of the State University at Iowa City, and to whom the city is largely indebted for its location, he inherited an interest which continued till the day of his death.

For fifty-six years Mr. Patterson bore a part in the growth and development of the city which he had made his home and of the State he ardently loved.

A loving son, a devoted husband and father, a successful business man, a wise counsellor in law, a worthy citizen, having passed beyond the allotted three score years and ten—passes from the activities of this life into the presence of Him in whom he professed his faith and upon whom he placed unfaltering reliance.

Mr. Ellis G. Hughes a prominent lawyer and business man of Portland, Oregon, a warm personal friend of Mr. Patterson, contributes the following brief tribute to his memory:

“I can hardly recall the time when Mr. Patterson was not my friend. When I determined to study law, I entered his office as a student, looking up to him as my teacher. I practiced law in Iowa City from 1870 to 1873. I was then little more than a student and was never troubled with a question which I found difficult of solution, that I did not go to him for advice. In the days of a deeper knowledge and a ripper judgment I was absent from him and when we met we rarely, if ever, discussed legal questions. I believe he was a lawyer of profound learning and correct judgment, but not a good advocate. But as a matter of fact I never thought of him or weighed him as a lawyer. To me he was a friend, staunch, true and always the same.”

## LEVI ROBINSON.\*

By A. E. SWISHER.



R. ROBINSON was born in Vassalboro, Maine, March 13, 1827, and was of the fifth generation of residents of this country. His parents were Charles and Elizabeth (Pease) Robinson. "The experience of his earlier life very strikingly proves the adage that 'man proposes but God disposes.' When fourteen years of age his father had made an arrangement to apprentice him to a tailor; but about that time the tailor's shop was burned and the to-be-master left the State. Soon after he had engaged to take a voyage with a sea-faring cousin, but met with a severe accident, by scalding, a few days before he was to set sail, and was thus prevented. His cousin's ship sailed, but neither ship nor crew have since been heard from."†

Like many other boys of New England, he found little opportunity for study as his services were needed in the maintenance of a family not blessed with a surplus of worldly goods. His desire for an education grew with his years and soon after attaining his majority he found an opportunity to support himself by labor while fitting for college, and at the age of twenty-two he entered Waterville College (now Colby University) where he supported himself for three years, and then following the lead of others who at that time preferred graduation from some other institution he entered Dartmouth College and graduated therefrom with the class of 1853.

That the instruction at Waterville was thorough was shown in the fact that the students from that College were received at other Colleges to the same class standing, but the idea prevailed that a diploma from Dartmouth or Bowdoin was of greater value.

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\* See frontispiece for prototype.

† Taken from the records of his College Class (1895).

He spent a year teaching in the Central High School, of Cleveland, Ohio, and entered the law office of Foote & Palmer, but soon left for a year's study in the Albany, New York, Law School, graduating therefrom in March, 1855. He had been previously admitted to the bar at Albany. The month of May, 1855, found him in company with a fellow student Plaisted entering upon a practice which continued until his death, a period of more than forty years. His college class record places his name highest upon the roll of permanence in practice and in location.

He was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Johnson County, in August, 1856, and held this office until January 1st, 1858. In 1861 he formed a law partnership with L. B. Patterson which partnership continued until but a short time before his death, being at the time of dissolution the oldest law partnership in the State of Iowa. He held the offices of Deputy Collector and Assessor of the United States Revenue from 1864 to 1869, in which last year he was again elected to the office of County Attorney and also to that of City Attorney. In 1870 he was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Iowa State University which office he held for more than ten years, and in the same year he became a prominent and active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Iowa City. He soon thereafter became a trustee of said church which office he constantly held until the date of his death. For many years he was Superintendent of the Sunday School of this church and frequently he has said that this work was of the greatest satisfaction to himself.

From 1889 to the time of his death he had served as trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association and during the entire time had acted as treasurer without compensation. This service involved the receipt and disbursement of more than \$35,000 expended upon the association's building known as "Close Hall."

At the time that Mr. Robinson located in Iowa City, the County was but sparsely settled and the history of the County

was to be made and but few men wielded greater influence for good or did more in building his adopted city and county in all that was the best. In every position to which he was called, he left the stamp of his splendid nobility of character, whether in politics, education, or, that which he prized more, his church. In all of these positions he left the stamp of his untiring energy, of his splendid ability and of his nobility of character. Mr. Robinson was one of the early pioneers of Johnson County and the State of Iowa. He was here before the railroad, he was here almost as soon as the schools and churches. He brought with him from Maine, industry, energy and culture, splendid scholarship and legal learning; and from his office and home went out the best of culture and influence. Iowa City and Johnson County, as well as the State of Iowa, are indebted to Mr. Robinson and such men as he was for their high place in culture, education and civilization.

Mr. Robinson was married on July 26th, 1857, to Miss Lydia Ann Curtis, who survives him, and to them were born six children all of whom were educated at the Iowa State University and most of whom were graduates of this school. All of these children were active members of the Methodist Church, which was the church of their good father, and from this home through this family of children the city, county and State have been blest more than one can know.

During his college course Mr. Robinson suffered from a serious attack of typhoid fever, which left his lungs in a weakened condition. In hope of complete recovery he sought his Western home, and established himself upon a piece of land but little distance from the city. Here with healthful surroundings and with abundance of out-of-door exercise his fondness for quiet and freedom from social demands found abundant gratification. His family was his delight. Every possible opportunity was given his children for mental improvement, and for the cultivation of their esthetic tastes. For both lines of culture both Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were eminently fitted. As the children grew in years they showed

the results of wise home influences in the building up of character not veneered after the fashion of modern society. All were trained in ways of usefulness and to the cultivation of habits of industry—the little farm furnishing ample opportunity for healthful exercise.

For several years Mr. Robinson sought release from office cares at times in the raising of fine stock and his herd of Jerseys gave evidence of his success in other pursuits than that of his profession.

In the midst of his enjoyment of his rural home death entered the family circle and bore away his second son, Charles E., who after graduating from the classical course of the University, had engaged in the study of dentistry. A little more than six years later his eldest daughter, Mary E., after a long struggle against disease entered into rest. She had pursued a partial University course, had graduated with honor from the Philadelphia School of Oratory and had married Hon. Coe I. Crawford, of Pierre, South Dakota. The father seemed heart-broken. His health gradually gave way. He left his farm and moved into the city where his second daughter was teaching after her graduation, and the youngest was in her senior year.

Like his partner\* Mr. Robinson was a man of few words, but of stalwart character devoted to his profession, but first of all to his family. A most feeling tribute was paid to his memory by his associates at the bar.

He will long be remembered for his conscientious devotion to the interests of his clients, and he will live in the useful and honored lives of the children who survive him.

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\*L. B. Patterson, of whom a sketch appears in this number of THE RECORD.

## THE WIVES OF THE LEGIONEERS.

BY MRS. MORTIMER A. HIGLEY.

[A responsive address delivered at the Banquet of the Loyal Legion given at Keokuk, on the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Evacuation of Fort Sumter, April 15, 1896.]

**U**NDER the old regime the last word was always conceded a woman, not that she had an especial right to close the debate but "it was a way she had," and men most gallantly accepted the situation and accorded her the privilege. Under new conditions women find themselves amenable to new obligations. If the "new woman" ever intends to claim citizenship she must study her kindergarten lessons in obedience to the powers that be. So when your commander said to me after breakfast this morning—with subdued peremptoriness of tone—"I shall expect you to reply to the sentiment, 'the wife of the Loyal Legioner'," I recognized it as an order from headquarters and didn't dare talk back, however much I felt disposed to discuss the order, question its wisdom, etc.

I didn't claim the former privilege of the last word, simply maintained a discreet silence and meekly answered "yes, sir." I thought, gentlemen, if you could endure the infliction of listening for a few minutes to an old fashioned woman, who is so unwomanly as to confess to enough years to vividly recall many thrilling scenes of the war of the 60's, she ought to feel it an honor, and a compliment to be asked to lay her tribute at the feet of the loyal women of the families of the brave officers here assembled, and be glad to call to mind the bloodless battles fought in the homes of the North while husbands were on Southern soil defending our country's flag from those who would have torn it from its proud position and substituted one less worthy in its place. You, gentlemen, were brave men and true to go forth and fight as you did in the defense of your country's honor; every thoughtful woman must feel gratitude well up in her heart when she sees the

little button of red, white and blue gleam on a coat-lappel. It means to her the noblest knighthood when she recognizes its full import. But while you men were bravely earning these magical buttons, there were battles fought in the quiet seclusion of many homes of which no note has ever been taken. The women of the war deserve the most eloquent tributes of tongue and pen, but the harmonies they wrought out were well nigh too subtle for either. Eternity alone with its wondrous X rays in the hands of an Almighty Father can throw perfect radiance on the battalions of brave women who fought out some of the truest victories of the war, seated perhaps in his favorite spot beside the low window, in an easy rocking chair with a baby's sweet face nestled close beside her own. You, gentlemen, had the pomp and circumstances of war about you, its environments to help you, while your wives had to tread the wine press of sorrow and anxiety comparatively alone. The post office was often their only Mecca. With what trembling, anxious, hearts would they await the little missives that told of weal or woe of their loved ones after a battle was fought.

Ah, full of unrecorded tragedies those days were, and how full of pathos, and yet American women glided into them as bravely and gently as did Spartan mothers of old, and when the terrible ordeal was over they fervently thanked God, draped the vacant chair with their country's ensign, clustered their half orphan little ones about it, and consecrated them to its service, should the future require them, arose and went forth into darkened lives, their aching, lonely hearts teaching them daily what our country's preservation meant. Let us accord them all honor. In order to fully comprehend the significance of our flag, one must see it waving in a foreign land, as we did one year ago to-day in the balmy breezes of the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Higley and I were out for a morning drive and unexpectedly came upon a scene I am sure neither of us will forget. The strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" first attracted us. Then came in view a gal-

lant company of United States sailors in full uniform marching through the streets of Honolulu.

The music and procession had lined the sidewalks with a most motley crowd. Dusky-faced natives jostled almond-eyed Chinese, the dapper imitative little Japanese was there, beside the stolid Portuguese, the latter looked as if he might have been whittled from the rock of Gibraltar, while the keen clear, wide awake Yankee blended the miscellaneous mass of humanity into curious kaleidoscopic effect.

The measured tread of the sailors, well drilled as they were in land practice from long residence in port, the martial music, the fluttering flag, all made a tableau never to be forgotten. I turned to my husband and found his hat reverently lifted as the flag passed us. His eyes were filled with tears—my own were not dry. The echoes of the terrible Chicago strike of 1894 had hardly died in our ears; but that unexpected scene in mid-Pacific gave us both new courage and faith in this our glorious country's future when we shall have gathered the near islands of the sea under our flag's folds and from every house under its colors there goes forth the grand old Monroe doctrine of America for the Americans.

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## AN ACCOUNT BOOK OF JESSE BERRY.

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BY FRANK E. HORACK.

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### INTRODUCTION.

#### I.



IN October, of 1896, my attention was called to an interesting manuscript in the library rooms of the State Historical Society of Iowa,—a small note book among the worn and faded documents which mark the beginnings of the history of Iowa.

This note book contains the accounts of Jesse Berry, the first school master in Johnson County, as well as one of the

first teachers in the State of Iowa. The book is made of common writing paper sewed together by hand. It has been well preserved, and its contents are written in a homely, but legible hand. It consists of two distinct parts; the tuition accounts and the account of recorded fees.\* These are not always kept separate, however, the taxes paid to the sheriff, and the fees are sometimes mixed up with the tuition and other private accounts.

This account book contains seventeen written pages, the first twelve of which are devoted almost entirely to the school master's accounts with the parents of the children he taught. The last five pages are devoted almost entirely to his memorandum of recorded fees.

The account book dates from November 20th, 1840, to October 23rd, 1841. It is interesting from the fact that tuitions were paid mostly in kind. Money being very scarce in the west at this time, exchange was largely accomplished by means of barter.

In the following pages I have given as near an exact reprint as possible of Jesse Berry's account book, wherein the reader may observe many interesting features of pioneer book-keeping.

## II.

Jesse Berry, the first educator in Iowa City, whose account book I have described above, was born near Harrisonburg, Rockingham County, Virginia, June 13th, 1814. In October, 1816, his parents, moved by the great tide of Western migration, came to Franklin County, Indiana, and settled on a farm near Brookville, the county seat. Here he resided with his parents until he came to Iowa City in 1838 or 9.

He taught his school in a plain little frame building on what is now College Street, between Capital and Clinton Streets, the present site of the Hagen Hotel. Within a block of this first school house has sprung up the greatest educational institution in Iowa, the State University.

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\* Jesse Berry was elected county recorder in 1840.

Jesse Berry was considered a good teacher by his fellow men. His education was better than ordinary, yet he never felt above any kind of labor. He farmed during the summer months and taught his school during the winter. He was highly respected in the community and held several important public positions of honor and trust in the early history of Iowa City.

Those who remember him have nothing but praise for his kindness, generosity and integrity. Many of the boys whom he taught are now numbered among the noted pioneers of the State.

Jesse Berry met a sad fate, being killed in a cyclone, May 24th, 1859.

He owned a farm on the lower Muscatine road, five miles from Iowa City. He had spent the day in the city and was taking a young man out to work for him. The day had been hot and sultry, and about five o'clock a black cloud appeared in the southwest shaped like a balloon, with a big trunk at the bottom, so the newspaper accounts of the time state. This swept over the county and was the severest storm which ever raged in Johnson County. Seventeen or eighteen people were injured in it and four or five were killed. It reached the height of its fury in the vicinity of the Berry farm, just as Mr. Berry and his newly hired man arrived home. Mr. Berry took refuge in his barn, which was at that time the largest one in the county, it could not, however, withstand the fury of the storm and was blown over. Our early school master here met his fate; his head was crushed in and he was probably killed instantly.

#### THE ACCOUNT BOOK.

##### PART I.—TUITION ACCOUNTS.

[1]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Nov. 20, 1840.

	Cr.	\$	cts
Walter Butler			
By cash . . . . .	5	62½	
By 100 bricks . . . . .		60	
To tuition up to the 20 of August 1840 . . . . .	15	87½	

Benjamin Weiser	Dr	
To tuition up to the 20. Aug. 1840		8 00
	Cr.	
By 3 days work @ \$1.75 per day		5 .25
<hr/>		
William P. Howe	Dr	
To tuition		4 .00
<hr/>		
John Crum	Dr.	
To tuition		\$12 .00
To tax paid Sheriff		1 .42 <sup>1</sup>
To house rent.		5 .50 <sup>2</sup>
By three loads of wood @ 40 cts per load		1 .20 <sup>3</sup>
By hauling one load of posts		.75
1 chicken		12½
April 7th received payment by taking a due bill		\$16.12½
<sup>1</sup> This item is crossed out in the original.		
<sup>2</sup> The fifty cents is crossed out in the original.		
<sup>3</sup> This item is also crossed out in the original.		

[2]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Nov. 20, 1840

Solomon Kembal	Dr.	\$	cts
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840		8	00
<hr/>			
George T. Andrews	Dr		
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840		5	23
	Cr.		
By one ½ days brick laying @ 2.50	1	25	
By one days " " by Webber	2	50	
By one ¼ day per self		63	
By 12 lights sash (from Pool	1	50	5 .68
<hr/>			
James Irwin	Dr		
To tuition		4	47
	Cr		
By cash		1	50
<hr/>			
James Chriswell	Dr		
To tuition			43

[3]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Nov. 20, 1840.

Benjamin P. Moore	Dr.	\$	cts
To tuition		4	00
	Cr		
By hauling		3	00

A. V. Willis	Dr	
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840	.	7 .74
	Cr	
By cash . . . . .	1 .62½	
By arch iron . . . . .	1 .87½	3 .50
Carried forward.		
O. E. Evans	Dr	
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840.	.	8 .00
John Flin	Dr	
To tuition . . . . .	.	12 .00
	Cr	
By boards for siding, and rails . . . . .	3 .75	
By work done by Edward on the account . . . . .	1 .25½	

[4]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City Nov. 20 1840

David A Burns	Dr	\$	cts
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840.	.	8	.00
	Cr.		
By mending 1 pair of shoes . . . . .	.	.87½	
John M. Kidder	Dr		
To tuition up to Aug. 20, 1840.	.	3	.87
William White	Dr		
To tuition . . . . .	.	1	.10
Usher	Dr		
To tuition . . . . .	.	60	
Richard Chaney	Dr		
To tuition . . . . .	.	67	
	Cr		
By beef . . . . .	.	82	

[5]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Nov. 20, 1840.

Archibald Gililand	Dr	\$	cts
To tuition . . . . .	.	2	40
Sandford Harned	Dr		
To tuition . . . . .	.	4	.47
To \$1.00 tax paid Sheriff . . . . .	.	1	.00
	Cr		
By washing . . . . .	.	.50	
By 1½ days work . . . . .	.	2 .62½	

27	John M. Kidder	Cr	
	by cash . . . . .		4 .00
	George Ressler	Cr	
	by hauling brick and mortar (Ferguson)		38

[6]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Nov. 27 1840

	James Ferguson	Dr	\$	cts
	" To cash . . . . .		5	00
	" hauling (by Ressler) . . . . .			38
Dec. 2	G. T. Andrews	Cr		
	by $\frac{1}{3}$ days brick laying . . . . .		—	75
	" $\frac{1}{2}$ bu. of lime @ 25 per bu. . . . .		—	.09
	Sandford Harned	Cr		
	by making one pair pantaloons . . . . .		1	.00
1841	James Ferguson . . . . .	Dr		
Jan. 9	to Cash . . . . .			.75
	by 40 brick . . . . .			.30
March 17	to Recording . . . . .			.88
Apr. 5	to tax paid County Collector . . . . .		1	.20

[7]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, Jan. 9th, 1841

	W. R. Hamson	Cr	\$	cts
	By order Vredenburgh, house rent		1	37½
	C. R. Ward	Cr.		
	by 1 lb candles . . . . .			25
	R. W. Dolbee	Dr		
	to tuition 34½ days . . . . .		2	.31
March 8 1841	Walter Butler	Dr		
	to tuition 468½ days . . . . .		\$31	20
	to boots per — — Smith . . . . .		4	00 <sup>1</sup>
	Nathaniel Worden	Dr		
	To tuition 364 days . . . . .		\$24	.25
8 Apr	Samuel Brasleton	D		
	To tuition 122½ days . . . . .		\$ 7	.75
Apr. 8	Cr by \$4.30 paid William Goodrich . . . . .			4 30
				\$ 3 .45

<sup>1</sup> This item is crossed out in the original.

[8]

Jesse Berry, Iowa City, March 8, 1841.

George Ressler	Dr
to Tuition 68½ days . . .	\$ 4 50
Solomon Kemball	Dr
to tuition 89 days . . .	\$ 6 , 00
C. R. Ward	Dr
to tuition 233 days . . .	\$15 25
F. E. Jones	Dr
to tuition up to the time he ran away	\$ 9 00
Cr by washing up to the same time	2 00
Hiram Watts	Dr
to tuition 107 days . . .	\$ 7 . 13
A. I. Willis	Dr
to tuition 240 days . . .	\$16 . 00
carried forward.	
S. P. Teeple	Dr
to tuition 26½ days . . .	\$ 1 75

[9]

Jesse Berry Iowa City March 8, 1841,

Joseph Stover	Dr.
to tuition 48½ days . . .	\$ 3 . 25
Alexander Abel	Dr.
to tuition 23½ days . . .	\$ 1 . 56
Owen E. Evans	Dr.
to tuition 33 days . . .	\$ 2 . 25
George T. Andrews	Dr
to tuition 120 days . . .	\$ 8 . 00
David A. Burns	Dr
to tuition 120 days . . .	\$ 8 00
John M. Kidder	Dr
to tuition 120 days . . .	\$ 8 00
April 9th A. I. Willis	Dr
To balance on tuition . . .	\$20 . 64
Cr by Felkners note . . .	12 . 44

[10]

Jesse Berry Iowa City May 3rd 1841.

		Dr	\$	cts
	Walter Butler	3 spelling Books	.	.75
	to county order	.	5	.00
	Benjamin Weiser	2 Spelling Books	.	.50
17th	Walter Butler	Dr		
	to all accounts up to this date	.	\$60	.53
	by all accounts " " " "	Cr	.	\$68 .50
	John Cain	Cr.		
	by 2 bushels of potatoes @ $37\frac{1}{2}$ per bushel		\$ 0	.75
17	Wesley Jones & Co.	Dr		
	to due Bill on the 26th	.	\$10	.50
18	by $8\frac{3}{4}$ bu potatoes @ 25 per bu	.	2	.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
	Chauncey Ward	to two spelling Books	\$ 0	.50
	by cash	.		25

[11]

Jesse Berry Iowa City June 4 A.D. 1841

	George Ressler	Cr		
	" by three dollars	.	\$ 3	.00
	Benj. Weiser	Dr		
	to tuition	.	\$ 5	.33
Oct. 7th	Jack Yeager	Dr		
	to 24 lights sash 8 by 10 @ $12\frac{1}{2}$	.	\$ 3	.00
	" 5 lb. coffee @ 20. per lb.	.	1	.00
	" 1 " tea yh. 1 25 " "	.	1	.25

[12]

B. P. Moore 4 bushels potatoes M. B.

" " " " B.

64 " Ruta Bagas M. B. @ 25

Evans	34	"	"	"	"	@ 25
Butler	17	"	"	"	"	@ 25
Criswell	15	"	"	"	"	@ 20
	1	load	B B.			@ \$3.00
	By $\frac{3}{4}$ days hauling	M. B.	@ 2 00			\$1.50
Horner	12	"	BB		@	25
Butler		25 bushels corn	M B			
Kelly	1	"	onions	"	@	62 $\frac{1}{2}$

## PART II.—RECORD FEES.

[13]

Memorandum of Record Fees		Dr	Cr
		\$ cts	\$ cts
I. N. Sanders	Paid at M & S. . . . .	1 .69	Paid
Wesley Jones & Co.	. . . . .	63	P
A. Gililan . . . . .	. . . . .	56	Paid
S. C. Kidd . . . . .	. . . . .	63	Paid
James Herron . . . . .	. . . . .	1 .44	
Herron & Hanby . . . . .	. . . . .	1	
Gen. Butler . . . . .	. . . . .	33	33
I. P. Hamilton,	per Miller . . . . .	68	
I. P. Hamilton,	Massy & Harris . . . . .	81	
I. P. Hamilton,	Hawkins, Paid by Hawkins . . . . .	54	
<sup>1</sup> B. P. Moore,	Ersa Bliss Jun . . . . .	66	
S. C. Hastings . . . . .	. . . . .	25	

<sup>1</sup> This name is crossed out in the original.

[14]

			\$ cts
Wm Ealy	April 10	Cr By 50 Paid . . . . .	93
A. E. McArthur . . . . .		. . . . .	.62
J. M. Choate,	37½ to Vredenburgh, 25 cash.		Paid
John More . . . . .		. . . . .	62
James Akins . . . . .		. . . . .	Paid 1 .00
S. B. Gardner . . . . .		. . . . .	Paid 43
A. E. McArthur . . . . .		. . . . .	1 .00
A. Aronsmith . . . . .		. . . . .	Paid 66
Walter Butler		. . . . .	1 .56 *
Walter Butler	transferred to Acct . . . . .	. . . . .	62 *
A. E. McArthur . . . . .		. . . . .	1 00
Walter Butler Cr	(per Vredenburgh) transferred to Acct . . . . .	. . . . .	75
C. H. Berryhill . . . . .		. . . . .	paid 58
Jesse Bowen	Paid . . . . .	. . . . .	paid 58
Asa Calkin . . . . .		. . . . .	90
John McConnell . . . . .		. . . . .	70
John Kight	Paid . . . . .	. . . . .	paid 90
A. E. McArthur . . . . .		. . . . .	68

\* Crossed out in the original.

[15]

Cooley Gelotus . . . . .		\$ .75
Wm. C. Reagan . . . . .		1 .00
S. C. Kidd . . . . .		50

Pleasant Harris . . . . .	.81
Harry Jones . . . . .	88 P
Wesley Jones & Co. . . . .	82 P
C. H. Berryhill . . . . .	1 .12
Stephen & Wells . . . . .	1 31
McArthur . . . . .	90
do . . . . .	80
Thomas to be paid by Herron . . . . .	62½
August 5th, Wesley Jones & Co. . . . .	45

## [16]

A. Beckworth . . . . .	81
by one load hauled . . . . .	37½
McArthur . . . . .	88
F. H. Lee . . . . .	38
Chas. Phillips . . . . .	84
Berryhill . . . . . Paid	31
H. G. Jones . . . . .	84
Joshua Kerg . . . . .	paid 38
Evan Dollarhide . . . . .	50
McArthur 6. 6 6 . . . . .	80
H. G. Jones per Harrison . . . . .	85
W. Jones & Co. . . . .	75
Hanby James F. . . . .	44
A Berkworth . . . . .	68
Jones for Dorsey . . . . .	80
do do do . . . . .	.62
James Powell . . . . .	87½
McArthur sept 1 . . . . .	1.23

## [17]

Oct. 23 1841.

Enter McKee's House to

Choate &amp; Mory for \$7.00 per mo.


and delivered to Mory the key.

Wesley Jones & Co. April . . . . .	2.50
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## THE CYCLONE.

(POMEROY, IOWA, JULY 6TH, 1893.)

BY REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.\*



ATURE seems hushed.

A death-like quiet reigns,  
As if an awful shock palsied the air  
To stillness, so deep and portent, it pains  
The listener.

Great elements prepare  
For mightiest effort, by profound repose,  
So still, silence is almost heard to speak.  
Only the student of the "Storm-King" knows  
Its omen. None but the prudent may seek  
To timely forecast the evolvment dire.

The "Four-winds" breathe; lightly at first they move,  
But, sudden momentum gaining, conspire  
To terrible deeds.

Heavy clouds above,  
Commingling, show a fiercely surging mass;  
Driven adversely, they rush together all,  
As if for mortal combat;—orderless,  
Yet to one center drawn; no marshal call  
Needing, until they meet, convulsed!

Now come  
Changes. These warring, tumultuous clouds  
Seem like a lofty wall, full-draped in gloom;  
Becoming darker and darker, 'till shrouds  
Of inky blackness, central, pendant move;  
Formless as midnight darkness, and as void  
They seem; but quickly converging above  
And downward, like mighty forces employed  
For mighty deeds; a moment motionless,  
Again they rest, pregnant with power, when Lo!  
From out this vision,—this storm-centered mass  
Springs a huge, writhing Monster!

Ruin, woe  
And death are in his path! He leaps and bounds,  
Hugging the ground betimes, reeling anon;  
Plunging in zigzag course.

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\*The writer was at Pomeroy a few hours after the terrible event and rendered some care and help to sufferers.

The earth resounds  
With quaking thuds at every step.

On! On!

The demon monster moves; drawing the train  
Of elements cyclonic after him;  
Clouds, winds, forces electric, might and main  
Concentrated, inconceivable; himself a grim,  
And a huge dynamo, unconfined; set free  
To walk the earth with woeful tread—Alas!  
Worse than Euroclydon; Beware! Flee! Flee!  
'Tis the awful Cyclone! If it shall pass  
Yon way, fly for your lives, ye living men!  
Everything that hath life and being, flee!  
For on it sweeps, hideous, taxing the ken  
Of terror-stricken beholders.

Ah me!

Down through the fair, rural district it speeds,  
Like some arch fiend. Doom, desolation, death  
And utter woe, wide-scattering. It feeds  
A cruel greed for destruction; one breath  
Enough to blight, or bury homes, and blast  
The fondest hopes of years.

Fair shady trees,

With twisted, shattered trunks, mangled limbs, cast  
Of leaves, or uprooted, with equal ease,  
A sad aspect show; while promising fields  
Are wasted; herds and flocks are maimed, or dead  
And dying. And, see! the destroyer yields  
No place to human plea or power.

The dread

And prayer of men seem nought but idle things;  
The wail of women and children in vain  
By him is heard.

On! On the monster springs!

Dwellings are torn into fragments; his slain,  
Dying and dead, strewn in the ruins lie;  
Bruised, maimed, bleeding; or forceful caught and whirled  
In the cruel vortex; then flung on high,  
'Mid clouds of debris, I see them hurled  
Forward and dropped, roods away.

Onward still,

With wonted power, the frantic Fury flies;  
His fiery rage flaming; longing to fill  
A hundred homes with ruin, and the eyes  
Of thousands with weeping, and with grief profound  
As many hearts.

Alike Job's battle horse,

Who mocked at fear; who swallowed up the ground  
 In ease; or like behemoth great, whose force  
 And thirst were measured by his mammoth form;  
 Who drank up rivers, and trusted he  
 Could swallow Jordan. Lo! born of the storm  
 There strides forth a Destroyer! Fierce, and free  
 To swallow aught that chanceth in his way.  
 Destruction, death and misery are all  
 He leaves behind.

He will have cruel sway!  
 And thrice woeful the fate that must befall  
 Yonder city, that seemeth now to lie  
 Full in the Monster's path, and all so near  
 Alas! if he turn not and pass them by  
 Woe to the dwellers there Still without fear,  
 For yet they know not their impending doom.  
 A busy city, with labor and life  
 Astir, and prosperous. To them has come  
 Thrift and happiness; but ruin is rife.  
 On comes the Destroyer; pounding the ground  
 Mightily; fiercely crashing, rumbling on,  
 A whirling vortex of volume profound;  
 With awful, sweeping arms, clutching anon,  
 And drawing to himself, in dire embrace,  
 Every object: still of increasing might,  
 And still of horrible visage; with face  
 Like the Furies, fierce, fiendish, blinding the sight  
 With terror, and yet plunging on in wrath;  
 Veering a moment, betimes, here and there,  
 But as quick returning, holding the path  
 Chosen to the devoted city fair,  
 Nearer and nearer the huge Monster comes!  
 Now many sight him, as he almost broods  
 Above them one moment, while he assumes  
 Grim, horrific shapes, and menacing moods.  
 His breath, in pulsing gusts, comes sweeping through  
 The streets, and by on every side—unfair  
 Fore-warning of approaching doom.

They view

Their foe but one brief moment,—Oh where! where  
 Can they flee? O how shall they safety find!  
 Utter confusion and terror now reign!  
 Men, women and children, frantic and blind  
 With fear, rush every way, seeking in vain  
 For refuge, meanwhile calling for loved ones,  
 Shrieking, moaning, praying.

Alas! Alas!

In vain these fears, and cries, and prayers and moans;  
Mortals are helpless, and the heavens seem brass.

'Tis but one moment, 'till swooping down  
The Specter comes! A strange convulsive thud!  
A shock! a crash, and the crisis!

The town

Once beautiful is desolate. Where stood  
A fair young city, now are seen the maimed,  
The dying and the dead, 'mid fragments piled  
"Heaps on heaps," or widely strewn in unnamed  
Plight—fragments of homes and all within; wild  
Waste destroyed utterly.

Terrific sight!

A hundred bruised, bleeding, mangled and torn;  
A hundred outright slain; full many a bright  
And cheerful home ruined. A thousand mourn  
For their kindred dead; and Pomeroy,  
One of the gems that graced the prairies fair,  
In ruins lies; its glory gone, and joy  
Exchanged for lamentation everywhere.

Woeful the day!

But ah! The deed is done,  
And God, who knoweth all things knoweth why.  
The Monster's greed now satiate, rising prone,  
Proudly he leaps upward, and mounting high,  
In awful grandeur, with one supreme breath  
Of satisfaction and cruel delight,  
He gazes down upon the scene of death  
And woe; then swiftly vanishes from sight.

## THE PIONEER RAILROAD OF IOWA.



ACCORDING to the statement of Hon. H. W. Lathrop, present Librarian of the State Historical Society, who was Secretary of the organization, as set forth in Wood's History of Johnson County, published in 1883, it appears that the "Davenport and Iowa City Railroad Company" was the first

association organized in Iowa for the purpose of railroad construction in our State.

The first meeting of the commissioners and stockholders of this corporation was held at its official headquarters, at the office of George S. Hampton, in Iowa City, October 14, 1850, when the lists showed that more than five thousand dollars had been subscribed to its capital stock.

At this meeting James P. Carleton was elected President, H. W. Lathrop, Secretary, and Le Grand Byington, Treasurer, and subsequently the following Board of Directors was elected: Le Grand Byington, James P. Carleton, Jos. T. Fales, Smiley H. Bonham, H. W. Lathrop, Samuel Workman, James Cavanagh, Thos. Hughes, and Garrett D. Palmer, all of Johnson County.

At the annual meeting held the next year, November 4, 1851, the following named persons were elected as the Board of Directors: James P. Carleton, Le Grand Byington, H. W. Lathrop, M. J. Morsman, Thos. Hughes, Sylvanus Johnson, Henry Murray, all of Iowa City, and Jas. Grant, of Davenport.

Richard P. Morgan, of Kendall, Illinois, made the preliminary survey between the initial and terminal points of the proposed road, Davenport and Iowa City, in November and December, 1850, having contracted to complete his work by December 10, for the sum of four hundred dollars.

The right of way through the lands of private owners seems to have been generally and easily secured, all being anxious then for railroads, as it was before the days of prejudice against the managers of these internal improvements, and Congress was memorialized to likewise grant the right of way through the public lands on the route.

The Treasurer had been authorized to collect the first installment of five per cent. of the subscriptions when, on the 20th of May, 1853, at a special meeting of the Board of Directors a resolution was adopted directing the transfer to the "Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company" of all the "rights, franchises, stock and muniments belonging or apper-

taining to said Davenport and Iowa City Railroad Company, on condition that said Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company shall make Iowa City a point in the construction and operation of their railroad."

This modest condition was accepted by the Directors of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company the next day at their meeting in Davenport, Dr. Henry Murray, the pioneer physician of Iowa City, having carried the message on horseback the preceding night, and thenceforth the Davenport and Iowa City Railroad Company ceased to exist.

The first step toward the formation of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company was taken October 22, 1852, when John B. Jervis, of New York, Joseph E. Sheffield, of Connecticut, John M. Wilson, of Illinois, Henry Farnam, of Connecticut, N. B. Judd, of Illinois, Ebenezer Cook, James Grant, H. Price, and John P. Cook, of Iowa, associated themselves together as this company, to build a railroad from Davenport to Council Bluffs, and thus acquired for itself the distinction of being "the pioneer railroad of Iowa."

As it had swallowed the little competitor which stood in its way, so it was itself in turn afterwards absorbed by a still more powerful rival, when in a few years it was consolidated with the "Chicago and Rock Island Railroad" under the incorporated name of the "Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway," the word railway having been substituted for railroad—a substitution which seems to have been borrowed from English usage; for, although Americans are the most inventive of people, they are also the most imitative of refinements. A road may be a mere clearing through brush—a way conveys the idea of preparation and finish.

The general course of this magnificent steel roadway from the heart of Illinois across Iowa was suggested as early as 1828, by Wm. C. Redfield as the most feasible and least likely to be affected by storms.

In all ages forecasting the weather has offered a fascinating study to almost every class. The fisherman on the coast, the

mariner in mid-ocean, and the aeronaut in the balloon, more even than the scientist in his study, have a practical interest in this art, based upon close observation of cloud and sky, and brought now toward perfection through the very instrumentality we are considering—the railroad reinforced by the telegraph—by the persevering application of such meteorological students as Moore and Garriott. In this day a study of the habits of spiders would avail Quatermar Disjonval nothing. In his cell at Utrecht for insurrectionary conduct he regained his liberty by truthfully foretelling the weather to the French commander when Bonaparte's soldiers were overrunning Holland, for careful observation had taught him that when his companions, the spiders, were active, it foreboded cold, and that the canals would be frozen so that artillery could cross them, and so the retreating French might stay.

Redfield's theory that the course he outlined was the best as the most exempt from storms and tornadoes is perhaps the reverse of the belief entertained by many, which by the laws of odic force they consider well-grounded, that binding the surface of the earth for long distances with iron bands, as in the building of railroads or the construction of telegraph lines, has a disturbing influence upon the meteorology of a country, as is shown by increased rainfalls in arid districts and a mitigation of the severity of winter in northern regions of cultivated America since the railroad era began.

A very little study of the railroad history of the country is sufficient to convince one that in the formation of the railroad system of our country the hand of Providence is as visible as in the creation of our great lakes and rivers. At every step not only the physical difficulties of nature were to be subdued, but every obstruction that avarice could devise had to be overcome. Great financial problems had to be solved, vast sums of money had to be aggregated, the right of way had to be secured, mountains were to be leveled, deep rivers crossed, and savage nations braved, and to this end it was often necessary to conquer prejudice, abrogate old laws and enact new ones.

It seems fair to consider the "Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway," as at present consolidated "the pioneer railroad of Iowa" now, and for the main facts of this paper I am indebted to the succinct, but able, history of this great road called for by J. S. Cameron, Secretary, for the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Iowa, in August, 1879, and published in the legislative documents of the Eighteenth General Assembly in 1880.

It is now a little over fifty years since the first charter was granted by the Legislature of Illinois to the Rock Island & La Salle Railroad Company, the act having been approved February 27, 1847, with power to construct a railroad from Rock Island on the Mississippi River to the Illinois River, at the termination of the Illinois & Michigan Canal. By an act approved February 7, 1851, the name was changed to "The Chicago & Rock Island Railroad Company," and its powers so enlarged as to authorize it to continue its "projected railroad from its present terminus, by the way of Ottawa and Joliet, to the City of Chicago."

"The original design seems to have been one of the results of a sketch of the geographical route of a great railway between the Atlantic States and the great valley of the Mississippi, published by Hon. Wm. C. Redfield," says the report of the company to the railroad commission. The line as there sketched "enters the State of Illinois, and passing near the course arrives at the head of steamboat navigation on the Illinois River, which is soon to be connected by a canal with Lake Michigan, and affords good depth of water for steamboats. The proposed railway continues from near the head of the Illinois, and reaches the banks of the Mississippi immediately above the Rock Island Rapids."

The first President of the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad Company, Hon. James Grant, of Davenport, an Iowa man, in the first report made to the stockholders dwelt upon the importance of the enterprise, which would furnish a western link in Redfield's chain, and the Chief Engineer, R. P. Mor-

gan, in his report of survey said that Redfield had "designated precisely the route which is now recommended."

The line was completed from Chicago to Rock Island in 1854, and was the first railroad connecting the great lakes with the Mississippi River. That portion of the line "passing near the course of the Kankakee" had been projected many years, and some work had been done on it, but it was still incomplete.

Morgan, the engineer, in the report above mentioned, dwells upon the "fact that Rock Island Rapids present facilities for crossing the Mississippi by a bridge incomparably superior to any other point that can be selected."

In that day the steamboat interest was a stupendous one, while the railroad power was comparatively weak. It seems to have been supposed that a river, formed by nature, was a sacred object which could not be disturbed in its course; that those who had invested their money in craft to navigate its waters had vested rights which the law must protect against all intruders. The railroad power, however, had the youth, enterprise and ambition of a new interest, which eventually proved more than a match for the wealth, tradition and precedent of the river men. Constitutions and usages, no matter how revered for age and long usage, have ever been subject to the changes and modifications demanded by general necessity or public convenience, however at first courts may decree or executives order. It was to cross to Iowa soil that the victory of public accommodation over medieval law and usage was won, and it was forever established that a "navigable river" might be bridged, and that it was not so much the place of a railroad bridge to keep out of the way of a steamboat as for the steamboat to keep out of the way of the bridge.

The Legislature of Illinois, January 17, 1853, incorporated "The Railroad Bridge Company" to build a railroad bridge over the Mississippi at or near Rock Island, at least over that portion of the river within the jurisdiction of Illinois, so as not to "materially obstruct or interfere with the free navigation

of the river," and to connect such bridge with any railroad in Illinois or Iowa terminating at or near it. The jurisdiction of Illinois extended to the middle of the main channel of the river, where the eastern boundary of Iowa began. The articles of association of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company authorized it to construct its road from the eastern boundary of Iowa, and the general law authorized it to construct necessary bridges. It was thus that the franchise to build and operate a bridge from one bank to the other was created. After further consultation with citizens of towns interested, on the 9th of June, 1853, the articles of association of the Mississippi and Missouri Company were so amended as to allow the construction of branches from the main line to the southern and western boundaries of the State, and a northern branch from Muscatine by way of Cedar Rapids to the northern boundary of the State.

In 1853 the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company and the Railroad Bridge Company agreed to build a bridge over the Mississippi at Rock Island. On the 26th of September, 1853, the contract was let. In June, 1854, the grading, abutments and piers were almost completed. In December of the same year the agreement for the construction of the bridge was changed by the entrance into it of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company for the use of both railroad companies. The bridge, which was the first over the Mississippi, was finished April 21, 1856.

As intimated before, the building of the bridge met with the constant opposition of the river and boating interests. The Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, directed the United States District Attorney for the District of Illinois, to apply for an injunction against the company. The District Attorney brought suit. Judge McLean refused the injunction, holding that the State of Illinois had the right to authorize a bridge provided it did not materially obstruct the navigation of the river.

Did the foresight of Davis indicate to him that the progress of railroad building would be inimical to Southern secession,

already brooding in his mind, or was his opposition the result of that infatuation—that mental dullness—which possessed him with the idea of slavery for the corner-stone of a republic? As the clearest minds may be weak upon a single subject so may the acutest statesman nurse a false theory of government. After the civil war it was declared by the most competent authority that but for the railroad system of the South her rebellion had never been subdued.

The bridge was completed on the 21st of April, 1856, and in fifteen days afterwards one span, two hundred and fifty feet long, was destroyed by fire communicated by the steamer *Effie Afton*, which was burning by one of the piers with which it had collided. The owners of the boat brought an action against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company in the United States Circuit Court, Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, presiding. The plaintiffs were represented by H. M. Wead, of Peoria, and T. D. Lincoln, of Cincinnati, the defendants by Joseph Knox, of Rock Island, N. B. Judd, of Chicago, and Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield. Thus each side had a Lincoln, but the great Lincoln, as in other and greater contests, was on the winning side. Upon the question submitted—was the bridge a material obstruction? the jury disagreed, and the case was set down for another trial. The action was afterwards dismissed by plaintiffs and new actions commenced in the Circuit Court of Rock Island County, Illinois. After the lapse of many years, and many changes of venue, these were dismissed by plaintiffs. Similar suits were commenced by the same interests against the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company, in the United States District Court for Iowa, which were dismissed also by plaintiffs before trial.

May 7, 1858, James Ward, of St. Louis, filed a bill in chancery in the United States District Court for Iowa (which had Circuit Court jurisdiction), claiming the bridge to be a nuisance, and asking its condemnation as an obstruction to the navigation of the river, to be abated and removed.

On the 3rd of April, 1860, the court (Judge J. M. Love) adjudged that the bridge was a material obstruction and a nuisance, and ordered the defendants "to abate and remove all the said piers within the State of Iowa, together with the superstructure thereon, on or before the first day of October next."

Judge Love in his opinion, said, in substance, that if one road had a bridge to save delay and expense, all other competing roads would be compelled to equip themselves likewise, and pointed to the fact that already preparations were being made in Iowa to build bridges at Dubuque and Lyons, and after mentioning several points on the Mississippi, including Burlington and St. Louis where bridges would be required, said if the precedent were established the Mississippi would be bridged at every forty or fifty miles of its course.

This was a decree, grand in its foresight and eloquent in its delivery, which gave a vivid forecast of the future as we see it to-day, but strangely overlooked its own prescience. It was faithful to the vested right of the boatman who got his steadfast right in the shifting river, but forgot that vested right created before rivers, the divine spark of the mind of man which had expanded in discovery until it had overcome the obstructions of nature's barriers.

Judge Love's decree was overruled by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, to which the case was appealed, on the ground chiefly that it applied only to the Iowa side of the river over which only Judge Love's court had jurisdiction and that to remove the bridge on one side only would not remove the obstruction entirely.

Still another suit was brought by the Northern Packet Line Company against the bridge. During its pendency another bridge had been finished at Clinton which Congress declared a "lawful structure," and Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, another Iowa man, presiding in the Circuit Court for the District of Iowa, in a suit against another company held to be constitutional,—and this decree

again was sustained by the United States Supreme Court. These courts by these decisions laid the foundation of the legislation which has latterly followed, creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the authority of Congress was found in that clause of the constitution conferring on Congress the power to regulate commerce between the States. But it will be seen that much groping was done by the courts before they reached this opinion. What power, what Providence was it that impelled men, in spite of blind opposition, to risk their capital, and in the face of the opposition of government and tremendous adverse interests, persevere in the prosecution of the magnificent and beneficent work they have achieved?

January 1, 1856, the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad was finished to Iowa City, and was formally opened on the 3rd, and before July 1, of the same year, was completed to Muscatine.

In 1856 Congress made a grant of land to Iowa for aiding in the construction of railroads from various points on the Mississippi to others on the Missouri, among them "from Davenport, Iowa, by Iowa City and Fort Des Moines, to Council Bluffs." The portion of this grant intended for the benefit of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad was re-granted by the State to the Company July 14, 1856, at a special session of the Legislature.

In October, 1865, the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company was so heavily in debt, from the necessity of completing its road from the sale of its land below its value, that it was driven to sell its road to the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company.

The following year its mortgages were foreclosed, and its road with all its appurtenances passed into the hands of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company, which was incorporated in Iowa, May 26, 1866. Therefore from July 9, 1866, the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company, except for the purpose of winding up its business, ceased to exist.

John A. Dix, of New York, was President of the company

during its entire existence. Wm. Walcott, T. C. Durant, F. H. Tows, C. W. Durant, A. C. Flagg, J. S. Wetmore, G. T. M. Davis, and Chas. Tuttle, of New York, Henry Farnam, J. E. Sheffield, Nathan Peck, of Connecticut, E. Cook, W. G. Woodward, T. M. Isett, J. E. Henry, H. Price, J. S. Richman, E. W. Dunham, J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa, N. B. Judd, of Illinois, with a few others who served temporarily, were directors.

The first survey from Des Moines to the Missouri River was made by G. M. Dodge, of Iowa. The field work of all the surveys from Davenport to Council Bluffs was under the direction of Peter A. Dey, now and for many years, of Iowa City, who also had charge of construction from Iowa City to Kellogg. S. B. Reed had charge of the location of the line from Wilton by way of Muscatine to Washington. B. B. Brayton made a preliminary survey from Davenport by way of Muscatine, Washington and Oskaloosa to the Missouri River near the mouth of the Platte and had the superintendence of the road from Davenport to Iowa City.

August 20, 1866, the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad Company of Iowa were consolidated under the latter name, the officers of the former company becoming the officers of the consolidated company.

It would be altogether beyond the scope of this sketch to follow the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway throughout its history from the time it absorbed the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, over thirty years ago, in the ramifications of its main course and branches through six States and a Territory—Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, and the Indian Territory, aggregating 2,880 miles owned, besides 352 miles of lines leased in Illinois and Iowa, with trackage rights over 338 more in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Colorado, making a grand total of road over which trains are operated of a little over 3,571 miles.

The present chief officers of this great system are R. R. Cable, President; Benjamin Brewster, W. G. Purdy and W.

H. Truesdale, Vice Presidents; J. M. Johnson, Traffic Manager; A. J. Hitt, General Superintendent; S. C. Matthews, Auditor; John Sebastian, General Passenger and Ticket Agent; H. Gower and E. B. Boyd, General Freight Agents; F. A. Marsh, Purchasing Agent; Robert Mather and M. A. Low, General Attorneys; and J. L. Drew, Land Commissioner.

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### IOWA MASONIC LIBRARY.\*

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AN increasing appreciation of books and libraries marks the advance of civilization. There is no better sign of an intelligent community than the general recognition of these potent factors of influence. A State or a Nation which shows a strong regard for books—which encourages literature and the dissemination of knowledge by use of the printing press—is most assuredly moving forward in the way of true prosperity, and gathering to itself a broader sweep of power; for it cannot be questioned that,

“Beneath the rule of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword.”

To affirm this proposition is but to state an unquestioned truism; and yet it is doubtful if the average man gives an adequate recognition to the place and value of books. We are all of us likely to overlook some of the mainsprings of influence as these appear in things which are common, associated with our every day life. The power of books may thus be underestimated. It is well, therefore, to consider how potential is their influence in society and the world—what an immense force they exert in the way of quickening the general sentiment and giving direction to the public movements.

And the comfort of books is equal to their power as exerted along the lines just indicated. In the companionship of books

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\* Reprinted from the *Freemason's Repository*, for June, 1897.

we find strength and solace, comfort and peace. "Books are a guide to youth and a refreshment for age," says an able teacher who, in his estimation of their blessed ministries, adds the following: "Books help us to forget the perverseness of men and things, to compose our cares and our passions, and to lay aside our disappointments. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride or design, in their communications."

The ministry of books touches all sides of life and affects all classes of intelligent people. There is an appeal to the intellect and to the heart in the way of communicating instruction; and there is also a presentation of ample ministries which refine the imagination, incite a love for the beautiful in art and nature, encourage hope and courage in the human soul, and thus contribute to the zest of life. Blessed is the companionship of books! Blessed is the service they render in the way of imparting wisdom, and of providing so many and such rich gratifications for the needs and desires of men!

"I love my books! they are companions dear,  
Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere;  
Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,  
And with the nobly gifted in my own:  
If love, joy, laughter, sorrow, please my mind,  
Love, joy, grief, laughter, in my books I find."

Books are for the people; they are needed for reference and for use by the scholar; by the seeker after knowledge who is seeking, perhaps, some hidden view of science or philosophy; by the professional man and the man of business, and not the less by the masses. It follows, therefore, that there is a demand for the gathering of books, and for the establishment of public as well as private libraries, to the end that printed information may be made accessible to the people generally, and they be enabled to realize some at least of the helps and satisfactions already indicated. It is a matter of rejoicing that the present is an era for the establishment of libraries, for the building of convenient structures where

large collections of books may be stored and arranged for desired use, and thus a benign ministry be exerted conducive to the general welfare. The State, the municipality, the college, and numerous associations established on one or another foundation, have thus been moved to generous expenditures for books and for library buildings, and so have fulfilled a large measure of useful service for the people at large.

The Masonic Fraternity has been in touch with these movements, giving aid not infrequently to enterprises thus projected, and rejoicing in every advance of knowledge and truth among men. Freemasonry as a system is identified with the forces which pertain to the intellectual and moral uplifting of mankind. It inculcates thought, study, and the search for light along the many inviting ways open to the aspiring mind. It emphasizes the worth of science and philosophy; it commends art and sound learning, and lays stress upon a due ministry to the affections and higher nature, that thus man may live the broadest and happiest life of which he is capable. With this its character and avowed purposes, Freemasonry must always show itself friendly to books and libraries, and ever be ready to give its support to the dissemination of general literature, including books of a technical character such as may be required by the student for reference, and also other books having special interest for its own members, as well as for those desirous of tracing the history and movements of fraternities, guilds, and kindred societies through former times down to the present.

Freemasonry, however, has a literature of its own. It has been making expression of itself in manuscripts, periodicals, pamphlets, and the printed volume, all along the way since its organic life began. The varied publications of many years constitute a rich store of historical and biographical material, having a special value for the Masonic student but not without interest to the general reader. During the last fifty years the published Proceedings of Masonic Bodies, in America and in foreign lands, have been multiplied, while the increase of

periodical literature sent out to increase a knowledge of Freemasonry, both as relates to the system and the movements of organizations which represent it, has been no less noticeable. And so have come Masonic libraries, created under the auspices of Grand Lodges, or of subordinate bodies, which are now serving the uses of the Craft, and contributing to a better understanding than would otherwise be obtainable of the character, purposes, and movements of the Fraternity. Freemasonry gains prestige and honor, while it enlarges its scope of benign service by increasing its publications, by establishing reading rooms and libraries and by every movement it makes in the direction of presenting the intellectual features which so much characterize and make attractive our ancient institution.

The Iowa Masonic Library holds foremost place among the best known libraries of like character. Its claims to prominence and usefulness, and consequently to a large measure of favor and to the generous support of the Masonic Fraternity, rest on strong grounds. Some of its distinguishing features are herewith set forth.

It is believed that this library contains the largest collection of valuable Masonic curios, proceedings, addresses, sermons, and everything bearing the mark of the Craft upon it, to be found in any part of the globe. It is especially rich in its accumulations of diplomas, charters, manuscripts, jewels, medals, old Lodge paraphernalia, and everything else to be classed among Masonic curios.

In the department which may properly be designated as distinctively Masonic, nearly all the standard works of Freemasonry find place. Here are the substantial books which treat of the history of the Craft and show the steps of its evolution from the distant past. Here, also, are numerous volumes, some of them exceedingly rare and valuable, which convey information as to Masonic personages and events, the rituals and ceremonies, the laws and regulations of the Order, with various other matters of related interest. One section

of this department contains upwards of 2,500 bound volumes of Masonic periodicals.

The semi-Masonic department is especially rich in its collection of reports and publications issued by the fraternal societies. Over one hundred national bodies are represented in the carefully classified proceedings placed in this department. The collection also includes numerous works bearing upon the early secret societies of France and the middle ages; the secret societies of the Revolution, army and navy; histories of clubs and club life; works pertaining to the history of the Nestorians, Dervishes, Thugs, Druids, Assassins, Rosicrucians, Order of Cincinnati, English and other Guilds.

Then there is the general department, within which are many shelves filled with books which treat upon the subjects of Art, Architecture, Archæology, Mythology, Egypt, Bible and Oriental lands, Crusades, Chivalry, Templary, Histories of the Nations, Sacred Works of the East, and is especially rich in old works pertaining to forms and ceremonies of the different ages of the world, and of religions; works on travel, exploration, etc.

There is also an Art Department, valuable and attractive by its works of art, original drawings, pen sketches, memorial paintings, and numerous articles of beauty, many of which have a Masonic or historic significance. The Art Department, and the General Museum as well, contain treasures which are alike interesting and suggestive.

One other feature of the Iowa Masonic Library should be named in this enumeration. There is a collection, filling eight large cases, known as the Iowa Department, wherein the works of Iowa authors find place. Books and pamphlets by Iowa authors are included in this section, as also books pertaining to Iowa by whomsoever written. Here also may be found a large collection of directories of towns and cities in Iowa, of early and recent date; and many descriptive pamphlets of cities and towns, of much interest and value; also, a large collection of printed matter pertaining to the schools

and academies in Iowa that are not listed under this department, and yet much of which is of value to the residents of that State.

The Iowa Masonic Library is housed in a building devoted entirely to its uses, being strictly a Masonic Library Building, and the only one of its kind in the world. It is finely located in the beautiful city of Cedar Rapids, on one of the main avenues bordered by shade trees, and is a substantial as well as an attractive structure. It was erected during the year 1884, at a cost of about \$32,000. The edifice is of red pressed brick, trimmed with Ohio sand stone. Its interior is well arranged for its designed uses. The lower and the upper halls, the various alcoves, the reception room and offices, the broad stairways adorned by portraits and relics, all are in keeping with the purposes of the Library and the accommodation of visitors who come from far and near to look upon the literary and historical treasures contained within the walls of this commodious and attractive building.

The Iowa Masonic Library is more than a local institution. Naturally it enlists a special feeling of interest on the part of the citizens of Cedar Rapids and the vicinity, while it has a strong hold on the regard of Iowa people generally, who have a justifiable pride in the beautiful building and its valuable contents; but outside of the State this interest extends, and there are numerous Craftsmen in every Masonic jurisdiction who rejoice that the Masons of Iowa have established so enduring a monument of their enterprise and public spirit. The great library enhances the prestige and power of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, and adds something to that appreciation of Freemasonry which is now of so general and so favorable a character.

A debt of gratitude is due those intelligent and far-seeing brethren who projected the Iowa Masonic Library, and led in a movement which has been attended with so much of success. One of the first appropriations made by the Grand Lodge of Iowa, organized in 1844, at which time Bro. Theodore S.

Parvin was elected Grand Secretary, was a grant for books. It was a small sum thus voted, but it was a beginning—a sign and prophecy of a generous outlay and corresponding accomplishment to be witnessed by some who were active in that day of small things, and who had great faith. The able leader of the movement was the present veteran Grand Secretary, Bro. Theodore S. Parvin, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to establish a great library, which should be creditable to the Grand Lodge of Iowa and to the Masonic Fraternity. His zeal has never abated; he has inspired others to give and do; others have aided; the Grand Lodge of Iowa has been generous in its appropriations, and thus has been gathered the present collection of such broad range and varied interest. Of late years, Grand Secretary Parvin has had the intelligent aid of his son, Bro. Newton R. Parvin, Deputy Grand Secretary, who has mastered the details pertaining to the onerous work of a librarian, and shown a special ability and fitness for the discharge of the duties thus imposed.

It is a pleasure to write this paper,—to call attention to the Iowa Masonic Library, and to set forth some of its distinguishing features which commend it to the Fraternity. It is gratifying to note the steps of its advancement, and to enumerate some of its merits and advantages. As lovers of books and libraries; as appreciative friends of our own Masonic literature, we may rejoice in what has been done, and so well done, in the establishment and enlargement of the Iowa Masonic Library. But the end has not been reached. The present building barely answers the present need; soon another and larger building will be required to provide for the material already accumulated, and the increasing collections which are confidently anticipated. Then, too, there should be published at an early day a complete descriptive catalogue of all the works—including pamphlets, manuscripts, relics, etc.,—contained in the Library. Such a publication would meet the requests of brethren seeking for information, not only in Iowa

and the West, but throughout the world. Other publications of a like character, giving information as to Masonic bibliography, and to the rise and progress of various organizations to which the name Masonic is attached, are also called for; and such publications would be issued, no doubt, under the auspices of the Library, which has abundant facilities for the work indicated, if only the necessary funds were provided. Besides expenditures in this direction, money is always needed to buy books, new and old, to purchase various material, historical, artistic, and otherwise, and to do a work of classification and arrangement which makes any collection in a great library all the more available for use.

The Iowa Masonic Library deserves to be the recipient of generous contributions and bequests; then will it have increasing honor and usefulness. We could wish that some who read these lines might have the prompting to offer a gift or to provide for a bequest, by means of which so helpful an adjunct of Freemasonry might have a more ample equipment and a broader scope of influence. Let brethren in their prosperity see to it that such an endowment of the Library is provided as will enable it to extend its ministries along the lines of an efficient service by which not only the Masonic Fraternity but the world at large shall be benefitted. To such benefactors, as to all who give and do for human enlightenment, there will surely come those blessed recompenses which forever abide in heart and memory.

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## DEATHS.

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FRANK H. BREDE, for fifty years a resident of Dubuque, died there suddenly April 8th last.

COLONEL FABIAN BRYDOLF, a veteran of the Mexican and Civil Wars, died at Burlington last January, aged 78 years. He was a landscape artist, and having lost his right arm at Shiloh, learned to continue his art with his left arm.

ERR THORNTON, the oldest settler of Muscatine, died at his home near that city January 11, 1897, aged 90 years. He settled at the site of the present Muscatine in 1834, and was a member of the Iowa Territorial Legislature in 1846.

SAMUEL MURDOCK died at his home in Elkader, January 26, 1897, aged 80 years. He was an occasional contributor to THE HISTORICAL RECORD as he had been to the *Annals of Iowa*, when published by the Historical Society, giving the results of his studies of the prehistoric mounds of Iowa, in the contemplation of which he took a deep interest. He was one of the most prominent citizens of Northeastern Iowa, and the first Judge of the Tenth Judicial District.

THE DEATH OF COL. CONDUCE H. GATCH on July 1st, at his home in Des Moines, removes a conspicuous figure from Iowa affairs. Col. Gatch comes from a distinguished ancestry. His grandfather was a member of the first American Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the closing years of the last century liberated his slaves and removed from Virginia, making a new home in Ohio. Here Conduce Gatch, his grandson was born July 25th, 1825. His boyhood was passed on the ancestral farm, where by self denial he acquired the means to pursue a college course at Augusta, Kentucky. On its completion he studied law at Xenia, and in 1848 was admitted to the bar. The following year he made his home in Kenton County, where he early attained high professional standing, and in 1858 was elected State Senator. In 1861 he raised a company for the Thirty-third Ohio Volunteers, and was soon advanced to Lieutenant Colonel. In 1866 he removed to Des Moines where the remainder of his life was passed. He was elected State Senator from Polk County in 1885 and reelected for a second term in 1889. A leading member of the Republican party, he was conspicuously broad in political views and achieved a wide reputation in 1892 by his earnest advocacy of a method of dealing with the liquor traffic, which though not then

adopted became the basis of the present law. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1856 and again in 1884. Col. Gatch was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and twice a delegate to its General Conference—1876 and 1880. He married Miss Mary E. Stewart, at Cincinnati, in 1850. One son and four daughters were born to them who, with their mother, survive him. Col. Gatch was held in deserved high honor at home and throughout the State, both as a successful lawyer and as a man of unblemished personal and public life, whose voice and influence were always aligned with the best interests of society and state.

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#### NOTES.

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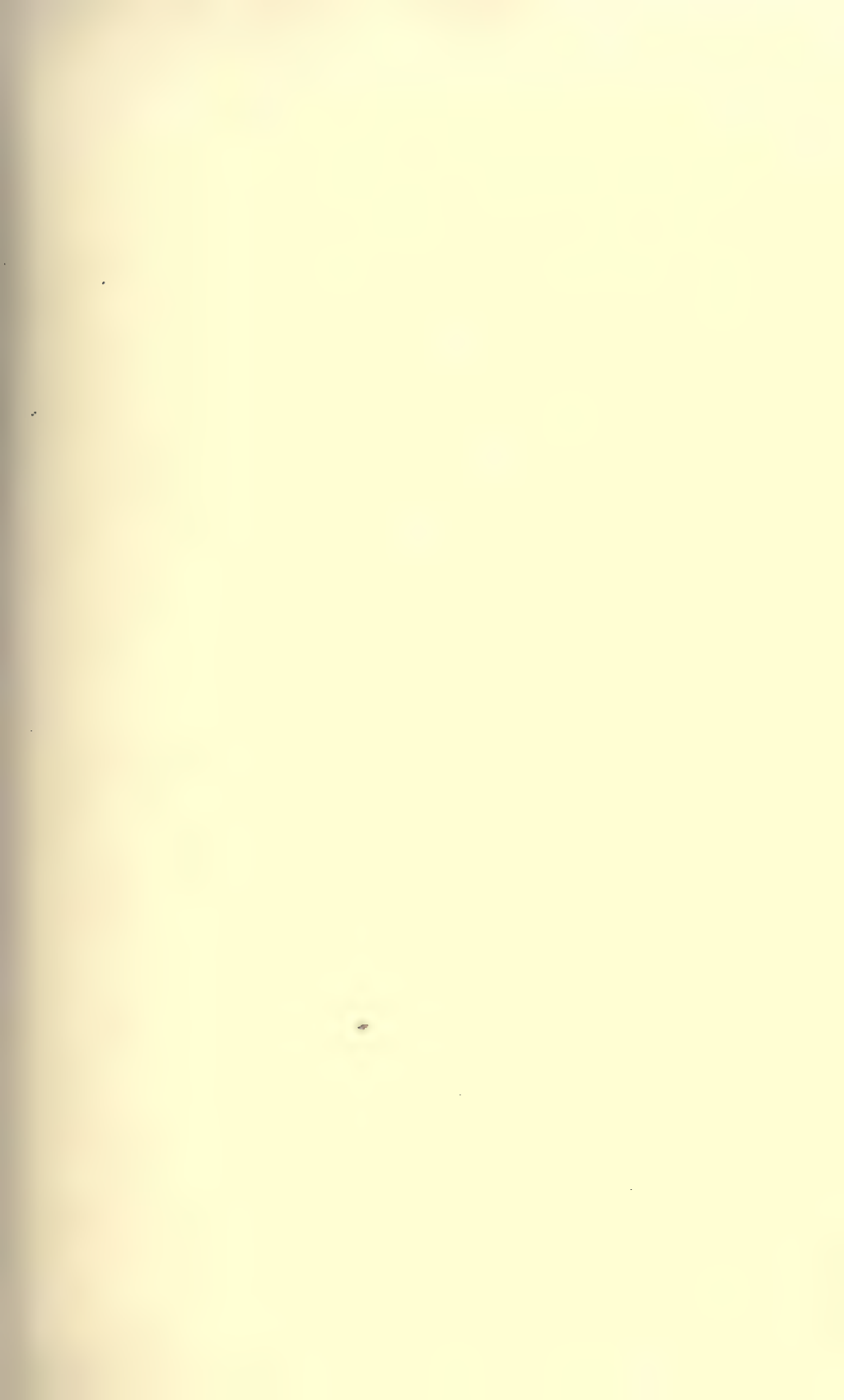
A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Mrs. Higley (wife of Colonel Mortimer A. Higley, of Crocker's Iowa Brigade), whose sudden death recently occurred at Cedar Rapids, will appear in the October RECORD. Mrs. Higley's impressive addresses, one of which is printed in this issue, made her a favorite attendant at the Reunions of the Western Military Societies.

THE reproduction of the article in the *Freemason's Repository* descriptive of the great Masonic Library at Cedar Rapids in this number of THE RECORD is not untimely when the Legislature seems to hesitate to replace the University Library, lately destroyed by the direct hand of Providence. The Masonic Order—the Father of Orders—through generous charities has amassed a great collection of volumes on every thread in the warp of human knowledge, which have been assorted by a hand mechanized by order; for comparatively few have been endowed with this gift in the degree that it has been developed in the Grand Secretary and Librarian—Theodore S. Parvin.

LAMONI, a flourishing town of 1,700 inhabitants in Decatur County, Iowa, is the home of Joseph Smith, President of the

Church of Latter Day Saints. Mr. Smith is the son of the founder of the Mormon Church, who was killed near Nauvoo, Illinois, in June 1846, in a sort of religious war which the settlers in that vicinity waged against him and his followers, which circumstance chiefly led to the removal of the Mormons to Utah. Lamoni, besides having many other institutions, is the seat of Graceland College and has an "Old Folks' Home."

A WRITER in a late issue of the Philadelphia *Ledger* says that Ferdinand Durang, an actor, and a soldier in the "Harrisburg Blues" (a Pennsylvania Volunteer regiment which was engaged in the fighting which occasioned the composition of our National ode), was the first person who sang the Star Spangled Banner. Durang, who was a good singer, the second day after the words were written was rummaging in his trunk in a tavern in Baltimore where he had his baggage, for music to suit the words, and finally selected that of "Anacreon in Heaven." By the time he had sung the third verse in trying the music to the words, the little tavern was full of people who spontaneously joined in the chorus. The company was soon joined by the author of the words, Francis Scott Key, to whom the tune was submitted for approval, who also took up the refrain of the chorus, thus endorsing the music. A few nights afterward the Star Spangled Banner being called for by the audience at the Holliday Street Theatre, in Baltimore, Ferdinand Durang sang it from the stage. Durang died in New York in 1832. Durang had a brother, Charles, also a soldier in the "Blues," who was likewise an actor, who died in Philadelphia in 1875. Sam Sands, according to the writer referred to above, was at the time an apprentice in the printing office of Benjamin Eades, and "set up" the song. Sands died only a few years ago in Baltimore. A few hours after being printed the song was sold on the streets of Baltimore, and then immediately taken up by the Durangs, one of whom adapted it to music, as stated above.





Jennette Robinson Higley.

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 4.

A MEMORY OF  
JENNETTE ROBERTSON HIGLEY.  
BY AMANDA LOWMAN BARTHOLOMEW.

"She was a woman; one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Had never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights, and many tears."



HE story of a life: Who may presume to tell it?" Who, when that life has just passed beyond our ken into the realm where it is known *why* it is more than life to live? Who, unless it is one whose only plea for fitness is that her heart-throbs are set to a memory that stretches back to the early time of green pastures, when the morning was in our faces until the way led into the lengthening shadows of the afternoon—moved now to tears and thankfulness that

"Memory is a paradise  
Out of which we cannot be driven."

Hanover, the place where Janet was born, is one of those picturesque New England-like towns that dot the fertile valleys and gentle uplands of Eastern Ohio. Strolling along its

village street on a summer afternoon where patches of golden sunshine, and the shadows of dancing leaves checkered the grass and pavement one might wait under the green arch where the trees stretch their friendly arms across the way, and listen in rapturous delight to the breeze "playing celestial symphonies," as through a vast cathedral aisle.

On a prominent corner stood a handsome brick house with broad stone steps where Dr. James Robertson lived; and where Janet, the youngest child, entered life. Dr. Robertson was known through all the country-side as the noble, christian physician, sent for in consultation within a radius of forty miles. At one time, during an epidemic of a malignant fever, he was away from home six weeks. It was in winter during a deep snow, and they made a bed for him in a sled—the only sleep he had was between the houses of the victims as he was borne along by swift horses under the care of a brave driver who thus helped on the battle for life. A vision of this grand hero comes to my mind when I read of Ian MacLaren's "Doctor of the old school." Like him, James Robertson was Scotch, born in Blair-Athol, Perthshire, and like William MacLure, he proved that "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." He was conscientiously alive to all the leading questions and political interests of that crucial time. Their home was one of the places of refuge—or as they were called—"stations on the under-ground railway," where the hound-chased fugitive found protection and cheer on his flight from slavery under the sunny skies of the South, to the snow bound land of freedom in far-off Canada. Dr. Robertson was one of the handsomest men I ever saw—even when I first knew him he was crowned with snow white hair, which was the inheritance of my beautiful friend. Of her mother it has been said that "she was the sustaining power of the home, a perpetual benediction. Her quiet spirituality and strong convictions were a great force in the family and left their imprint on every child." To me, she was an aristocrat, noble and true—

with beautiful white hands, and gentle persuasive voice. I can yet feel her arms in loving tenderness about me as she gathered me to her mother heart after my own mother

"Had heard her call to enter rest,  
And left the home a broken nest,  
Bereft and lonely."

They were a remarkable family. Her brothers handsome men, and her sisters rare, beautiful women. Her grandfather, I also remember, an old Scotch divine, who brought to this country all the sturdy character and orthodox Calvinism of his kind. Janet was always appreciative of his fine Christian integrity and strong convictions, although they were more vigorous and intolerant than her own. She was fond of telling that she had frequently heard her grandfather say he "fer-  
vently thanked God that he was neither a swashing Baptist nor a blathering Methodist." In our childhood days she and I had very heated theological discussions as to the merits of foreordination, free grace, etc. One of our favorite pastimes was having church where her sermons were always supplemented by one of my Methodist exhortations and a general rally among our very impressionable congregation; a departure she would never have permitted had it not been that I was the daughter of a minister, and she only the granddaughter. Oh! how zealous we were, and how we afterwards both learned the simplicity of serving Him in spirit and in truth, the sweet humanity with the ineffable presence of the Divine, worth more than all creeds or zeal of doctrine.

Janet had not only the wondrous gift of beauty, but a warm impulsive heart that held mine to hers through sunshine, and better yet, through cloudy and through stormy weather. We had corresponded ever since we printed our letters and there never was an indifferent thought or break in our companionship. A friendship beginning with our grandfathers has grown with our years and strengthened with our strength, until now we live and love through the third and fourth generations; rather unusual in this rushing restless unstable age.

One day in 'ninety-three while I was visiting her in Omaha, she took me into her room in the Safety Deposit, and there behind locked doors. we two sat all alone while she showed me her treasures. In the midst of jewels, deeds of trust, gold and bank notes, she picked out a little package, marked "Amanda's first gray hair." Was there ever a sweeter tribute to the trusting, abiding love of human hearts? We know that this truth and loyalty were inherent, as we see it shine in letters of gold in the priceless little classic, "*What is worth while*," by the famous scholar, Anna Robertson Brown, Ph. D. Many of the helpful sentences and pages bear the impress of Janet's pencil, and speak to me now in an undertone of sacred melody breathing through the exquisite words of her beloved niece.

She first went to school at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, under the care of her sister, Flora, and her husband, Dr. W. Y. Brown, who was afterwards a distinguished chaplain in one of the hospitals in Washington. There, among the exciting and awful realizations of the cruel war, this christian minister and his lovely wife founded a home where in kindly hospitality and goodly cheer they gave a courage and faith that enabled many of the boys in blue to act well their part, which is not recorded in the annals of the conflict. During all of that time Janet made her home with her sister and here the heroic spirit and generous impulse of this young girl, found full scope and gathered an impetus for great and noble daring that not only filled her bounding heart with the enthusiasm of our Civil War, but instilled a passion of liberty in its relation to the whole human family which may be traced throughout her life in her earnest devotion to all that helped or made for righteousness. She wrote the most delightful accounts of those war days, her life in Washington, etc. From a letter written in 1862 there is this most amusing discription.

"The first great object to be seen here is the Capitol. It is certainly a magnificent structure, but like all the public buildings is unfinished. You can form a very correct idea of

its outward appearance from the pictures of it, only when you look at one always omit the beautiful dome (at least the upper part, and substitute a rough structure of wood). The dome is all *in* the plan, but it is not *on* the building yet. I enjoy visiting the Senate very much, although I confess I had a little over-estimated the great men of the nation. There are no Daniel Websters there, but there is a Sumner. I know you would be disappointed in his personal appearance. His beauty is all in his mind. Foote, of Vermont, is the handsomest man in the Senate. King, of New York, the biggest, weighs three hundred and ten pounds. Hale, of New Hampshire the jolliest. Jim Lane, of Kansas, the hardest looking. Wade, of Ohio, is just "Old Ben Wade," and nobody else. Sumner, of Massachusetts, is expected to make a great speech on the Confiscation Bill. I am anxious to hear one of his great efforts.

"The House of Representatives,—just imagine a literary society that used to exist in Hanover, and you will get a very good idea of the noise and confusion on the floor of the House. About all the satisfaction in going is to get a comfortable seat, level your opera glass, and see what the Congressmen look like. First, take a good look at Conkling, of New York, he is real handsome but he has red hair, auburn is too mild a term, for it is indisputably red. Lovejoy, of Illinois, is a little curly headed, good natured man who feels perfectly in his element now, agitating slavery. He makes some spicy little speeches. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, is always making some witty remark. Bingham, of Ohio, makes good speeches, but is so comical to look at. He is called, 'the member from Ohio who never combs his hair.'"

We, who now look back through the vista of over thirty years, can well appreciate the analysis and humor with which this young school girl dealt with those who were making the "History of our own times." Her criticisms of the Generals and the problematic issues of the deadly conflict, are just as marvelous, but time and space will not permit me to give

more. In an old scrap book which has come to me as being *near of heart*, I find jewels on the string of Time that illumine many dark threads and glorify others with a "tender grace of a day that is dead." Here I read an autograph letter from General Grant, which speaks, with a living tongue, from the great heart of a great man who was so great that he was not unmindful of the graceful courtesies of life, as well as of the quick intellect and generous heart of a young girl who could call forth such an expression from a man who held the destiny of the nation in his hands in those days when men fought and women wept. At a certain Presbyterian Fair held in Washington to raise money for the sick and wounded soldiers, a smoking cap and slippers were voted to the most popular General of the war. The most extravagant sums were paid for the privilege of such a vote, at a time when the whole city itself was one grand camp of soldiers and the Potomac was blockaded. To General Grant fell the cap and slippers by an overwhelming vote, and the duty of presenting them devolved upon our heroine, Jennette Robertson. She boxed them at once and sent them to General Grant at the headquarters of the armies of the United States, City Point, Virginia, taking a receipt of the quartermaster, for in those days everything was sent under surveillance. Always ingenious and actuated by high purpose, she inclosed a note in the box saying these articles had been voted to him, but added for herself the request that he should never wear them until he had taken Richmond. At this time, while the nation was looking on in silent admiration for the great General, his enemies were confident that Richmond would not be taken. The letter given here was written to this brave young school girl the day preceding the death of General McPherson at Atlanta, and the day following President Lincoln's call for 300,000 men.

## HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, July 21, 1864.

MISS JENNETTE ROBERTSON:—Your letter of the 20 inst. accompanying a beautiful smoking cap and slippers, the work of fair hands generously

donated for the wounded and sick soldiers, and presented to me by over-partial subscribers, is received. I do not know that your fair was for the benefit of the soldiers, but suppose it was; but it was either that or the Church; in either case the cause was good. Your present was duly appreciated, and will not be worn earlier than the time prescribed in your note.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT,

*Lieutenant General.*

It was not long before Grant *did* take Richmond, but it was many years after, at a reception given to him when he was President that Miss Robertson, then Mrs. Nicholas, told Mrs. Grant that she was the little girl who had sent the cap and slippers to the General at City Point. "Indeed," said Mrs. Grant, "allow me the pleasure of presenting you, for that sentence, 'Never wear the cap and slippers until you have taken Richmond,' he often quotes. The slippers are now worn to shreds, but General Grant has always had the greatest curiosity to meet the author of that letter." In telling of her meeting with the President she remarked, "they say General Grant never talked. He did that day, long and entertainingly of the war."

Later on I find another gem which shows us that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war. After leaving Washington she attended school at East Greenwich, Connecticut, and became proficient in all her studies, giving much attention to music under the teaching of Eben Tourgee who was afterwards founder of the Boston Conservatory and father of that style of teaching in New England. She formed a close friendship with one of her classmates and went home with her to Norwich, Connecticut, on one of the vacations. So charmed were they to have her, and so bright was the remembrance of the visit that her friend's father, Captain C. B. Chapel, a noted explorer who sailed the northern seas, afterwards named a body of water "Robertson Bay" for the rosy cheeked, merry hearted maiden, whose clear blue eyes were as limpid as its pure sparkling depths. From a *Philadelphia Ledger*, of September 11, 1892, I make this extract:

"A special to the *Ledger* from St. Johns, Newfoundland, says: The Kite arrived here this afternoon from North Greenland, from whence it sailed on August 24th. On board is the entire Peary Relief Expedition, in good health, with Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary and party, except Mr. Voorhoof, who is believed to have lost his life, shortly after the return of the party from inland, by falling into a crevasse at the head of 'Robertson Bay.'" There, in the far sweep of the northern seas, the loveliness of her girlhood has linked itself with the eternal waves, and though dead she yet speaketh in the mighty waters that pulse to the familiar name.

After graduating she went back to her beloved parents, now in failing health, and to the sweet content of her old home. While there she renewed the acquaintance of one of her childhood friends, Mr. A. P. Nicholas, to whom she was married in 1867, and it was there, one year later, that the crown of motherhood was bestowed upon her, and by its holy grace added to her face the beauty of womanhood's completeness. Her beautiful baby filled her heart and she gave him a rapturous love which increased on and on into the most tender relation and good comradeship. The shadow from her grave, now fallen upon his heart, Robertson, her only child, will deepen and grow broader as the years go on and he is more and more bereft of the love and counsel of his beautiful, idolized mother. The sweet unmothered girl, whom he brought as his wife for her blessing, sorrows with him now, with the personal loss and grief of a heart-stricken daughter.

Her home was in Philadelphia for a number of years previous to 1876, and she was one of the board of lady commissioners of the Centennial, where she did valiant work and won for herself distinction and prominence as she had before in the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions in the Presbyterian Church. She was equally at home in the society of the most noted people of both church and state. Her graceful presence and exquisite tactfulness as well as her intellectual acumen made for her many friends. Side by side I find these signed

notes which are of interest and show so fully how this great hearted little woman was giving strength and courage to the various needs in such widely divergent walks in life.

DEAR MRS. N.:—I wrote you from Louisville—shall come to Philadelphia as soon as you will let me know that you are there. Cannot stay long. Let me know where I can meet you or find you. I must see you in reference to Iolanthe. I am cutting her in marble.

Aff. yours,

CAROLINE L. BROOKS.

Every one who attended the Centennial saw the "butter woman" and knows who this wonderful genius is to whom Mrs. N. gave substantial aid. She was the means of making it possible for Mrs. Brooks to go to Italy. She studied in Florence many years, bringing back with her treasures which she exhibited at the World's Fair, proving that the artist hand that could mould a ball of butter into a dream of beauty, could wake the soul that slumbered in the block of Carrara marble.

NEW HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, May 1, 1876.

*Mrs. Nicholas.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have received those fern mottoes safely. I thank you very much indeed, they will help to cheer my lonesomeness and sorrow. I am left all alone and wholly dependent upon hired help. I have been entirely confined to this bed of pain and weariness for almost forty-three years. God sees fit to spare me and I will trust in him. I have written this in great suffering. With my thanks,

Yours lovingly,

CHLOE LANKTON.

This poor sufferer, Janet had never seen, but had read of her life as published in the Sunday School Union, and so her kind heart found a way to give her comfort.

Having inherited large property interests in Omaha, Nebraska, it was found necessary to remove to that new and enterprising country. Here she found a wide field for all her energies and versatile talents. It is rare even in these days of broader life and knowledge, that any woman attains to such fullness of stature and growth in all the graces that belong to higher womanhood. For several years she was on the edi-

torial staff of one of the Omaha daily papers and her voice and pen were always ready to advance every good cause that had for its object relief and an uplift to humanity.

Mentally and spiritually she was endowed with the choicest gifts stimulated with the highest ambitions. The early influence of a christian home and training, conspired to shape the whole into a personality so sweet and lovely, yet so strong and queenly, that none who felt its influence can ever forget its magnetic charm and power. In her new home we find her the moving spirit and inspiration in the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the North West, making journeys with her friend and confrère, Mrs. S. H. H. Clark, to remote hamlets on the vast prairies and desolate western plains, planting Missionary Societies here and there, establishing Mission Schools, and delivering thrilling addresses wherein she urged greater zeal and consecration of the privileged women of Christian lands who have it in their power to uplift their sisters who sit in darkness whether in China, Idaho, India, Alaska or Nebraska. One report from Oakdale was so appreciative and shows so graphically how she was everywhere received, I cannot refrain from giving it: "None of the distinguished ladies from abroad were accorded a more enthusiastic welcome than Mrs. A. P. Nicholas, of Omaha, who embodies in herself a whole missionary society. She is an example of what an earnest, well educated, American woman can be. On the lecture platform she is as versatile and brilliant as Henry Ward Beecher. And the heathen hereabout will continue to rage until she makes her reappearance at the next annual meeting." And thus it goes on, dressing dolls, and collecting toys to gladden the little hearts at the Crèche and Child's Hospital, or writing stirring appeals to the citizens of Omaha for the beautifying of their streets or the removal of the unsightly unproductive fort, and urging the converting of it into a handsome park or residence property. She was one of the founders and charter members of the Woman's Club, of Omaha, and identified with various classes for improvement and study,

notably one under the leadership of that rare student and cultured gentlemen, Dr. Gilbert C. Monell, of whom it was said, "He had perhaps done more to stimulate the intellectual life and bring others to broader realms of thought than any one in Omaha." As a biblical student Dr. Monell had few equals in the West. When he was preparing his manuscript and editing his valuable, "*The Creation and the Scriptures*," which was not published until after his death, it was to Mrs. Nicholas that the work of assisting and carrying out his ideas and desires was intrusted and I count it among my treasures to have in my possession one of these delightful books that was presented by his wife to me as the friend of one who had been so closely associated with it.

Janet was a remarkable conversationalist and always reminded me of what Emerson said of a talented woman. "She interested me in every manner, talent, memory, wit, poetic play, religion, the finest personal feeling, the aspects of the future, each followed each in full activity. She knew how to concentrate in racy phrases the essential truth gathered from wide research and distilled with patient toil, and by skillful treatment she could make green again the wastes of commonplace." She was inimitable. I remember once to have heard her say in speaking of a person who was a great perplexity to her, "he is the insoluble factor we used to puzzle over in our old arithmetic, he won't reduce to a common denominator, and work into an equation like other factors."

Her life was not all work and no play, nor spent in trying to make drudgery divine, for in a personal letter she writes me of a summer outing:

"I went to Atlantic City for two months early in the season. June and July were spent at Saratoga and from there to Gloucester, Massachusetts, where I passed ten days with a company of sixteen artists from Boston, New York, and St. Louis, in the most picturesque surroundings imaginable. At Gloucester I had the pleasure of meeting and becoming somewhat acquainted with Elizabeth Stuart Phelps whose 'Old

Maids' Paradise' is on the rocks skirting the harbor. 'Her Madonna of the Tubs,' took our weekly wash and suggested the name I gave to Mr. Middleton for his picture which is so finely received by the artist world. A daughter of the poet Longfellow, 'Grave Alice,' of the 'Children's Hour,' was a guest in our boarding house. From Gloucester we traveled leisurely into the White Mountains stopping by the way at Rye Beach, York Harbor, and other points, finally reaching North Conway, New Hampshire. The mountains seemed only to have reached the climax of beauty as we left them clothed in all their autumnal grandeur."

When a school girl, the name by which she was christened in some way became Jennette and thus her legal one, but with an old fashioned fondness for the Scotch Janet, I never have called her anything but the true, rich name so redolent of the memory of her old home and her fine old ancestry. She was a great student and admirer of Thomas Carlyle, and believed, she said, that "Sartor Resartus, in its doctrine of spirit, is not only essentially and imperishably true, but the fundamental truth of all right religion and all sound philosophy," and used to quote a friend's saying, "Carlyle is Carlyle and lives alone." In 'ninety-two she wrote me: "Do you know what I've been reading almost constantly for months? Well, different works on Political Economy; you know how we groaned over it in our school days. I started in a kind of careless way and grew deeply interested to know how some of these writers who are recognized as authoritative have worked out some of the problems of life confronting one in the ranks of business. Oh, Amanda, what troublous times we have fallen upon in this gigantic labor revolution (or evolution?) and where will it all end? God only knows! I fear the worst sometimes, but pray and hope for the best. I have been so swept along in the channel, I can see both sides of the great problem before us and I never felt such dire responsibilities before. Every one who thinks on the economic questions that to-day menace us as a nation, must feel individual responsibility as it is only

the larger aggregate of individuals that compose our nation. Will we perish as a Republic in this great period of unrest or will God in His merciful providence purify and purge us, and lift us to higher vantage ground? I want at least to be truly Christian in my sympathies to others, especially where misfortune seems borne with a brave heroic spirit. There are those who bear grief and suffering like the father in the Laocoön, as Lessing says, 'It is a grief that writhes but does not scream.' If it were not for my sustaining faith in the Eternal Goodness, I know I could not endure."

With this exalted nature and its achievements, it is not strange that envious small minds should have sought an outlet by their venomous gossiping tongues to malign and bring this white-souled woman down to a level of their mediocre comprehension, proving, as someone has said, that as "censure is the tax a man pays for being eminent, so comment and criticism are the tax a woman pays for being original." An unshaken trust in her, proved that what she thought it right to do, she was able to defend—and she did—although many dark days of storm and stress came thick and fast upon her. The ministry of sorrow, the moulding touch of misfortune was not to be left out of her life. Some finer lines or softening features, the chiseling angel felt were needed and so the darker years closed in upon her. But an absolute faith in God pervaded her entire being. In joy or sorrow she ever sought guidance, exemplifying it in ceaseless untiring work, or in silent communion with the Divine Spirit. She accomplished much. It was while she was serving as Chairman of the Parish Aid Committee in Dr. Duryea's Church, that a great work was inaugurated which became so wide-spread that Omaha's great heart was opened as never before and her generous people proved that the greatest of the three graces is Charity with a loaf of bread in one hand, and an order for coal in the other. The *Daily Bee*, of January 28, 1894, in a long and most enthusiastic account says: "A *Bee* representative visited the supply room of the Parish Aid Committee at

the First Congregational Church yesterday where food and general supplies are distributed daily. A surging mass of grateful humanity with arms filled with necessities of life, emerges from the doors of this poverty paradise every day. The committee is well organized. Unity is the watchword which has accomplished a vast amount of good. Mrs. Jennette R. Nicholas, a woman of splendid executive ability and tireless energy, has active charge of the work, and is ably assisted by all of the women of the church who work with the spirit of true Christian womanhood. A telephone has been placed in the church, a post office box secured so as to keep every request for help in confidence. Mrs. Nicholas was responding to an emergency case the other day and pressed a passing milk wagon into service. The obliging dairyman possessed the milk of human kindness as well the lacteal fluid, and cheerfully lashed his team into a record breaking gait to accommodate this noble woman who is doing so much for Omaha's poor." In one of her letters she says, "My plan of relief investigation was really an inspiration to me after I arose to my feet to talk relief work to about seventy young ladies of the church and it truly is working like a charm thus far. How my heart has ached for all those working men and women, proud, self-respecting people who have been circumstanced to proffer aid heretofore, rather than ask it. I often wish that I could not think upon these solemn momentous questions, but God seems to mean I shall and must, as I am continually forced into positions where I must meet such problems, 'nolens volens.' Yet if all goes as well as now, I will be glad to have been the instrument of relieving suffering and let somebody else step in and take the glory."

But the sterner work of the life angel was now done. Joy broke in at length in holiest fullness upon her troubled life. At the home of her sister, Mrs. Dr. W. Y. Brown, in Philadelphia, on February 4, 1895, she was married to the noble man and gallant soldier, Major Higley, of Cedar Rapids, and I here give the delightful account of the event written by her

friend and associate, Ella W. Peattie, the brilliant writer who has recently published, "*A Mountain Woman.*" "The wedding cards, of a prominent member of the Woman's Club have just been received, Mr. Mortimer A. Higley and Mrs. Jennette R. Nicholas. Their wedding journey is to be to Honolulu. After May 1, they will be at home in Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Nicholas was one of the first women in this city to stand openly for woman's privileges and development as she was one of the first to identify herself with business. She is a woman of unusual attractiveness with snow white hair, beautiful blue eyes, and a complexion like that of a girl. She was recognized in the Woman's Club as the readiest extempore speaker and the most humorous woman in the club. Her life has known many vicissitudes but she has always been recognized as a remarkably efficient woman. Her present happiness has come like sunshine after a storm, and she is affectionately congratulated upon it. Major Higley is one of the most prominent citizens of Cedar Rapids. He went into the war as a private in Company A, 15th Iowa, and was mustered out a commissioned officer. He is President of the Merchant's National Bank and has been a member of the School Board ever since 1875, having served as its President a number of times. He has been Commander of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States' Commandery of the State of Iowa, and President of the 15th Iowa Volunteer Infantry Association." From bright, charming letters I was permitted to bask in the sunshine and joyousness of this happy pair who thus entered into a companionship too sacred even for the comment of a friend. Journeying across the continent to the Golden Gate, they set sail for dreamy Hawaii, the beautiful island of the Lantana and the dusky-hued Kanakas in mid-Pacific. The voyage, the rounding into the harbor of Honolulu, the Crescent Bay framed by rolling hills that are thatched in green and gold by thousands of waving palms, banana, and cocoanut, where the breezes were as soft as a caress and the delicious air pungent with tropical verdure;

the picturesque costumes of the natives, the greeting of friends and the enchanting drive along the Wikike road to their home, formerly occupied by the Princess Ruth, a large rambling one story house with four hundred feet of veranda set in a grove of luxuriant beauty within one hundred feet of where the blue waters of the Pacific kiss the shore, all, all, was graphically described. An ideal place for young hearts to enjoy, but how much more to this man and woman of mature years to find such bliss under the sunny skies of this flowery isle. They were entertained royally by United States Minister, the commander of the man of war Philadelphia, and many others; remaining three months in all its enchantment and beauty. But the fullness and richness of their life's happiness was in coming into the safe and peaceful harbor of their own home where hope and love's fruition was to them an anchor both sure and steadfast. Here it was after many days, that this dainty, refined woman in her sweet femininity and longings for home and tenderness, capable of an unselfish devotion and inspiration, found her best and happiest living. This quiet restful place embowered in trees, and beautiful for situation, they christened Hale-Aloha—two Hawaiian words—the latter signifying love, kindness and good cheer, and Hale, meaning home, where in cordial greeting and generous hospitality they exemplified its true interpretation. It was indeed an ideal life, and home, for there was an entire sympathy of taste, opinion, and enjoyment between the husband and wife; a union of heart, soul and mind, at which all who knew them and realized the beauty, talent and lovingness of her nature, the nobility and strength of his, rejoiced with them then, and even now inexpressibly rejoice that two hallowed years should have been given them to realize that in

"Daily, hourly loving and giving,  
Their united lives made heavenly living."

Alas! that this joy of love should have been so brief! And yet it is only the blind vision and numbed sense of pain, that

calls it brief, for the sky piercing eye of faith uplifts the heart of love in victory over death and knows that it is and must be Eternal. Beyond the domesticity of their home she still found time for the intellectual and social activity in the bright little city which was at once of interest to her in all its moods and tenses.

And, radiating from the heart and center of it all, an influence shone like a beacon light that reached the farthest point of individual and national interest. Her life and experience in Washington during war time stood her in good stead for the comradeship and enthusiasm of an army man. Major Higley proudly declared, "She was a soldier herself." She attended all the reunion banquets and campfires with him, and by unanimous voice was importuned for speeches, in which she never failed them; the culmination being when she was chosen to respond to a toast at the banquet of the army of the Tennessee given at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis on the evening of November 19, 1896. One of the daily papers thus speaks of it: "Mrs. Higley won such honors as fall to the lot of few women. She responded in such rare, beautiful and inspiring style, that an intense and noble enthusiasm prevailed. Old soldiers cheered her, and everyone waved his napkin aloft, and gave a salute, and signal of surrender to her captivating mentality, and personal charm. Mrs. Higley is the second woman ever thus distinguished by the society, and her friends may well congratulate her upon the honor and the way she met it."

Now, in the flush and glory of it all, with the Christmas joy and benediction yet lingering in the air, early in the new year, she began to fail in strength; nothing alarming, but as the days went on obliged to give up, one by one, her accustomed duties and delights. In the precious little book I still find record and published articles, placed there since by loving, reverent hands, which give us a glimpse of what she did during this time. Extracts from an able address she had made at the Woman's Club, "An Appeal for Park Improve-

ment," and "A Thank Offering" regarding the opening of the new Union Station. Helpful messages and beautiful flowers sent on club days at the time and place where her chair, alas! was vacant now, which endeared her to the hearts whose sympathies and cheer strengthened hers. Unselfish as ever, thus her great heart struggled on trying "to do good," but our hearts are stirred to tears and our thoughts to holy prayer, when we realize now how great was the effort and how little was her strength. The snows melted away and the rigor of winter days vanished, and yet the sunshine and tender messengers of coming spring failed to bring healing on their wings. The morning of May 14th she seemed weakened and did not rally as usual, but no alarm was felt until the physician was called in to find that she had fallen into a painless sleep from which she could not be aroused. No sound of waking except in response to the frantic cries of her heart-broken husband came this glorious whispered sentence, "I am going to meet my Savior," and all was still save the feeble fluttering breath which like a shadow merging into a shadow, passed at midnight into the inaudible and her gentle spirit into the abiding rest. Janet our beloved had joined

"The choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Free in the glad air of heaven home, radiant in the white light of God, she waits the home-coming of her loved ones in sweet oblivion of the weary weight of what we call time and separation, and knows, as we shall know ere long, that

"Life is ever Lord of death  
And love can never lose its own."

## ADDRESS.

BY MRS. MORTIMER A. HIGLEY,

AT THE BANQUET OF THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,  
IN ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 19, 1896.

THE PRESIDENT:—The ladies of our Society have made our reunions a success and a pleasure, and we concluded that it was our duty to ask them to take part in the intellectual feast. Acting upon that idea I requested the lady who responds to this toast to make the new departure for us. Like a good soldier, she promptly answered, yes. The toast, "The Unknown Quantity, may time which solves or suppresses all problems throw glad light on this also."

MRS. JENNETTE ROBERTSON HIGLEY:—The toast I find assigned to me is "The Unknown Quantity." In these days of object lesson teaching when all educational methods partake of the kindergarten idea, I cannot but think your presiding officer had some subtle motive in his bringing me before you. He wanted to show you a living illustration, a terrible example, of the toast itself; with keen professional instinct, he has mentally formulated an equation, somewhat as follows: Woman, the unknown quantity, when you are trying to reduce her to a common denominator with the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

As our learned legal friends would say—let us *look* at the facts. For twenty-seven years you *boys* have been meeting annually and having these good times largely to yourselves. Woman, 'tis true, has always been gracefully recognized at your banqueting board. You've said many sweet and tender things about us which we duly appreciate and thank you for, but its only within the last two years you've asked us to come in and take active part in your festivities. Confess now, dear brothers, haven't you felt woman *was* the unknown quantity that might spoil the very essence of your fun, while conscience whispered she was as needful to it as Colonel Sellers' "miss-

ing ingredient." Last year you courteously invited your young and charming daughter before you, risked a delightful sugar-coated homeopathic dose of "The Unknown Quantity."

This year you rose to a point of bravery where you were willing to ask mother in, and now, she wouldn't blame every mother's son of you for "going out to see a man" while she talked, if she proved one of the severely educational type. A woman with views (she didn't get into her head through absorption from her curl papers). A woman who literally ached to readjust when times seemed sadly out of joint. A woman who is eternally and perennially out, herself.

Of course, none of your homes are presided over by any save angels in human form, but around the corner, on the next block, lives your friend whose wife is always down at the Woman's Suffrage Club room; at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; at the hall of the Association for Alleviating the Miseries of the Senegambians; at the First Ward Soup House; the Church Aid Society; the Home of the One-Legged; the Refuge for Infirm Dogs; St. Polycarp's Orphan Asylum, or some similar place.

Even Bryanism in heroic doses, mixed in pure free silver, would not prepare your systems for the assimilation of "The Unknown Quantity" in such form.

You'd beg for quarter and pray earnestly that we might be either solved or suppressed.

We humbly acknowledge ourselves born contradictions, always ready to talk, yet thinking, perhaps, it would be more truly womanly for us to sit like Desdemona and hear the story of your lives from year to year; your battles! sieges! fortunes, and love you for the dangers passed. Be assured, gentlemen, we do. We reverence the names of those of you who yet stand on the country's roll of honor.

American womanhood feels safe whenever she sees that modest little red, white and blue button gleam on a coat lapel. She instinctively recognizes the noblest of knighthood typified in it and trusts it.

Our womanly tears mingle with those of dear sisters who sit apart in their loneliness to-night and mourn brave men, gone from them into the silence of the land of solved problems and realized ideals.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee is indeed a name to conjure with. As we gather to-night there seem standing near every chair shadowy forms. Is this impossible, unimaginable? Is the past annihilated or only past? Is the future non-existent or only a future? Do not our mystic faculties, memory and hope, clearly answer such questioning?

The curtains of yesterday drop down, the curtains of to-morrow roll up, but yesterday and to-morrow, both *are*.

Our loved friends were—they are—they will be—yes,

"Love will dream and Faith will trust,  
Since He who knows our needs is just,  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

I wish I knew more personally of the Army of the Tennessee. Life's fortunes threw all my early memories with the Army of the Potomac. 'Tis true in the maturer judgment of later years I was glad to arrange terms of "unconditional surrender" with one of your bravest and best members, and in the quiet evenings, at our own fireside, we often exchange army reminiscences.

Mine are all of Washington from '61 to '65, when that city most resembled a vast military camp. In imagination, I stand once more upon the Capitol's unfinished dome and see the rebel flag waving over on the Virginian hills. Coming down through the corridors I pass brave men in blue at almost every step. Going outside to look over the balconies I see a long line of wagons, waiting to be filled with the bread that was to feed an army; the basement of the Capitol was transformed into an immense bake-shop for the soldiers. Walking over to the eastern entrance, a little ways off, I see the old Capitol Prison, where they gave free board and lodging to well known celebrities with uncertain views as to the conduct of the war.

Can anyone, who saw it, ever forget Pennsylvania Avenue after a battle "at the front" when they were taking the wounded men from the transports to the different hospitals of the city? •

Then those first grand spectacular reviews! Ah! in those days how implicitly we belived in military discipline—McClellan's strategy, Hardee's tactics and Casey's manual, but when Richmond was to be taken we cried loudly for help from the Army of the Tennessee, "the army that *never* lost a battle!" We thank you for the loan of General Grant. We admit he rightfully belonged to you, but he came to us in our hour of greatest need and organized and won our greatest victories.

I was too much of a school girl to go about among the hospitals alone, but I was always anxious to go, and as a reward of merit for well learned lessons in stupid mathematics and perfect conjugation of the Latin verb, "amo, amas, amat," I was occasionally permitted to go with an elder sister, a city clergyman's wife, to distribute Sanitary and Christian Commission stores; with a girl's usual discrimination I dare say I gave the best looking youths the choicest sanitary supplies, and men, with both legs off, tracts on the sin of dancing.

Our summer evening rides were frequently in the direction of the Soldier's Home. How well I recall our sometimes meeting Mr. Lincoln on horseback, making his way homeward after a long, hot, exhaustive day at the White House. He rode slowly, his head bowed as if in thought, apparently oblivious of the guard accompanying him. To my girlish eyes, Mr. Lincoln, then looked like a grizzly, worn, tired-out, old farmer. But, oh! how differently he appears to me now.

Can we not imagine him standing on the parapets of Heaven, his face radiant with unspeakable light, as he anxiously watches the slowly advancing column of his loved boys in blue winding their way up to the Gate of the Eternal City, waving the Stars and Stripes that have again been rescued from traitors as base and ignoble as any who plotted against them in the 60's! Hark! can we not hear the chorus of angel voices

swelling forth the grand hallelujahs of praise when once 'tis known inside heaven's portals that our Union still lives.

To think of the adamantine audacity of a flatulent orator who like "Young Lochinvar came out of the West" claiming any similarity to a man of Mr. Lincoln's caliber. The very mention of the name of our martyred Lincoln, by his unhallowed lips, on his John Gilpin ride, seemed absolute desecration.

There comes to mind the 11th of July, 1864, when we woke to hear the booming of Early's guns and knew Washington was practically defenseless against them: the opportune arrival of the 19th Army Corps saved the city the humiliation of a rebel raid.

Ah! those were stirring days and long to be remembered. Out of their misty depths now comes to me a man's face—I've looked upon often—a man whose life was largely identified with this beautiful city, whose trained energies were thrown into the Society of the Army of the Tennessee in its very inception, a man we all delight to honor, Frank P. Blair!

St. Louis, I believe, produces patriotic men and lovely women. It was the good fortune of Mr. Higley and myself to come into the port of San Francisco about eighteen months ago with your efficient local chairman, Colonel Cole, and his fellow traveller, Major Pierce, when they were returning from a trip around the world (both loaded to the muzzle with arguments for sound money and protection).

They were as jubilant as school boys off on a half holiday when they first saw "Old Glory" waving over their native land, after their prolonged absence. The impromptu army reunion held on the steamer's deck was most enthusiastic. We all appreciated the United States because we had been out of them. The Pacific slope calls to mind the inestimable services your honored President,\* rendered his country after war's alarms had ceased to sound throughout the length and breadth

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\* Gen. Grenville M. Dodge.

of our land. Every honest student of history must concede the building of the Union Pacific Railroad one of the greatest victories peace *ever* achieved.

It was no less a military necessity than Sherman's March to the Sea. So in these later days, let us always accord it the *same just* judgment, remembering it is always tolerable traveling on the beaten path, but he who first paves the way through the impassable deserves all honor. In these days when so many problems vex us as a national family it is well for us to draw very close together.

It may be we are slipping into history as the problematical age.

America was conceived and born in a most unique manner. Our problems are peculiarly our own, for we have here evolved a most unique civilization. We dare not allow our boasted liberty to become synonymous with license—while perfectly free as individual units, we must stand, *one* and *indivisible* as a nation, whenever abstract right trembles in the balance. We must welcome and create influences to forge fast the bonds that hold us and never forget that principles of ultimate social science will be only reiterations of essential Christianity.

A grateful land looks longingly and lovingly to you, brave men, to help it onward toward the highest good—as a comrade has beautifully said:

“Ye are like the trees left standing  
When the fierce tornado's past.  
Let the lives of those remaining  
Twine together firm and fast.

Grand old Army! Brave Commanders,  
Grim survivors of the fight,  
Warm your hearts at memory's altar,  
Press each other's hands to-night.

And when sounds the last assembly,  
When the guard has gone his round,  
May you pitch your tents together  
On the Eternal Camping Ground.”

## "THE HARD TIMES" OF '58-'60.

OR REMINISCENCES OF SOUTHEASTERN IOWA.

BY JAMES B. MACBRIDE.



It was about the last of June or first of July, 1858. I had just finished my breakfast. A neighbor stepped in and after the usual salutations sat in silence for a couple of minutes, looking unusually grave; then suddenly asked, "How's your wheat doing?" "All right," I replied, "I never had a finer prospect for a good crop; I think I shall have from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre." "Have you seen it lately?" "No, not for several days." "Let us go and look at it." "Certainly." We went. When we got near the field, I noticed its unusual whiteness, and exclaimed, "Why! it is ripe already." "No," he replied, "it is just like mine." We examined it. There was scarce a grain in a dozen heads, and what few we found were shriveled and worthless. That field was a fair sample of the great majority of wheat fields in the southeastern part of Iowa, from Scott County to the Missouri line, and as far west as the center of the State. Where the land was new or rolling and sown earlier, it yielded considerable grain that served for seed for the next year, but was wholly unfit for bread. Some used it for lack of anything better. It made bread about the color of chocolate, and the taste corresponded to the color.

The previous summer had been unusually dry. In many localities there had not fallen at any one time more rain than enough to lay the dust from the time the wheat was sown until it was in shock. About the second week in August began the wettest year perhaps in the history of the State. The only fine weather we had during twelve months was about three weeks in January. Our coldest weather was in November and the last of February and the first of March. April and May were remarkable for cold rains almost daily.

The wheat and oats were mostly gotten in late but grew finely and were very promising until near harvest, when both were blighted by the hot suns and frequent showers of June. Owing to the cold, wet season and the poor quality of seed the corn planted was late and the area unusually small. An early frost in the fall injured it so that much of it spoiled in the crib and it had very little fattening quality when fed to cattle and hogs. A large area intended for corn was sown in buckwheat. It grew very rank but yielded no grain. There was a heavy crop of tame hay, but so rusted that it made poor feed. Owing to frequent rain but little wild hay was secured by many of the farmers. The potato crop, except on rolling land, was a failure. Previous to 1855 fruit trees did well. The intense cold of two succeeding winters killed the peach trees and so injured the apple trees and cherry trees that they bore but little fruit for years. Still wild fruit, such as plums, crab-apples and blackberries, was abundant. But in 1858 plums and blackberries failed. Taken altogether during the year 1858 the farmers of southeastern Iowa raised scarcely enough marketable produce to pay their taxes.

The Crimean war of 1854-5 created a market for American produce. The prices for horses, cattle, hogs and grain were high. Whether this was the cause or not I cannot say, but during the summer and fall of '55 there was an immense immigration to the State; so much so that it was difficult for those arriving late to find shelter. A family consisting of husband, wife and four small children wintered in a room ten feet by fourteen, and were considered very fortunate in getting that, though the house having no foundation-walls, there was nothing but a one inch board floor between them and a cake of ice beneath. The Burlington and Missouri River, and Chicago and Rock Island railroads were in process of construction. Property both in town and country was changing hands rapidly at advanced prices. Old settlers were selling out to the new arrivals, taking mortgages for future payment, and then either going further west, or buying larger farms in

the neighborhood, giving mortgages at ten per cent. Speculation ran high; *was wild! Iowa was booming!*

In '56 prices began to decline and in '57 and '58 farm produce was pretty low. Wheat sold from thirty to fifty-five cents per bushel, corn from ten to fifteen cents per bushel, fat hogs from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents per hundred weight; other things in proportion. Many farmers instead of selling their cattle and wheat, for what they could get continued to buy their supplies from the merchants and grocers on credit paying ten per cent. on their indebtedness. The State and county taxes were moderate, but the counties and towns through which the railroads were to pass, and also many individuals, both merchants and farmers, had subscribed liberally for railroad construction. As the roads were completed the notes and bonds had to be paid.

Previous to this the paper currency of the country was in a very unsatisfactory condition. State banks and private incorporate banks abounded but their issues were taken at considerable discount when any great distance from home. Counterfeits were common. Bulletins called Bank-reporters and Counterfeit-detectors were published monthly. They were necessary in order to do business. It was not safe to take a note without consulting one. Up to 1857 the notes of the banks of New York and other Eastern States usually passed at par or at very slight discount in the west. October 7th, 1857, the Eastern banks closed, stopped specie payment. Banks all over the country followed the same course. Our paper currency became chaotic. Ephemeral banks sprang up in many places, issuing notes but not redeeming them. Such currency was called "Wildcat" money. "Florence money" issued by a firm in Davenport, may serve as a sample. People who deposited money in such banks, of course, lost it. The treasurer of Henry County was in the habit of depositing the county funds as collected in a bank owned by one Brazelton. One Saturday evening he deposited eight thousand

dollars for safe keeping. On Monday morning the bank was closed! Men were afraid to keep money over night. What was good to-day would be discounted from ten to fifty per cent. or even thrown out as worthless to-morrow. A farmer sold a yoke of oxen for one hundred dollars in par notes. Three days after he offered the notes in payment of grocery bills and other indebtedness. They were discounted twenty per cent. A preacher on his way to presbytery received a three dollar bill, at par of course, as a fee for marrying a couple. On his way home he offered it to the ferryman at Skunk River. The ferryman informed him that the bank had failed and the note was worthless. It was all the money the preacher had. "You can pay" said the ferryman "the next time you come along." An impecunious preacher's word was better than the bank! Our taxes had to be paid, at least one half, in gold and silver. The difficulty that many had to meet this condition was not small.

Such was the state of things when the crop failure of '58 came. People were struck with consternation. So many were in debt, that to meet their indebtedness seemed impossible. They had nothing wherewith to pay. Merchants and grocers being unable to make collections failed. Mortgages began to be closed. The price of land fell more than one half from its rate in '55. Up to this time money could be borrowed from eastern capitalists, through agents, at from ten to fifteen per cent. on real estate security. But now it could not be borrowed at any per cent. A farmer owing a thousand dollars at fifteen per cent. on a farm of one hundred acres, that cost him three thousand dollars, hearing of the low rate of interest in the east, wrote to a friend in Philadelphia to try to secure him a loan at a more reasonable rate. The reply came, "I can find no one here willing to loan money on land in Iowa at any rate." A friend of the writer visiting New York about that time was told that Iowa credit was so low that were the State put up at auction, it would not bring enough to pay the taxes. In the estimation of eastern men Iowa in '59 was bankrupt, its magnificent prairies worthless.

During the winter and spring of '59 the suffering in the farming community, and I have no doubt with many in the towns, was great. Many were sore pressed to obtain the mere necessities of life. I knew families to live for weeks on corn bread and water. Frequently the corn had to be dried under the cook-stove before it was sent to mill. Flour was not high in price, about six dollars per barrel, but it might as well have been twenty, where there was neither money nor credit wherewith to buy. Owing to scarcity and poor quality of both hay and corn many cattle and hogs instead of being fattened died.

I called one day on an English family on the outskirts of our settlement. There was quite a number of little children. The man was away from home; I found the mother in tears. What was the matter? Her story was about this: They were well-to-do tenants in England. When they came to this country they thought that all they needed was land. They bought an entire section out on the prairie. When they built their house and made other necessary improvements their money was all gone. Their crop had failed; they were living on corn bread. The taxes were due and they could not raise the money to pay them.

Speaking to an elderly lady one day of the privations and hardships that many families were suffering she replied, "I feel sorry for them but their deprivations are not as bad as some of us have already endured. Myself and family with two other families settled here, as you know, on the edge of the timber, in '43. We took up adjoining lands and built our cabins as near together as we conveniently could. We had neither cow nor pig, nor a neighbor within many miles. We depended for meat upon the wild game the men could shoot. The first year we raised only a little buckwheat. The spring and summer of '44 were exceedingly wet. We got out of flour. Our nearest point of supplies was Burlington, but the sloughs were impassable for a team. We had to live for weeks on buckwheat ground in our coffee-mills. At the same

time we were so near out of anything in the shape of grease that we had but one griddle-greaser among us. When about to bake I would grease my griddle thoroughly and then send one of the children with the greaser to the next cabin and so it would pass around. At length one of the men shot a very fat turkey. We divided the fat into three parts; and you don't know how happy I was when I had a *greaser* all to myself! About that time two of our old neighbors in Ohio came 'to spy out the land.' They made their way from Burlington on horseback. They reached our cabin about dark. They had eaten nothing all day. I ground buckwheat in my coffee mill and gave them supper. It was all I had. Soon after my husband made his way to Burlington with a wagon, but such was the condition of the road, or rather of the sloughs, that a single barrel of flour was all the load he ventured to bring. Yes, these are hard times, some are suffering great privations, but the times ten years ago were harder."

So it seems times may be hard but they might be worse.

In the spring of '59 seed was lacking. Fortunately generous men who still had money or credit brought seed, both wheat and corn, from Illinois, then called Egypt, and let the farmers have it at a reasonable price, to be paid from the new crop. The crops of '59 and '60 were good, but prices very low. Corn sold at ten cents per bushel; wheat at from thirty-five to fifty; hogs from one dollar and seventy-five cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents. At an auction in the spring of '60 good farm-horses sold from forty to fifty dollars, milch-cows from ten to fifteen dollars, a lot of good three year old steers brought eight dollars per head with twelve months' credit. Four hundred bushels of corn brought twenty-five dollars cash. We talk of low prices, but they have been lower.

During all these years of financial depression, the public mind was constantly and deeply agitated, "Squatter sovereignty," "Dred Scott decision," "Fugitive slave law" were terms in everybody's mouth. Political agitation destroyed con-

fidence in the future, paralyzed business. Some advocated proslavery measures boldly and denounced fiercely any who made objection. Indeed a preacher of the gospel could not read some chapters in the Bible without being denounced as a "*black abolitionist*" and a "meddler with politics." But the great mass of intelligent people regarded the measures named as acts of tyranny and outrage. The political excitement during the summer and fall of '60 was peculiar. I never saw anything like it before or since. The campaign that resulted in the election of William Henry Harrison as President, was one of great popular excitement. The leaders on both sides resorted to strange and ludicrous devices to carry the crowd. It was a jovial, hilarious excitement. Not so was the campaign of '60. There was nothing jovial about it. A republican organization called the "Wide Awakes" in their nightly processions bearing torches, had more the appearance of military drill than of mere political recreation. The corresponding democratic organization bore the title "Knights of the Golden Circle." Their doings were secret. The crowds that met to hear public speakers were marked by a deep solemnity, as if they were apprehending some great calamity. Sallies of wit did not seem to take. People wanted facts. Joint discussions were avoided, or if arranged, unfairly managed. I attended one held by candidates for congress. Seats had been provided for the ladies, a great number of whom were expected to attend. The democratic candidate was to speak first. His crowd came early with drum and fife, and took possession of all the seats. As soon as their speaker closed they arose in a body with drum and fife playing and marched away and continued marching around while the other speaker was replying. Such were the courtesies of the time.

That many speakers, though they either ignored or denied it in their public speeches, were aware of the purpose of the South to destroy the government, either to rule or ruin, was evident from remarks frequently heard in private. For example, an intelligent, well-to-do mechanic in conversation

took the position that as southern men had a prominent part in forming the government, southern men had a right to control it. Finding himself worsted in argument he closed with the assertion, "The South always has ruled the country, the South always will rule the country, and they are the only men fit to rule the country!" A post-master haranguing a few neighbors on the wrongs the South was suffering from the North exclaimed, "If Lincoln be elected there'll be war; the South won't stand it, and when war comes," he continued with an oath, "I'm for the South!" Standing one evening with a number of others watching a procession of Wide Awakes I heard the remark, "Poor boys, they do not know what they are doing. If they succeed in electing Lincoln they will have to carry guns instead of torches." On election day as I went to the polls I was met by a good friend, a Douglas democrat, who took me earnestly by the hand and begged me whatever I did not to vote for Lincoln, "For," said he, "if Lincoln is elected we shall have war." There was great perplexity, men's hearts failing them for fear of the evils they saw coming over the land. Of course, the Douglas democrats, when they discovered what was really going on, were loyal to the core.

Of all the speakers it was my privilege to hear during that campaign, the most effective was ex-Senator Harlan. His clear cut statement of principles and facts, and evident sincerity carried conviction. Among the democratic orators a noted speaker was Henry Clay Dean. He was lawyer, preacher and politician. As an orator he was unusually gifted. He could draw and hold an audience any where. An affected slovenliness of dress secured for him among his opponents the soubriquet of "Dirty Dean." One or two reminiscences of this remarkable man during the times of which I write may not be amiss.

During the real estate boom in southeastern Iowa, from '55 to '57 a real estate company operated in Mt. Pleasant and vicinity, the home of Dean. A Methodist minister, whom we

shall call X, was a leading member of the company. The company was accused of rivalling in

"Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinese,"

at least its methods of dealing were sharp; many thought not always honest. A prominent lay member of the M. E. church, grieved at the low state of religion in the town, invited to a dinner all the M. E. ministers except Dean, that they might confer on the matter. Dean went anyhow. He met a cool reception. While the brethren were discussing the spiritual state of the church and wondering what was wrong and wherein they had failed in duty, Mr. Dean walked the floor. He spoke several times unnoticed. "Whatever may be the matter," said he, "I feel conscious that I have always been faithful in the discharge of my duty as a minister." There was no reply. "Brethren," he continued, "I defy any of you to point out a single instance wherein I ever failed in duty or acted unworthy a preacher of the Gospel?" Mr. X spoke up. "Brother Dean, I can name one instance in which you did not act in a manner becoming a Christian, much less a Methodist minister." "Very well, name it." "You remember when you and I were on the circuit in Muscatine, I was taken with the cholera at our boarding house. You were absent. When you returned and learned at the door my condition, instead of coming in to cheer and encourage me and care for me, you called for your clothes and left. That was not acting as a Christian." "Ah, Brother X," said Dean, laying his hand gently on X's shoulder, looking him in the face, and speaking in the kindest and most sympathetic tone, "let me explain. When we were at Muscatine you were a good man and I knew that if you died you would go right straight to heaven, but as for me, you know, I was a pretty hard case and it was not safe for me to take any risks; but now Brother X, since you are engaged in the real estate business, should you take the cholera, I would stand by you and pray for you

to the last minute." All felt that the rebuke was so deserved and so nicely given that Mr. Dean was immediately recognized.

I tell the above as it was told to me. Here is something that I witnessed. It was a custom in Missouri when a slave ran away for the owner to sell the slave to men who made it a business to catch runaways. The transaction was called "buying or selling in the bush." In the summer of '59 two such men bought in the bush a girl whose hair and complexion were such as to cause her to be readily mistaken for a white woman. In their search they came to New London. In the family of a prominent citizen of the village they found a hired girl that seemed to answer the description of the runaway. They found opportunity to capture the woman and were hurrying her off to Missouri when her employer pursued, arrested and brought them back by legal process. The trial was set for next day in a church-building before the local 'squire. A lawyer, named Clark, appeared for the captors. Mr. Dean volunteered to defend the girl. A jury was impaneled. Not only was the church filled with men and women, but crowds gathered around the windows and doors. The claim was stated, witnesses were examined and Mr. Clark made his plea. Mr. Dean replied in a speech of perhaps an hour and a half. The first part was argumentative, then followed such a torrent of mingled ridicule, denunciation and pathos as I never listened to. He arraigned slavery and the fugitive slave law before the bar of humanity and depicted the danger that threatened our country in a manner that I doubt if Wendell Phillips ever surpassed. The crowd was moved "as the trees of the forest are moved by a mighty wind." At times the captors turned pale and trembled; at a pathetic appeal I saw the tears run down their cheeks. The jury made their verdict for the girl without leaving their seats, but the captors waited not for the verdict; they had disappeared.

I think it is safe to say, that that speech changed more votes than all Mr. Dean's later speeches. The query is, how could the man be apparently so inconsistent. My solution is

this: in his political speeches he advocated a theory, "state rights;" in defending the girl he gave utterance to the sentiments of his heart. At the close of the war he went to Missouri, but occasionally visited his friends in Iowa. A year or so before his death it was my good fortune to spend an evening with him. He had laid aside his slovenliness in dress and was dressed neatly. In course of our conversation he remarked sadly, "In advocating in those days the cause of slavery I made a great mistake." We all make mistakes. Happy the man who discovers his mistakes in time to amend.

The effect of the "hard times" of those years was various and far reaching. They checked the reckless spirit of speculation that was demoralizing the business of the country. They taught us that "*credit*" is unsafe; while "pay as you go is the philosopher's stone that turns the baser metals into gold." During the winter of '58 and '59 a religious movement called "The business men's noonday prayer meeting," began in Fulton Street, New York. It spread rapidly westward with salutary effect, reaching Iowa. Disappointed and depressed in their worldly affairs the minds of men were inclined to look heavenward for help, to listen to the invitations of the Gospel and to choose "that good part that cannot be taken away." "Thank God," said one man, when he lost his farm that had cost him years of toil, "Thank God I have a title to an inheritance that no man can take from me." The CVII Psalm and the Sermon on the Mount became very popular reading. It is sometimes good for us to be afflicted.

In '55 gold was discovered in the region of Pike's Peak. In the spring of '56 there was quite a rush for the new Eldorado but most of the adventurers came back disappointed, and the excitement died out. But in '59 such was the prostration of business and lack of employment that a great number of intelligent enterprising men, many with families, migrated to Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado, establishing new homes and developing the resources of those States much sooner than they would otherwise have been developed, and making them what they now are.

But perhaps the most important and far reaching effect of the "hard times" of those dark years was political. A majority of our people got the notion that the continuance of the hard times resulted from the policy of the general government, that it was administered in the interest of slavery with the evident purpose of crippling the industries of the northern States. The conduct of members in Congress, the principles advocated by such papers as the *New York Sun*, the *New York World* and injudicious speeches made by southern orators and their friends, all contributed to keep the notion alive and to confirm it, so that a change of administration was reckoned not only desirable but imperatively necessary. The democrats were therefore ready for the split at Charleston, and when Fort Sumter was attacked men, without regard to party name, responded with enthusiasm to the call of the new President. We may perhaps then see, in the perplexities and hardships of the years to which I have alluded, the hand of an all-wise Providence leading us to unity, to greater trust in Him who over-rules the follies and wickedness of men to the promotion of righteousness.

"The great First Cause, least understood,  
From seeming evil still educing good."

*Princeton, Iowa, September 15th, 1897.*

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## A SOLDIER SAINT.

BY HIRAM HEATON.

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THE history of the Civil War will not be written until a knowledge of the private soldier, as well as of the general officer is clearly conveyed to the reader; and until then any contribution that will add to this knowledge of the life and sentiments of the plain men, who composed the

rank and file of the armies, will always receive a welcome from those who wish to know the truth concerning that most momentous war.

When this knowledge of an actor can be obtained from his own pen, set down at the time, without any thought of being spread before the world, it is doubly welcome.

In looking over some old letters the writer found one from Lyman Steadwell to Mrs. Loretta Anderson, his sister, that had lain untouched for more than thirty years, but which so vividly recalled army incidents, that it seemed worthy of a wider acquaintance than it could have hoped for when written.

The writer's father was postmaster at Glendale during the war, and having four sons in the army it was natural for all who had loved ones at the front, to confide their cares and sorrows to him, sure of his sympathy, and often when money was sent home by soldiers, he would advise as to the best method of using it, or sometimes keep it for them. No doubt Mrs. Anderson had lent the letter to be read and returned, but through some oversight it had been kept.

About the year 1853 the Steadwell family settled on a forty acre farm, near Glendale, now a part of Fred. Nelson's estate. The family was poor, and but for assistance from Mr. Eli Smith, now of Fairfield, and of other neighbors, must have suffered for food and clothing.

A few years after coming to this neighborhood their only cow, for by some means they had come into possession of one, died of hollow horn, no doubt it was said at the time by the old settlers, but they mostly agree now that hollow horn was want of food.

The two eldest boys, Anson and Lyman, carried the cow's hide, hung across a pole on their shoulders, to Glasgow, five miles, where the late Wm. Lynch had a tan-yard, and sold it to him. Mrs. Lynch was so touched by the deplorable looks of the boys and their mother, who was with them, that she gave them cast off and partly worn clothing enough to have made them comfortable for many months, but repairs, and such

adapting of grown men's clothes to fit the boys, were never made, and their looks were not much mended by the addition to their wardrobe.

Notwithstanding the poverty of the Steadwell family, the children were apt to learn. Loretta, the eldest daughter, secured the reward in the Sunday School for reciting the greatest number of verses. She would recite hundreds of verses each week; her chief competitor was Cynthia Peck, now Mrs. John Rizor. Cynthia was a famous spinner, and while spinning would have a bible open on a chair, and as she passed up and down the room, would learn a verse. Lyman and Anson Steadwell were always in honor at spelling schools, and many a time has the writer trembled when facing them before a watchful audience, lest he come off crestfallen. As proof of more than ordinary talent possessed by the boys, they had learned the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius out of a school reader, and so well did they render it that wherever they attended a spelling school or exhibition they were called upon to give it to the always delighted audience. We doubt if there are many college graduates who could render Shakspeare with truer feeling than those two ragged boys did.

Under the pastorate of Rev. Joseph McDowell, of Mt. Pleasant, a great religious interest manifested itself in the Glendale neighborhood; a series of meetings continuing several weeks being held in the old log school house during the winter of 1862. He had been presiding elder, and was a man of much force of character, though of a singularly drawling delivery. McDowell discerned the wheat among the chaff in the Steadwell boys, and his sympathy led them into the same religious fervor that he himself felt. He put into their hands a publication called "*The Beauty of Holiness*," that taught entire sanctification as being attainable here on earth, and now, as being not only possible, but a duty in the believer, and these two boys professed to have entered into such a life of entire holiness. The reader can now form some idea of the Steadwell family; so poor in this world that

it is no wonder they were led into what George Eliot calls "other worldliness." There were disagreeable features in their way of living, no doubt, but nature, even where so humble people as the Steadwell family live in her presence, has divine consolations, and the hearts of the ragged, bare-foot boys and girls were never so empty as are those who live in fetid dusty streets and spend their hours in grimacing parlors in spiteful scandal mongering.

During the holidays of 1863-1864 the larger number of the members of the Second Iowa Infantry reënlisted and formed what was thenceforward known as the Second Iowa Veteran Regiment.

The reënlisted men were given a furlough to visit their homes and encourage enlistments.

Of those who returned on furlough George Kimball was one, and his glowing patriotism, his vivid pictures of army life, and his companionable disposition fired almost a half score of the Glendale boys to enlist. When Sergeant George Heaton, who had promise of a captaincy if he obtained enough men to form a company, called for recruits Lyman Steadwell was one of them.

The recruits joined the regiment at Pulaski, Tennessee, in February, 1864, and the Captain took Steadwell under his own immediate care. One may imagine what sort of care it was, when the latter if he heard a man utter an oath, would remonstrate with him, he would plead with him; he would plead with the soldiers to cease from card playing, and would offer to buy their cards, that he might burn them. At such times the Captain assumed to be thrown into uncontrollable rage, would swear he would kill Steadwell, and would chase him as if intending to put his threat into execution, up one street of the camp and down another, but the wild life of the latter among the hills about Glendale had not been in vain, and no old soldier in the regiment could have overtaken him. While Steadwell believed himself in mortal danger, it was clear to all others that the Captain was only acting a part, and that at

bottom he liked the boy. The first military service performed by the writer was to guard a stable in which Colonel Weaver's horse was kept; he followed and relieved this Captain who gave him the instruction not to let anyone, no matter who, into the stable. When the orderly, George Batchelder, killed a few weeks after in a skirmish at Athens, Alabama, who had the care of the horse, came to look to him, he was surprised to find a recruit that under those instructions barred his way. However, that recruit knew the Captain's ways, and was soon made to understand that this was one of his jokes.

On May 3rd, after marching four days, the regiment took cars at Larkinsville, Alabama, for Chattanooga to join Sherman. Now it was that retribution overtook the Captain. He with Steadwell and the greater number of the company were put into a stock car, the writer and others were compelled to ride on the roof, but all day the Captain's voice, preaching to Steadwell, could be heard. The sermon, while it imitated a fervid revival style of preaching, was one continuous flow of profanity. What a day of torture that must have been to Steadwell! Everything he revered as holy heaped with blasphemy. That night the Captain took a severe cold, and for more than a year he could only speak in a whisper. No matter how desperately he longed to abuse anyone, his vituperation lost the keenness of its edge when whispered.

It is not our purpose to give a detailed account of Steadwell's army life. He never was sick, never absent from duty from May, when the terrible campaign for Atlanta began, until September when that city fell into Sherman's hands. In front of the Second Iowa, the pine woods about Atlanta, stood almost impenetrable at first, but the musketry fire cut the trees off like stubble before a reaper in harvest. Steadwell bore his part in every day's engagement. The final engagement of the Second was fought at Jonesborough, thirty miles south of Atlanta, and a few days later the regiment was marched back to East Point, where it went into camp, and from which place the letter was written.

## THE LETTER.

CAMP OF SECOND IOWA,

NEAR EAST POINT, GEORGIA, September 19th, 1864.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I now set myself to write a few lines to you in answer to your kind letter of August 29th, which came to hand some time ago. I also got a letter from Anson and my father dated August 19th, some time ago.

Your letter found me in not very good health, but it has so improved that I am about as well as common. We now are undergoing some of the experiences of the soldier while at rest from the tumults of battle and the fatiguing march.

From this time till further orders we have to drill twice a day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. We are to have company drill two hours in the forenoon, and regimental or battalion drill two hours in the afternoon. Schools of instruction for commissioned and non-commissioned officers are also appointed.

Every soldier is required to keep his arms in order and as bright as a dollar. But I will turn my attention into some other channel which may be much more interesting to you.

In regard to our being paid I have heard nothing much since my last writing. I think, however, that we will be paid before we leave here, that is if we do have to go out on another campaign, which I hope we will not have to do, for I hope that the war will cease and an honorable peace shall have been attained before the stormy footsteps of winter again marks the soil and cools the air.

Oh, what streams of blood had never flowed had we but had a United North! but the frantic howl of peace from the North has encouraged the Rebels to hope for independence at length, when the peace party should rise in their strength and demand the carrying out of their wicked purposes, namely, peace on any terms with armed Rebels. It is this that has inspired our enemies with hope; it is this that has prolonged the war, shedding copious streams of Northern blood and sowing broadcast the seeds of bitter anguish in many a Northern home.

Then in what a position do Northern copperheads stand? Murderers of our children and fathers! Aiders and abettors of treason! They have indirectly assisted rebellion. They have increased the national debt. Let these disturbers of our peace be silenced and the Union will be restored; let them alone and the Union will remain divided and our enemies will triumph. Let this be done, they be defeated at the ballot box in November and rebellion is crushed forever—but enough.

I still have a determination to live on the Lord's side—I do not live as near the foot of the cross as it is my privilege—I am sorry as I confess it—To live to glorify God in everything I do, is my privilege, but it does not seem to me that I do—I will try, pray for me.

From your affectionate brother,

L. STEADWELL to L. ANDERSON.

P. S.—I received the August number of the *Beauty of Holiness*.

The letter is written in a delicate hand, the ink has almost faded out, but I have given it word for word, capitals and exclamation points; for it will remain the only monument to as pure and noble a Sir Galahad as this country has ever known.

Lyman Steadwell's wish that an honorable peace might be attained before the camp at East Point was abandoned, was far from realized. In October the regiment hurried after Hood, passed Allatoona and Rome into Alabama, and in November it turned and with Sherman marched to the sea. But not all of the regiment reached Savannah. Lyman Steadwell fell by the way. Much as is sung and told of the famous march, to those who made it it has left a memory as of one continual holiday excursion. Days and weeks of fine weather, good roads, and no enemy to dispute the way, made the march to the sea all but an ideal military parade. About noon of December 7th the regiment arrived at the Ogeechee River, a deep stream, the water of which was as black as ink. The enemy had destroyed the bridge, and while the engineers were laying a pontoon bridge, dinner was prepared and eaten; it was almost entirely of sweet potatoes, for by this time bread had been exhausted. While waiting the completion of the bridge the writer sat down on the river bank beside Steadwell. He spoke of his army life, that he was glad he enlisted, that he had done the best he could, and would still do his duty as far as he might be able to. His manner was, as it had always been, quiet and to a painful degree almost, unobtrusive.

As soon as the bridge was passable the regiment crossed the river, Company E in front, deploying as skirmishers as soon as the ground permitted, in very heavy woods. At a short distance the line came to an open field, at the farther side of which quite a number of the enemy were visible. Our line fired at them as fast as we could load, and more particularly at a man on a gray horse, who seemed to be in command. Corporal John Horton, a Methodist preacher, brother of Rev. S. R. Horton, of Lockridge, advised the raising of the five hundred yard sight, but if the aim was any truer for doing so.

it was never learned. While firing at long range across the field, the order came to advance along the road, which was done by crossing one corner of the field, and there beside the road was a barricade of rails, not one-third the distance as the enemy that had occupied so much attention, and as soon as our line left the cover of the woods, and was within forty or fifty yards of the barricade, the enemy behind it gave a close volley, deliberately aimed, that must have killed more of the company than all the four years' of its service had done but for the open formation as skirmishers. Steadwell was instantly killed; a young man named Decker, a widow's only son, who had gone to the army as a substitute for a drafted man, and who had not been with the regiment long enough to know to what company he belonged when the march began, was also killed. John Horton was badly wounded and a man named Chapman, a conscript.

For a moment the line halted, but Wm. Efner, orderly sergeant in charge of this part of the line, with loud calls, which would not be proper to write, urged the men to hurry on before the enemy had time to reload. Perhaps he had seen a group of officers hurrying up the road, consisting of Generals O. O. Howard, John A. Corse, and P. J. Osterhaus; the latter came on clapping his hands, like a man who is urging a dog to attack an animal, and saying in his broken German, "Prave poys! Prave poys! I never saw such prave poys."

Lyman Steadwell was barely eighteen years old when his young life went out for the Union. It may be truthfully said of him, as Tennyson sang of Sir Galahad:

"O just and faithful Knight of God."

In an unknown grave by the dark-flowing Georgia River, lies the dust of as pure minded a saint as ever walked this blood-stained earth. Loving above all things a contemplative life, he sought not to follow his own inclinations, but gave all that he had for the good of others.

Several years after the war, Anson, the elder brother, attended a term of school taught by the writer, and he is now an esteemed minister of the Free Methodist Church.

## AN OLD CEMETERY.

THE EARLIEST BURYING GROUND IN LINN COUNTY.

BY B. L. WICK, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.



LITTLE less than two miles north of Cedar Rapids, near the Illinois Central track, the relic hunter can discover ruins of an old mill and distillery. It was on this creek, known as Cold Stream, that one of the first grist mills in this part of the State was located, being operated by what is known as an overshot wheel, the dam across the Cedar River being a later innovation. It is a beautiful rivulet fed by several springs whose clear, cool, transparent water flows swiftly over the pebbles, playing its sonorous music in hastening to join its forces with the murky contents of the Cedar a short distance below. The surrounding hills have in a measure been shorn of their native beauty by the removal of the timber, and only naked clay hills remain affording a scant pasturage for cattle which roam at large during all seasons of the year. West of this stream, on top of a high hill overlooking the city, can be found a few broken headstones and some mounds, but no flowers are seen, not even a fence, for this little spot like all the surrounding hills is given up to the pasturing of cattle.

There are in the vicinity of Cedar Rapids more than ninety mounds, undisputable evidence that Linn County from times immemorial has been the abode of man. Who were these aborigines? Where did they come from? These are the questions the prehistoric student has been trying to solve these many years. All we can say is that our State at one time was densely populated by a sedentary, agricultural people quite different from the modern nomadic red man Lief Ericson found in Massachusetts on his arrival in the year 1000.

The mound builder was displaced more than one thousand years before the white man set foot on our soil, the records

that he left us in mounds, funeral pyres, and carvings indicate that he was probably a sun and star worshiper serving as a chain in man's existence.

We set aside large funds for the study of archaeology but we entirely forget our early white settlers who did so much in the building up of our State and its infant industries. On top of the hill above described is the family cemetery of one of the first settlers, John McLoud, a noted character in Linn County's early history. It is supposed that Colonel Walton is the first settler, arriving in 1835, while old Cedar Roberts came in 1836 and John McLoud in 1838, located on Cold Stream, then the home of the Musquakie Indians. John was a fighter, and many are the scraps recorded in the musty folios about the fences, the milling property and especially the stream which seemed to have been a bone of contention as soon as the white settler came, until the milling interest was transferred to the Cedar where it began once more and has lasted to the present day, about riparian rights and equities as understood by lawyers and courts; the old litigants were satisfied with the lower courts, the later fighters have not been satisfied short of the highest tribunal.

Near the scene of his activity and surrounded by the mounds of a former race the old settler is laid to rest surrounded by several members of his family. It was a picturesque place overlooking the city below and the surrounding country. On the marble slabs thrown about in confusion are found the following inscriptions: Departed this life June 6, 1846, Hester, consort of John Vardy, aged 37 years, in life beloved, in death lamented. Angelia, died March 29, 1852, age seven weeks; Alpheus, died December 28, 1861; Eliza Jane, died January 11, 1862; Esther Ann, died January 11, 1861, aged five years, all children of John G. and J. McLoud. John G. McLoud died November 10, 1863, aged 56 years, 7 months and 29 days.

This was at one time a well kept place, for it is inherent in human nature that man will cling to the sacred spot which hides his beloved dead, but the family is gone, and now one

of Linn County's first cemeteries, where is the resting place of one of its earliest pioneers, has been turned into a cow pasture, with headstones broken and marked by vandals who seem possessed of a mania for scratching their names on every object from a church pew to a fence post; vandals who seem to take as much delight in destroying every vestige of what is old, as the enthusiastic iconoclast of the eighth century did in demolishing images. Before long the Iowa pioneer will be more of a mystery than the mound builder if nothing is done to protect these old landmarks, which could at least be inclosed with rail fences, and in some manner come under the protection of the law.

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#### A NEW BOOK OF IOWA HISTORY.

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**D**A. W. PERKINS, a lawyer of Sheldon, has recently published a history of O'Brien County. It is a nicely bound volume of 500 pages, and contains over 200 pictures of old settlers and new, also residences and public buildings. Mr. Perkins settled in O'Brien County in 1872, and this with his ability as a writer, has enabled him to produce a book, decidedly attractive and readable. It is dedicated to the old settlers of the county, with whom in the words of the author, he has, for a quarter century borne the burden and heat of the day, and shared life's alternate experiences of joy and sorrow.

It starts out with a mention of its first settler, Hannibal H. Waterman, who settled in the eastern part of the county, in July, 1856, and who had experiences with the same band of Indians who massacred the settlers at Spirit Lake in 1857. The book then mentions other settlers following Mr. Waterman, several years later, and relates incidents of their settlement. The author describes the organization of the county, which was in 1860, and is unsparing in his criticism of these early organizers who were plunderers of the county exchequer,

and were boodlers in every sense of the word. Early events in their order are mentioned, and the launching of a ferry boat in the Little Sioux is humorously described. There is also written up the grasshopper invasion in 1873, and relief to the settlers which followed in 1874; also cyclones, prairie fires, and other calamities. The towns are written up separately, the first of which was old O'Brien, the county seat, and which went out of existance, when the county seat was moved to Primghar in 1873. The town of Sheldon, really the first town in the county, was started in 1872, and the first railroad was the Sioux City & St. Paul, which crossed the northwest part of the county in 1872, and reached the town site of Sheldon on the 3rd day of July. The day following, the people in western O'Brien and eastern Sioux gathered on the town site, and had a celebration, and this was the first meeting together of the settlers in that part of the country. Mr. Perkins says, "The day was cold and raw, overcoats were decidedly comfortable, but the lack of warmth and sunshine, was fully made up by the ardor of tender feeling among the settlers, and the appearance of the occasion was that of a family gathering, whose members had been absent and scattered for years." Courts and court records constitute a chapter in the book, by which we learn, that the first court held in the county, was by Judge A. W. Hubbard on the 9th day of June, 1862. The first grand jury was in December, 1871, and as to this, the author says, "This grand jury was ordered to retire, to consider any causes for indictment, but the record is silent as to what became of them, and if the writer did not know that some of them were long since borne to their final rest, there would be no other conclusion than that they were still out deliberating." The book is a very creditable production and adds to the literature of northwest Iowa. In its preface, Mr. Perkins, modestly says, "It was thought best to write its history, for as the years go on apace, much that pertains to its early settlement will be lost in oblivion unless rescued before all of its early settlers pass on to the silent majority."

## NOTES.

WE have received from the Recording Secretary, Colonel Cornelius Cadle, the "Report of the Proceedings of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at the twenty-eighth meeting, held at St. Louis, Missouri, November 18-19, 1896," clothed in the beauty of modern typography and binding, and filled with the blaze and glitter of war, as recalled in banquet, toasts and sallies.

WE acknowledge the receipt from the publishers, Werner School Book Company, Chicago, of "*History and Civil Government of Iowa and the Government of the United States*," the joint work of H. H. Seerley, President, and L. W. Parish, Professor of Political Science in the State Normal School, and B. A. Hinsdale. We regret that limited space forbids an extended notice of this convenient aid to the student and scholar.

THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD has not been forgotten in the distribution of the advance chapters of volume seven, "*Iowa's Geological Survey*," by Samuel Calvin, State Geologist. We have received the section devoted to the "Geology of Johnson County," and taking it is a fair sample of the full work, predict the complete volume will be much more valuable than any preceding report on the subject of the geology of Iowa.

THE indefatigable Grand Secretary, Hon. T. S. Parvin, has sent us "*Annals of the Grand Lodge of Iowa*, volume 15, part 2, 1897." It is a work valuable in any library, but especially so to members of the Masonic Order, and gives some account, if not a history, of every Grand Lodge in the United States, and of most of those of British America, besides having reference also to some outside our continent—New Zealand, Australia and England. If we had space we could devote several pages to its review.





*Austin Corbin*

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 1

AUSTIN CORBIN.

BY A. N. HARBERT.



HE life of Austin Corbin is historically associated with Iowa, and his influence, during a fourteen years' residence, was a material aid in the establishing of credit in the then new State.

Austin Corbin was born at Newport, New Hampshire, July 11th, 1827, and on the same site where he met his sudden death. He was the eldest son, and second child of Austin Corbin, who was married to Miss Mary Chase, daughter of Daniel Chase, and cousin of Salmon P. Chase. Austin Corbin, Sr., was a successful farmer and a man well informed on all public affairs. He represented his district in the State Legislature for a number of years. Their children were taught to be industrious and were given a good public school education.

Mr. Corbin went to Boston in 1846 and was employed as a clerk for about a year. He then returned home and began the study of law under Ralph Metcalf, teaching school part of the time. In the meantime he developed a taste for literature, and was the author of two works of romance, which met with a fair degree of success. He finished his studies and was graduated

from the Harvard Law School in 1849, after which he entered into a partnership with Ralph Metcalf, subsequently Governor of the State. Like many a young man at that period, he looked longingly toward the growing West, and in 1851, came to Davenport, Iowa, with the intention of following his chosen profession.

Iowa was then a frontier State, celebrated for its healthfulness, natural beauty and fertility of soil, in which nature seemed to have bestowed her richest treasure. Considering the safety of an investment its claim to preëminent distinction was a valid one, and the element of hazard in the making of an investment hardly entered into the calculation. The legal enactments were such as to attract capital to develop and transform prairies into productive fields.

Mr. Corbin, while successful as a lawyer, did not practice long, for his quick eye perceived that with ready money there was a rich field for investment with but little risk. He informed his former partner of those facts, and he had sufficient confidence in Mr. Corbin's financial ideas and his honesty to furnish him money, which was loaned out on good security within a few weeks. Other New England men came to his aid and gold continued flowing towards Davenport in increased streams.

Mr. Corbin returned to the home of his childhood in 1853, and was united in marriage to Miss Hannah M. Wheeler, a former classmate of his in the district school. They had four children, three of whom are living. Isabella, who married George S. Edgell; Annie and Austin.

In 1845, he entered into a partnership with Louis A. Macklot and founded the banking house of Macklot & Corbin. The business was established upon a secure foundation and grew and prospered; and this was the only banking house west of the Mississippi River that did not suspend payment during the financial panic of 1857.

When the National Banking and Currency Act was passed in 1863, Mr. Corbin was the first to apply for and secure a

charter. The first National Bank of Davenport, Iowa, commenced business June 29th, 1863—two days earlier than any other association in the United States. When the daily papers announced that the bill had been signed by the President, a meeting was called the same day, the organization completed and a written application forwarded to Secretary Chase. When the office of the Comptroller of the Currency was created, proper blanks were forwarded to the association and it became necessary to reorganize. The association is known to this day as the solid old First National.

The leading feature of the system was that it was National and provided a currency which is secured by a pledge of United States bonds, sufficiently flexible for adjustment to the demand of each business community. The system was the result of a slow and gradual change brought out by a long experience. The law was not free from defects which became apparent by the test of experience, and an amended bill which repealed the act of 1863, and supplied its place, was approved in 1864.

The possibilities of enlarging a business already so successful induced Mr. Corbin to remove to New York City in 1865. His operations up to that time had been confined principally to real estate transactions. In the meantime he found himself compelled, somewhat against his own will, at first, to take hold of the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad. Placed at the head of its affairs he soon acquired a mastery of its details and put it on a paying basis. This was his first railroad experience. He opened an office in a little back room on the second floor of 170 Broadway, with an office boy as his only assistant. The business developed into the Corbin Banking Company which was founded in 1874.

Mr. Corbin discovered that year that Manhattan Beach could be made a great resort. His infant son was ill and the physician had directed him taken to the seaside. The family went to Coney Island and secured lodging at the only respectable hotel, which was situated at the west end of the island.

The father's anxiety about his son, caused him to spend much time at the island. The east end of the island was a desert waste, which he set out one day to explore. Coming to a deep creek, he removed his shoes and waded it. Beyond he found miles of sand dunes, lapped by white caps and swept by sea breezes. He was convinced that he had found a site for a great hotel, and at once set an agent at work in making the purchases, quietly acquiring title to two and one-half miles of beach and five hundred acres of barren waste. Mr. Corbin then organized the Manhattan Beach Improvement Company. He went at the ocean as at every other antagonist. He made no flimsy preparations against the wrath of the unruly Atlantic, but constructed a solid bulk-head along the shore line that so far has been respected. The property at Manhattan Beach includes the Manhattan and Oriental hotels. Mr. Corbin was very particular about the reputation of his beach, and one of the few occasions on which he offered to bet, was when once informed that gambling was going at Manhattan Beach. He grew excited and offered to stake any sum that the speaker was in error. When informed that children daily gamboled on the Beach, he subsided but did not seem to consider it a joke. After meeting with success at Coney Island, his attentions were turned to the Long Island Railroad, which was then in the hands of several different companies, all of which were insolvent. He saw it could be made to yield heavy revenues with proper management. Obtaining control of the stock, he consolidated the lines and proceeded to carry out his theory of railroad management. The event proved his sagacity and the road was soon out of the receivers' hands, with its stock booming in price.

Having revealed himself as one of the most practical and capable railroad men in the United States, he became prominently identified with the reorganization of the Reading Railroad. The company, with a property representing a cost of some \$200,000,000, with annual receipts of from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000, and with some thirty-five thousand employees

upon its pay roll, was in bankruptcy and the subject of law suits innumerable. Various powerful syndicates had attempted to obtain control of it. A basis was finally agreed upon and Mr. Corbin was induced to accept the presidency of the company, and at once entered on active work in an undertaking which was probably the most stupendous one he ever assumed. In this, as in his previous railway ventures, he was successful, and the property was presented to the stockholders in a solvent condition.

Mr. Corbin never lost his love of nature, and was warmly interested in preserving the wilder face of his native region. He began an enterprise, amid scenes endeared by early memory and well ordered by nature for the end in view. The Corbin farm of three hundred acres, situated two miles from Newport, and commanding one of the finest landscape views that there is in the State, was afterwards increased to twenty-six thousand acres, picturesquely composed of mountain, forest and meadow. The estate is nearly eleven miles long, by more than four miles in width, the surface being traversed diagonally by the Blue Mountains. Its sequestered glades and mountain recesses are admirably adapted for a park in which are preserved a representative collection of the large game animals of the North American continent. Their propagation has passed beyond an experiment as their prodigious increase has verified. Here the buffalo, moose, elk, deer, wild boar from the Black Forest of Germany, and European red deer have found suitable environments for all their needs.

The inception of Blue Mountain Forest Park occurred less than eight years ago.\*

Mr. Corbin, in company with his wife and daughter, went to their country home at Newport, a week prior to the accident which caused his death. On the 4th of June, 1896, having made preparations for a fishing trip to a mountain pond,

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\* The *Century Magazine* for October, 1897, contains a fine description of the Corbin Game Preserve.

he ordered the coachman to prepare the team for a party of three—himself, his nephew, Corbin Edgell, and his tutor. The team had been recently purchased and it was the first time they had been driven by the coachman. They were harnessed to a light, two-seated open carriage and wore bridles with no blinders—a thing they were not accustomed to. The coachman drove alone around the drive-way, in front of the house, and as the horses appeared to act well they were thought safe, and the company started at 3:00 P. M. When about half way down the drive-way Mr. Corbin raised a sun umbrella, which frightened the horses and they started into a run. Where the drive-way enters the main road, the team made a short turn, swinging the carriage around out of the road against a tree, overturning it, and throwing the occupants out over a steep embankment about eight feet high, against a ragged stone wall. The accident was witnessed by Mrs. Corbin and her daughters, who had remained on the veranda after seeing the party drive away. Hurrying to the spot, they found the unfortunates all conscious, but unable to move. They were immediately conveyed to the house, and messengers were dispatched to the village for medical assistance. Mr. Corbin's injuries were very severe, consisting of a compound fracture of the right leg, and several severe cuts about the face and head. It is supposed that the injuries that caused his death, were those of which the outward marks were two great cuts in his forehead. The coachman was instantly killed, and the other occupants of the carriage were seriously but not fatally injured. Everything was done that could be, to alleviate their sufferings. Mr. Corbin gradually grew weaker and died at eighteen minutes before 10 o'clock, surrounded by all the members of his family, with the exception of his son, Austin Corbin, who arrived on a special train from Boston, at 11 o'clock—too late to see his father alive.

The remains were taken to New York in the private car "Oriental," and on Tuesday, June 9th, funeral services were

held at St. Bartholomew's Church, Rev. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, officiating. The pall bearers were Hon. William E. Chandler, Sir Roderick Cameron, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy, J. Rogers Maxwell, Dumont Clarke, J. G. K. Duer, Charles M. Pratt, A. N. Parlin, and William B. Kendall.

In personal appearance, Mr. Corbin was tall and athletic, with flowing beard, blue eyes and a ruddy complexion. He was extremely active and always under a pressure of great nervous energy.

When once asked why he did not retire and enjoy his property, he replied: "I get my enjoyment in attending to my business. It is a great machine, and I like to hold the lever that controls it. Of course I have to do a vast amount of work to keep myself thoroughly familiar with the details of my business, but I like it. What would this country come to if all the men who projected great enterprises dropped their control as soon as they made fortunes?"

He was the very embodiment of energy throughout his life, and by his own efforts rose to be conspicuous in finances.

The Board of Directors of the First National Bank of Davenport, Iowa, unanimously passed the following resolutions in memory of Mr. Corbin:

*"Resolved:* That in the death of Austin Corbin, our first President, the business world has lost one of its brightest business men; a man of sterling worth, of undaunted courage; a far seeing, public spirited man; a man of unusual enterprise, one whose pleasure it was to advance the good of mankind. With his family we mourn our loss and sorrow with them."

The Board of Directors of the Long Island Railroad, paid tribute to the worth of the man who had so long directed the company's affairs, as follows:

"Austin Corbin, the President of this company, died on the 4th of June, 1896. His death, due to injuries received in an accident, was a sudden one. The end came while he was in the complete enjoyment of all his intellectual powers,

in the full stress of his marvelous activity and in the vigor of his mature manhood. Few men have left so strong an impression of individual character. His robust and active mind, his keen intelligence, his indomitable will and his rugged independence and self-reliance made him a natural leader among men. Accustomed to deal with large subjects and to control important enterprises, his views were broad and liberal, and his courage and steadfastness of purpose in carrying them into effect were such as are rarely equalled. Once resolved upon a policy or course of action, no difficulties or obstacles could deter him from seeing its realization. Whatever he did was done with his whole strength, and with a power peculiarly his own. He devoted his great talents to the accomplishment of worthy objects. His mission was to build up—not to destroy. The enterprises in which he was engaged grew and prospered and developed under his hands. His work was of construction, or organization, of improvement, of development. Long Island, for so many years the field of his labors, will long remember Austin Corbin. To him, more than any other, it owes its development and growth, to his vigorous and far sighted policy those great enterprises which have so largely contributed to its material prosperity and have in so great a measure caused a new life and new methods to spring up in the community. It is with feelings of peculiar sadness that the Board of Directors of the Long Island Railroad Company inscribe this minute upon the records of the corporation. What he has accomplished for the company cannot be easily told in words. For seventeen years its President, he was intensely interested in its prosperity and success. No enterprise was so near his heart or occupied so much of his thoughts. Declining any compensation, he gave to its service the full measure of his great abilities and untiring energy, and it is to his wise and efficient administration and his devoted labors that the present prosperous condition of the company is due. Aggressive, masterful and fearless as he was, Mr. Corbin did not only gain the respect of those who

knew him—gentler traits, a genial manner, a hearty honesty and a kindly and generous disposition secured for him the sincere affection of his associates. His fellow members of the Board of Directors who enjoyed his friendship well know how firm and loyal a friend he was and how faithful to every trust.”

The late Charles A. Dana paid the following tribute to his memory:

“We sincerely deplore the death of Austin Corbin. Although fairly along in years, he was a fine figure of sturdy health and wonderful energy, and, in the nature of things, had before him a cheerful expectancy of life. A most unhappy accident has carried him off from the whirlpool of great affairs and far reaching enterprises, over which he presided with the unequalled mastery of men and matters that was the admiration of all who knew him. He was first of all an American, and as stalwart a type of the race as New Hampshire has produced. Considered as an enemy, there might not be a poorer choice of a man than the choice of Austin Corbin; as friend, there could none be found more staunch, more true.”

## A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER.

BY HIRAM HEATON.



IN THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD for April, 1897, Dr. Salter recalls “what Dr. Wm. Ross, the first postmaster, and first clerk of the court in Burlington, told him in June, 1883, viz: ‘that when he came to Burlington in 1833, he brought his father with him, who

had been a Revolutionary soldier, and one of the first settlers of Lexington, Kentucky.’ ”

While it is true Dr. Ross' father was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, he served on the side of the mother country; yet his return to America, after the war, and his eventful life as a pioneer, deserves more than a passing notice.

William Ross was born in the north of Scotland, about the year 1753; he was the only child of his parents, his father dying when he was an infant; possibly before his birth. At seven years of age he was apprenticed to the shoemaker's trade; at fourteen his mother's brother, then Duke of Sutherland, bought for him an Ensign's Commission in the 42nd Regiment of the British Army (the 42nd is always composed of Scotch soldiers), in order that the "lad's" mother might have the half pay a British officer drew while on the retired list.

When the war between Great Britain and the American Colonies began, young Ross was mustered in as an ensign, and his regiment was assigned to duty in America. He was on active duty the entire seven years of the war. When peace was restored, he returned with his regiment to Scotland, was retired, and soon afterwards returned to America. He was employed for a time in the trade between Philadelphia and the West Indies; later he was in trade at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and about the year 1792, he found himself in Lexington, Kentucky, where he engaged in boot and shoe making, to which he soon added a stock of groceries, and afterwards dry goods, and was then fully launched in the mercantile calling.

In a few years Ross became one of Lexington's wealthiest men; he built the first brick house in the town; and having married shortly after coming west, his home was one of the most attractive in the entire country, being blessed with four sons and two daughters.

But soon a grievous change came to this prosperous home. In 1816 a financial crash swept all of Mr. Ross' prosperity away; a brick block, worth ten thousand dollars, had to be sold for three hundred dollars, with which he was able to pay his last dollar of indebtedness. To add darkness to this

gloomy time, Ross' wife died, and after providing homes for the three youngest children, he went to Louisville, and lived for a time with his son-in-law, John S. Chinoworth, a wealthy merchant of that place.

In 1821 Mr. Ross removed with his son, Sulifand S., to Rush County, Indiana, on to a farm where he lived five years, and then went to Palmyra, Missouri where his eldest son, Thomas, was practicing medicine, farming, and was also engaged in a general mercantile trade.

In 1831 Mr. Ross went to Quincy, Illinois, with his son, Dr. William R., where they engaged in a general merchandise business; the father managing the store, and the son practicing in his profession.

In August of 1833 they moved to what is now Burlington, Iowa: then called by the Indians Shok-o-kan, by the whites, Flint Hills, and sometimes, by way of derision, "Pin Hook."

But little more than a month did Mr. Ross live in the new town; he died in September, and was buried on, or near, what is now the public square. Some years afterwards Dr. Wm. Ross had his father's remains removed to a private cemetery, four miles southwest, on the farm of Judge William Morgan.

Mr. Ross was over six feet in height; was neither slender nor corpulent; by those who remember seeing him he is described as having been "eminently handsome."

He was a great admirer of Thomas Paine's writings. His love for the mother country ceased with his place in her army, and he invariably referred to Great Britain, during the War of 1812, as being ever unjust and aggressive.

On the return of Henry Clay from his first term in Congress, Mr. Ross demanded an explanation of some of his measures; however, Clay's explanation not being quite satisfactory, Ross merely offered him his left hand, which Clay grasped and shook, hoping for a return of confidence, when his course was better understood.

At the time of his death, Mr. Ross was supposed to be

eighty years old, the exact date of his birth having been lost; his hair was a clear white, and singularly, he is said to have declared, it was no whiter in his old age than when he was twenty years old.

It seems a strange coincidence that so many years after the War of Independence, one, and only one, participant of each side of that struggle should find his way to Iowa, and lie buried within its bounds.

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### THE "AMERICAN" SERMON.\*

PREACHED IN S. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, ON SUNDAY, JULY 4TH,  
A. D., 1897, BY REQUEST OF THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF  
S. PAUL'S, BY WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY,  
BISHOP OF IOWA.

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I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy doings; I muse on the work of thy hands.—*Psalms CXLIII; 5: 5.*

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**I**T is a day, a year, an epoch of glad remembrance,—of grateful praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God. On this day, so dear to every American heart, there was born,—nearly a century and a quarter ago,—a free and independent nation, and in the birth-throes, which tore from the mother-land her oldest, proudest, most far-reaching and important dependency, there was brought into the family of the peoples of the world the "Greater Britain" across the sea. Surely, never can this daughter-land, in her well-won glory and in her ever-growing greatness, forget the circumstances of her birth. Is not our ancestry Anglo-Saxon—English? Is not our very being instinct with British life? Does not this territorially "Greater Britain" claim a share in all the past, be it good or ill, of the English-speaking race? Are not the glories, the rights, the privileges won by the mother-land, the very victories and defeats by which the Eng-

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\* Reprinted from the *Iowa Churchman*.

lish people have been made, each and all, a part of the noble heritage which is ours? It is well and wise on this day of days, our nation's birthday, which, wherever we are, we fail not to celebrate with glad thanksgiving for the citizens of the great republic which, under God, wields the destinies and sways the fortunes of well-nigh half-a-hemisphere, to meet to remember the days of old and meditate on all God's wondrous doings and muse on the works of His hands in America's, as well as England's, metropolitan Cathedral,—ours till the war of independence made the American people free from foreign rule and the Church in the United States autonomous,—ours, too from the fact that it is London's central shrine and that from this city and its historic liveries, its citizens and their well-filled coffers, from old S. Paul's, from S. Saviour's Southwark, from S. Sepulchre's, and from S. Mary-le-Bow,—there came both the spiritual influences inspiring adventure in the new world, and the means warranting that lavish, material support which in the early Virginian settlement gave to the English-speaking race a trans-Atlantic Church and Commonwealth. In this great gift to us of our earliest settlements, in this sending forth of her best and bravest men to people the new world for England's Holy Church, there was no effort made without prayer to God, consecrating each enterprise. No expedition of the earliest colonists started from English shores without the adventurers receiving, ere they left home and native land and the altars of their faith, the Blessed Eucharist as their *viaticum*. These wise and self-sacrificing men—the founders and fathers of the American colonies—in their holy work exemplified the legend adopted by the philanthropic and Christian promoters of England's latest colony on the Atlantic seaboard. "*Non sibi sed aliis*," was the motto of the Georgia Trustees who sent to our shores that Christian gentleman, churchman, and chivalric soldier, General James Oglethorpe, as the ruler of the new colony in civil and military affairs, and with him gave to the Colonial Church, even in its feebleness and its infancy, as missionaries—the English priests—John and

Charles Wesley, and George Whitefield, whose names and praise are in all the world. "Not for themselves, but for others" did these founders of the American settlements give their labors and their lives. It was in the highest spirit of self-sacrifice that the statesmen, the soldiers, the priests, the yeomen of the mother-land laid broad and deep the foundations of our American liberty, our laws, our Christianity, and all that has contributed to our best estate. Ah! the birthday and the name-day of the republic, which was built on the corner-stone and massive sub-structure of English lives, English Christianity and Churchmanship, may well be celebrated here. From the very start our fathers were kept in mind that England's sons, who had crossed the sea, were not forgotten in the old home, but were remembered at the altars and in the halls of legislation of the land which they had left. They were taught that though exiles they were not aliens. They were ever reminded that they were free-born Englishmen, parting with nothing of their birth-right, and losing nothing of their heritage of faith, fellowship and freedom by sailing to the western world. These lessons they never forgot. In the judgment of the students of the history of English liberty and constitutional law, it is fully, frankly, freely admitted that the American colonies in their claim, that resistance to tyrants was obedience to God, were right. It was after no little provocation; it was only when aggravating repression had become too galling a burden to be borne; it was only when the great orator and Churchman of Virginia, Patrick Henry, voiced the sentiments of the American commonwealths and communities from the south to the north, as he cried, in old St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" it was only when that "peerless man," that "unblemished" English "gentleman" and Churchman, George Washington, drew his sword from the scabbard as the leader of freemen who dared to fight at fearful odds, battling for their rights as free-born Englishmen, that the strife was on. The blundering of an incompetent ministry, inaugurating a

policy which found its most scathing rebukes on the floor of Parliament, where the friends of the colonies bore open and ample testimony that the Americans, in resisting the measures of the ministerial party, were fighting the battle of English liberty, as established in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—compelled the struggle for American independence and made inevitable the separation of the colonies from the mother-land. The fathers and founders of the great republic were loyal and loving supporters of the English constitution and the English liberty. They hazarded their lives and fortunes in this sacred cause; with the courage of their convictions, they plunged into a most unequal contest, resisting even unto blood, simply and solely for the maintenance, inviolable, unimpaired, of the rights they recognized as theirs because spread forth and reiterated on every sheet of letters-patent, or in every royal or parliamentary grant and rescript of chartered and constitutional concessions and enactments. Had these our American fathers been less loyal, less liberty-loving Englishmen than their birth and training made them, they could never have been the founders of our freedom and framers of our incomparable federal constitution. They taught a venal British ministry and a corrupt court how dear was liberty to the colonist, and how clear was the settler's conception that even the ocean could not separate him from the heritage of freedom which his fathers had left to him. Ah! it is indeed a privilege in this grand Cathedral,—the common sanctuary, the central shrine of the English-speaking peoples of the world—to recall to memory to-day the years of the right hand of the Most High, to remember the days of old, to meditate on all of God's doings, to muse on the works of His hands. God willed our freedom, and willed it at the time it was won, for had the policy of the present age, with respect to the colonial dependencies of Great Britain, obtained a century and a quarter ago it would have been hard indeed for our fathers to fault so mild a rule or throw off a yoke so easy to be borne. A race of brothers, separated alone by the waves of the sea,

might in some federation of love, some equitable arrangement of mutual rights, have swayed the destinies of the world. Still, it was no mere chance,—blind fate had nothing whatever to do with so pregnant an event—which led Columbus, when in his passage over “the sea of darkness” in his quest for “Cathay and the land of Ind,” he neared the unseen and unknown western shore, to change his course from due west to a southerly direction. But for this change, a few hours would have brought the little fleet that had left Palos in Spain on its way westward over the illimitable sea directly to the south Atlantic coast of the present territory of the United States, somewhere about the Carolina shores. Had this discovery of the mainland been made by the Spanish admiral, the new world, so far as the northern continent at least was concerned, would have been, by right of first discovery,—as Pope Alexander VI, the Borgia-pontiff, so persistently sought to make it,—the possession of the Latin race,—a Spanish territory held as a fief of Rome. It was by this heaven-directed deflection of Columbus from the western course that the eyes of the Genoese adventurer never saw the North American Continent and his feet never trod its shores. It was thus, thanks to our Father’s God, that we, the people of the United States,—we, the English-speaking peoples of the North American Continent, can rightly make our boast that we owe nothing to Columbus, nothing to Spain, nothing to Rome! Our discovery, our colonization, our Christianity, our liberties, our laws, our very life are not Latin, but are English. We are sons of British sires and our people’s freedom, our faith, our features and our speech as well, are our heritage from Britain’s historic past.

It was on June the 24th, S. John Baptist’s day, in the year of grace, 1497, four centuries ago this epochal year, that John Cabot and the “men of Bristol,” sailing westward as the Bristol adventurers had done for years, antedating the sailings of Columbus, had the *prima vista* of the new world, then for the first time seen by European eyes of that day

and generation. It was under commission from England's King, Henry VII., to Cabot, empowering him to discover and acquire for the English people the unknown lands lying in the western horizon, that this eventful voyage was made. We may never forget that Cabot sailed westward, despite the papal bull of demarcation and exclusion which had, so far as the Church of Rome held sway, given into the hands of the Latin peoples of Spain and Portugal the destinies of the western hemisphere. It was, in fact, a *protest* of the English crown, the English people, the national Church of England, against the grasping policy of the Latin peoples and the arrogant claims of the papacy. It was this discovery of the North American mainland by Cabot and the Bristol mariners four hundred years ago this present midsummer which was made the basis of England's claim to a portion of the North American Continent. That claim, enunciated with no uncertain sound by Richard Hakluyt;—that claim which was made the ground-work of the charters and letters-patent granted by the Tudor Queen to Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, the fathers of American colonization;—that claim which was so deeply grasped, so fully understood, so bravely maintained by prelate, peer, and peasant alike of the English realm till the nation's war-cry for many a year was that ringing sentence, "No peace with Spain beyond the line;" that fateful line of partition and exclusion drawn by the Borgia-pontiff in the interest of Spain and the Latin race alone;—that claim which, in its bold assertion by the Tudor Queen Elizabeth, called for the creation of the British navy by the men who, through the favour of Almighty God, drove the Armada from the seas;—that claim which England never surrendered, and after four centuries of struggle with the Latin race shares to-day with the great republic and the North American possessions, which are still the heritage of the English-speaking peoples because discovered and taken possession of by Cabot and the Bristol men in the year of grace, 1497;—that claim has proved to be the source of our American national

life, our American freedom. It was not without strife and sacrifice—the lavish expenditure of life and treasure—that England made good this claim. It was a “holy war” that won for the English race and the English Christianity the undisputed possession of the British North American possessions and the present territory of the United States. The strife, waged for nearly four hundred years dating from S. John Baptist’s day in the year of our Lord, 1497, for the occupancy and supremacy of the North American Continent, was between the Latin peoples, Spanish and French, together with the Church of Rome, and the English race, and the English Church and Christianity. It was this discovery of the North American mainland by Cabot,—and we, the peoples of the United States and our brothers of the North American territories, can never forget this fact, so important it has proved throughout our history from the first;—that was the source and spring of the English settlements on the Atlantic coast;—barriers prepared by our sturdy sires against the encroachments of Spain—altars of the reformed, but still Catholic, faith raised against the altars of a corrupt catholicity. On that discovery by John Cabot and the Bristol adventurers depended the domination of the English-speaking peoples over the northern portion of the northern continent;—the prevalency of the English civilization and Christianity in the new world. It was the discovery of Cabot and the English claims founded thereon that gave the new world the English tongue and secured forever on the North American Continent the acceptance of the Anglo-Saxon ideas of life, liberty and law, the English faith, the English type of manhood and the English sense of right and justice and true greatness of soul. We of the new world, when we come to our fathers’ shrines, when we visit our fathers’ homes, our fathers’ sepulchres, would not withhold our full, willing meed of loving praise as we recognize the sources of our freedom, our greatness, our glory in the struggles and vicissitudes which have been the making of the English people,—your ancestors and ours as well. We share a

common heritage with you. Our fathers were your fathers. You gave to them, and to us, the rights of free-born Englishmen even when they expatriated themselves in their quest to found a "free Church in a free state" across the sea. You gave us in every charter of the old colonial days the recognition of the very principles which justified our appeal to arms in the breaking out of the war for independence. You gave us in July, A. D. 1619, on a midsummer day we may never forget, the authority to convene in the old Church at Jamestown, Virginia, the first elective representative body of freemen—the Virginia House of Burgesses—ever assembled in the western world. Thus it was that the foundation of American liberty was laid in the House of God and laid by English Churchmen's hands. Throughout our colonial days there was ever shown a loving confidence in our reachings after liberty, and an unstinted praise for our struggles, for our rights as English freemen at the home our fathers had left. And when after this "nursing care," to which our very Prayer Book bears witness, there came a time of misunderstanding, a period of neglect and mistrust, and finally an effort to deprive those who had crossed the sea of the rights that they would have possessed unquestioned had they stayed at home,—the greatest, wisest, most liberty-loving Englishmen of this day bore testimony to the fact that the colonists were but claiming their inalienable rights; that they would be slaves indeed if they did not appeal to arms in view of the justice of their cause. All this is now confessed; and a race of brothers,—alike in features, form and physical development, sons of strong and sturdy sires,—one in speech, and one in faith, one in the love of freedom, one in their sharing of the privileges of the common law, the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights,—will surely never meet on the field of battle again. God forbid such a fratricidal strife. Rather in that "broad Sanctuary," which each land offers for the exile, the alien, the refugee of all peoples, our disputes, if any arise, will be settled by arbitration,—alas! for a time defeated, delayed, but not for long,—

each esteeming the other better than himself, each seeking the other's good, each acknowledging the other's greatness; and in the union for mutual protection and the world's betterment, of the constitutional empire and monarchy and the constitutional republic, realizing as the welding together of a race of brothers goes on and on, "Time's noblest offspring and her last."

Ah! beloved, the recurrence to-day of the anniversary of the great republic's birth,—the synchronism of the memorial day and date of the discovery of the North American mainland four hundred years ago, and all this has meant to the English race throughout the world, with this year of glad remembrance of the passage of the sixty most eventful years of a woman's reign masterful, yet loving, over the masters of the earth, cannot fail to call to mind the Jubilee the world has just celebrated in honor of the gracious Queen and Empress, Victoria, the good, the great. In her sweet, innocent childhood, in her winsome girlhood, her gentle, loving maidenhood, in her womanly purity and perfectness, ever without reproach; in her wifely glory, making more fair, more honorable the holy estate; in her maternal devotion, the worthy mother of reigning sovereigns and of those who shall yet wear crowns; in her saintly widowhood, sorrowing, but not without the highest hopes and with the truest faith, for the loss of the great and good Prince Consort, who had lived not for himself, but for her, his true wife, and for her people as well;—as Queen, as well as woman, as Empress over all hearts, has earth known one worthier of the title, Victoria, the good and great? Her children rise up to call her blessed. Her subjects lay at her feet the assurance of their loyal, loving devotion. The peoples of all the world do her willing reverence and praise her abounding virtues,—her God-given greatness. The earth is better for her holy living, her masterful rule. God grant to this queenly woman many years to come of her gentle reign over loyal hearts and loving subjects. God bless and save Victoria, the good and great.

This year of glad remembrance, this epoch of anniversary days and dates, combining to make an *annus mirabilis* such as the world has rarely, if ever, seen before, has still another great event to note, another centenary to celebrate. The Bishops of the Anglican communion, English, Scotch, Irish, American, Colonial, Missionary, Independent, meet this year to commemorate the bringing to Britain, and to the earlier British Church of this isle of saints, the western Christianity. Thirteen centuries have passed since S. Augustine landed on Britain's shores, and now the summons come from him who sits in Augustine's chair, not indeed as *papa alterius orbis*, but as the recognized *primus inter pares*, the patriarch, as it were, of a communion which, if the signs of the times can indicate the speeding future, is yet to be the meeting ground of long parted Christian men. We come at the invitation of him who is the representative of the long line of prelates who, throughout the world, find in Canterbury the common source of their apostolical succession, reaching through the ages of the faith back to the Apostles and to Christ Himself. Our coming is to remember the days of old, to meditate on God's doings, to muse on the work of God's hands, to talk of holy things, to note the wondrous growth of the English Church and Christianity throughout the land possessed by the English-speaking peoples and in all the world and among all nations besides. We come together to tell of the multiplication of the number of the baptised of all races and in every land, and to recall with glad and grateful remembrance the mighty and abundant works of loving beneficence which show forth everywhere the recognition by the Church—the Bride of Christ—of the Master's three-fold work, the caring for the body, the spirit, and the soul. It is our glad privilege to find in this Lambeth Conference a fresh exemplification of the National Church Idea which has been too much lost sight of, and is, in fact, denied by the Church of Rome. As at the Jubilee the presence of premiers, officials, and soldiers from all parts of the world marking the wondrous pageant, culminating in its rever-

ent spendor before this sacred shrine, gave to men a new, a fuller realization of the greatness of the British Empire, so the coming to Lambeth for Conference and council as to the matters pertaining to the Church of God, of Archbishops, Metropolitans and Bishops from England, from Scotland, from Ireland, from the United States, from the Dominion of Canada, from British North America, from India, from South Africa, from New Zealand, from Australia, from New South Wales, from the West Indies, from Guinea, from the Hawaiian Isles, from Hayti, from Equatorial Africa, from Sierra Leone, from Liberia, from China, from Japan, from Zanzibar, from Corea, and other nationalities, will give the world the promise of the national Churches now or yet to be, more or less, autonomous, and all now and ever to be, in communion with the patriarchate of Canterbury. From all parts of the world these bishops come holding one common belief, asserting one primitive Catholicity, all of one line of apostolical succession, all recognizing the "one Lord, one faith, one baptism" of the Word of God. May the Great Shepherd and Bishop of Souls grant to us in our meeting under these inspiring circumstances,—at this auspicious time in this epochal year,—the right judgment to make our synod notable, a mighty factor in the spread and in the reunion of Christianity, and in the bringing of salvation to all men.

Thus looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and ever mindful of His incarnation and atoning death, asking the favoring protection of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, would we now and ever more recall the years of the right hand of the Most High. As we remember the days of old, as we meditate on God's doings, as we muse on the work of His hands, we would gratefully, gladly, and with deepest love and reverence, remember that on this anniversary day, he is the freeman whom the truth of God makes free and that we should seek the liberty wherewith Christ doth make us free, so that in our lives and works and words "begin, continued and

ended" in our covenant, God, we may strive to live and labor and, if need be, die, *pro ecclesia Dei—pro salute hominum*: for the Church of God; for the salvation of men. Amen.

THE SONG OF IOWA.\*

*Air: "Der Tannenbaum" (My Maryland).*

By S. H. M. BYERS.

I.

U

YOU ask what land I love the best,  
Iowa, 'tis Iowa.  
The fairest State of all the west,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.  
From yonder Mississippi's stream  
To where Missouri's waters gleam,  
O! fair it is as poet's dream,  
Iowa, in Iowa.

## II.

See yonder fields of tasselled corn,  
Iowa, in Iowa.  
Where plenty fills her golden horn,  
Iowa, in Iowa.  
See how her wondrous prairies shine  
To yonder sunset's purpling line,  
O! happy land, O! land of mine,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.

### III.

And she has maids whose laughing eyes,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.  
To him who loves were Paradise,  
Iowa, O! Iowa.

\*“*Der Tannenbaum*,” the old air to which this song is sung, was a popular German students’ song as early as 1819. It had been a Volks song long before that even. During our Civil War, the Southerners adapted it to the song “*My Maryland*.”

O! happiest fate that e'er was known,  
 Such eyes to shine for one alone,  
 To call such beauty all his own,  
     Iowa, O! Iowa.

## IV.

Go read the story of thy past,  
     Iowa, O! Iowa,  
 What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!  
     Iowa, O! Iowa.  
 So long as time's great cycle runs,  
 Or nations weep their fallen ones,  
 Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,  
     Iowa, O! Iowa.

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DOCUMENTARY MATERIAL RELATING TO  
 THE HISTORY OF IOWA.

EDITED BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH, A.M., PH.D.

VOL. II. NOS. 9, 10 AND 11.

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THE monographs issued under one cover by the State University of Iowa, are in continuation of those issued by the State Historical Society of Iowa. The eight Monographs, constituting Vol. I. had reference to the Territorial and State organization and government.

The second volume is devoted to Local Government, the genesis of which the author finds in legislation enacted for the Territory of the Northwest 1787-1799; for Indiana Territory 1800-1805; for Michigan Territory 1805-1836; Wisconsin Territory 1836-1838, at which last date the Territory of Iowa was organized.

The work thus far completed extends only to 1805. It, of course, has no direct reference to Iowa Territory which did not become a part of the United States until 1804. But legislation, under the Ordinance of 1787, covered territory after whose forms of local government those of Iowa were modeled

when it entered upon an independent existence; beside this, in direct connection from the year 1804 to 1838, Iowa was attached to part of the Territory of the Northwest and so became subject to laws framed for Michigan Territory and Wisconsin Territory, these laws being largely copied from those of the Territory of the Northwest. Dr. Shambaugh's work is therefore wisely planned. It is no less faithfully executed. Important portions of the Code of Iowa of to-day show traces of the inspiration drawn from the Acts of the earliest legislative body in the Territory of the Northwest.

The monographs under review are copied from official records and relate to General Courts, County Courts, Judges and Sheriffs, to Courts of Probate; to Coroners; to Territorial and County Treasurers; to the levy and collection of taxes; to the opening of highways; to erection of jails and means of punishment; (stocks and whipping post) to collection of debts; to license of taverns; to recording of deeds; to relief of the poor; to enclosure of lands; to appointment of Surveyors, and to modification or repeal of the same.

It is worthy of note that legislative power was exercised by the Executive and Judicial branches of government until 1799.

An Act passed May 1st, 1799, was also adopted by the Territorial Legislature then in session.

At a session of the Territorial Legislature convened at Cincinnati, September 16th, 1799, an Act was passed "to confirm and give force to certain laws, enacted by the Governor and Judges of the Territory," which laws "are of very doubtful obligation and that they have been so spoken of by the bench."

The Governor and Judges, while acting in a legislative capacity, acknowledged their obligation in several instances to the Pennsylvania Code and to the Massachusetts Code for the substance of their enactments.

To the student of local government in its development, for and in Iowa, Dr. Shambaugh has furnished invaluable help through his faithful transcript from official records.

J. L. P.

## WAR MEMORIES.

**D**URING the Atlanta Campaign and the "March to the Sea," many amusing incidents were to be observed and many distinguished actors of that day passed for a moment before the view, to soon vanish, perhaps forever, like the shadows formed by a hooded electric lamp swinging in the wind.

There was Daniel E. Sickles, with one leg, seated on a camp stool, peering through a glass at the Confederate stronghold on top of Buzzard's Roost. He was merely a visitor to Sherman's Army. But around him in a group were some of the great commanders of that resistless host—Sherman himself, Thomas, McPherson and Baird.

The invading army was for the moment at rest, or making feints as if it had not yet been determined where to strike, or whether to poke its head, like that of a huge anaconda, into the narrow defile of "Snake Creek Gap," which the enemy, with providential oversight had left open and unguarded, where a single battery or a regiment of infantry, could have stayed our whole army, for in many places it was not wider than to barely afford passage for cavalry to march by fours.

I remember the night before seeing the chief of that army, with his chief lieutenants, of whom the chief was McPherson, with a map pasted on cloth spread out on a rough board table illuminated by a couple of "star" candles, point out the strategic points of the immediate field. I recall the tall form of McPherson, on the exterior of the group, throw his long arm over the heads of the star-shouldered crowd and stick his long, right index finger on a red-marked point on the center of the map. It seemed to attract the attention of the others and though all were silent, I have always thought that that piece of pantomime decided the key of the first opening act of the Atlanta Campaign, which has been written in military reports and in after histories.

A considerable halt was made when the army reached

Kingston. I had the privilege of riding with the chief of my command to a large two-story frame building, I think an abandoned or suspended hotel, with a wide veranda in front, a style of architecture so much affected in the south. On this sat General Sherman, surrounded by his staff and many of his generals. It was a panting hot day in June. Up came toward Sherman a little, old man, evidently deaf as he carried a long ear-trumpet. His plea was the usual one for special protection by a guard—which he made on the ground of having been a West Point cadet—Sherman did not deign to converse with him directly, but communicated with him through one of his staff. "Tell him," I heard the General say, "to go home and keep quiet, which is all the protection he needs." This consolation the old man took in through his trumpet, and was off without waiting to get it again second hand through the aide.

In civil society variety of costume reconciles the sense of sight to infinite contrasts of color and shape, so that the most grotesque dress creates no shock of surprise. But in even a six months' service with troops in the field where all dress has been uniform, a sudden intrusion of a man with a battered plug hat among eighty thousand persons clad in uniform attire, made an irresistible appeal to the ludicrous instinct. The Georgia "Home Guard," generally a mature citizen of 60 or 65, who often volunteered submission to capture, was often helmeted in one of these unwarlike tiles.

To "smooth the wrinkled front of war" many devices were essayed by the fair ladies of Georgia who remained at their homes which chanced to be on the line of the victorious march. Our column passed a mansion near the road which was surrounded by a painted board fence capped by a flat board. As the General in command approached about mid-afternoon he beheld spread out on the top rail a tempting repast. As no one surpasses the American General in courage so none excels him in gallantry and courtesy to the gentle sex. The lunch was not spurned and the lady, a fine looking middle-aged dame, who lent additional attraction to the meal by her

presence, received all the humane consideration it was possible for a passing enemy of high command to extend.

One of the landmarks struck by the 3rd division of the 14th corps on its march to the sea was the remains of a fort erected by General Greene during the Revolutionary War. This stood on the right bank of the Savannah River, about one hundred miles above Savannah at a point where the river makes a bend directly at right angles to itself. The remains of a wall of the fort at that time were, perhaps, two feet high, marking an inclosure of about forty feet square. It stood in the angle of the river commanding a view upwards and downwards and directly across, indicating a spot of great strategic strength. Not far from this was Ebenezer Church, a cedar log structure, then supposed to be about one hundred years old and surrounded by large cedar trees of great age, their boughs and branches covered with moss which so luxuriantly adorns the Georgia forest, forming the ornament and pride of the cemeteries of that region, of which Bona Ventura, a sacred burial ground of Savannah, is a beautiful specimen. The scriptural cedars surrounding Ebenzer Church, as I remember them, had then attained a growth equal to an ordinary Iowa oak and seemed, still, to be in a green old age.

At the close of this great triumphal march when a junction had been made by Sherman's Army, with the waiting navy on the sea, when Fort McAllister had been taken and the formal surrender of the city had been made to the victorious general by the mayor of the city, Dr. Arnold, a great galaxy of illustrious statesmen, generals and patriotic citizens assembled together to witness the formal entry into the city of the unconquerable army and their review by their general. This pageant was held near the Pulaski Monument which commemorates the bravery and sacrifice of this foreign martyr to liberty and the sight of which reawakens in the breasts of Sherman's men those aspirations for glory which had sustained them in their toilsome marches and dangerous exploits.

On the reviewing stand with Sherman, besides some of his

subordinates, among others were the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and many others famous in that day. And then came Senators B. F. Wade, James W. Grimes, and others influential in the Government. General Foster, commanding the Department of the South, and General Quincy A. Gilmore, soon to follow him, came down from the headquarters at Hilton Head to take part in the grand jubilee, which all felt to be the forerunner of peace.

There was something so hearty in the greetings of the military brotherhood of that day that they were more like the partings in death than the separations of life. I have seen two men seated in front of a tent, about to separate, shaking hands for five minutes in their adieus to each other. They would arise from their camp stools, clasp each others hands, wring them and pump them as if an electrical current of friendship had indissolubly fastened them, and when their hands were about to loosen another heart encore would seem to predominate, and this be repeated over and over again until by a supreme effort of the will the two friends separated and went their different ways. And why should it not have been so when we remember that these partings were sometimes for years, but often forever till reunions should come in the celestial spheres.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME IOWA PIONEERS.

ADDRESS AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BURLINGTON,  
OCTOBER 3RD, 1896.

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BY EX-LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR B. F. GUE.

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**D**HEN I came to Iowa in the spring of 1852, George W. Jones, of Dubuque, was one of our United States Senators, having been one of the first chosen to represent our State after its admission into the Union. He was then in the prime of life and the full vigor of mature manhood. He enjoyed a measure of popularity sel-

dom surpassed by public officials. His term of service for Iowa began before its name was found on the map of North America. When it was a part of Michigan Territory he was the delegate representing it in Congress. Later when it was a portion of the territory of Wisconsin he was again its representative. It was through his influence that all of Wisconsin lying west of the Mississippi River was in 1838 organized into a new Territory, and at his suggestion given the name Iowa. During his two terms in the Senate of the United States he was untiring in his labors for the State which he had been largely instrumental in founding. While he could not be classed with the great statesmen of that period, none were more successful in promoting the material interests of the States they represented. It was my privilege for many years to enjoy his personal acquaintance and I soon discovered some of the causes which gave him such wide influence among his associates in public life. His rigid integrity was above suspicion; and throughout his long service in official positions where great opportunities for personal gain were frequently presented, he never yielded to temptation in the smallest degree, but lived and died a poor man. Of Southern birth, he inherited the genial suavity of his ancestors, making warm friendships among political opponents. He was a judicious and persistent worker and rarely failed to carry his measures through Congress. His love for the State which had developed into one of the most prosperous and important members of the Union, from the obscure frontier wilderness of prairie, which he brought into existence as a Territory in 1838 was the strongest passion of his life. In all the official positions he held, the interest of his State was the first consideration. For this he planned and worked with a zeal and persistence unsurpassed. In the fierce political conflicts of more than half a century he was an active Democratic leader giving and taking hard blows in partisan warfare. But as his life was lengthened out until nearly all of his generation had passed away, political animosities perished with the fleeting years.

The unselfish fidelity of the old law-maker in pioneer days to Iowa and her people, was remembered and appreciated. In a letter received from him a few months ago he expressed the hope that he might be able to meet the few surviving companions of fifty years ago upon this memorable occasion to join in the celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of Iowa statehood. But it was not to be. His services in the period when the foundations were being laid for our great State will be inscribed in the enduring pages of Iowa history.

James W. Grimes was of New England birth, settling in Iowa as soon as his school days ended. When but twenty-two years of age he was elected to a seat in the first Territorial Legislature of 1838. As a young lawyer he took an active part in its work of framing and enacting the first code of laws for Iowa. In 1843 he was again a member of the house, and in 1852 was a member of the State Legislature, rendering valuable service in these formative periods of Territorial and State legislation. He had so impressed the people of the State with a capacity for public service that in 1854 he was elected Governor over the Democratic candidate.

I first knew James W. Grimes in January, 1858. He was then Governor of Iowa, and about forty-two years of age. The capitol had recently been moved to Des Moines, and the first Legislature which ever met in that city was assembling. The Governor was boarding at the old Des Moines House, a frame building which stood on the west bank of the river. I was one of the youngest members of the Legislature and with many others was staying a few days at the Des Moines House to make the acquaintance of the members and State officers. Meeting the Governor every day I observed him very closely. He was a man of medium size, his dress very plain and common, in manners reserved, talking little. No stranger would have picked out of the crowd of officials that was gathered at the Des Moines House, that quite unobtrusive and very ordinary appearing man as the Governor of the State and a prominent candidate for United States Senator. But a few

days later when his message was delivered to the Seventh General Assembly the public recognized in that able and radical document that the Governor of Iowa was no ordinary man. In reference to the infamous Dred Scott decision lately made by the United States Supreme Court, Governor Grimes in his message said: "It needs no argument to show that this decision is revolutionary in its character; subversive of the policy of the founders of the Republic, and violates the rights of the States. I trust that as representatives of the freedom loving citizens of Iowa, you will explicitly declare that you will never consent that this State shall become an integral part of a great slave Republic, by assenting to the abhorrent doctrines contained in the Dred Scott decision, let the consequences of dissent be what they may."

Governor Grimes had been nominated by the Whig party and supported also by the anti-slavery men who had reason to believe that he stood with them on the great issue before the country. The Republican party was organized during his administration, and it is now known that he wrote the call for the State Convention which organized that party in Iowa. The radical position taken on the slavery issue in his message at once gave Governor Grimes the leadership of the new party. But a powerful movement had been organized in the northern part of the State to secure the election of the United States Senator from that section, and its leaders opposed Grimes with much bitterness. During the contest Governor Grimes bore himself with dignity and calmness winning the respect of all. The opposition was unable to unite upon a candidate and Grimes was nominated on the first ballot by a vote of thirty-nine to twenty-four for all others, and elected. His career in the senate is familiar to all and surpassed the expectations of his warmest friends. Towards the close of his public life, in the attempt by Congress to impeach and remove the President from office, Senator Grimes impelled by his high regard for law, and his convictions of duty, voted for the acquittal of the President, while most of the Republican Senators had given

a verdict of guilty. The younger generation cannot be made to realize the wild, unreasoning, bitter, and I may add brutal storm of abuse and denunciation that was hurled upon the heads of the fearless and conscientious Republican Senators who had refused to obey party dictation. Their motives were impugned, they were subjected to infamous charges, and the scorn of life long friends. The enraged public would listen to no explanation or defense and the victims could only bow their heads to the storm. It was an ordeal that tried to the utmost the endurance of the heroic men, such as has seldom been encountered in public life. It would retire them from public service, but having done their duty as they saw it, submission to ostracism was calmly and manfully endured. They believed that posterity would reverse the harsh verdict, and it has. This crisis in the life of James W. Grimes demonstrated beyond controversy his unflinching firmness, independence, and fidelity to duty, as marked traits of his character.

Another pioneer citizen of Iowa rendered service to our State in its formative period, at a most critical time, the importance of which cannot be overestimated.

Enoch W. Eastman, a native of New Hampshire, came to Iowa in 1844, settling at Burlington. He was a lawyer and a Democrat. In November of that year a convention of delegates chosen at the August election had completed their work of framing a constitution for a State Government. Among the framers of the constitution were many of the ablest men of the Territory, such as Robert Lucas, J. C. Hall, Stephen Hempstead, James Grant, Ralph P. Lowe, W. W. Chapman, Ebenezer Cook and Shepherd Leffler. Their work was well done and with a few slight changes was adopted as the constitution under which the State was admitted into the Union two years later.

Congress passed an act at its next session providing for the admission of Iowa as a State, but changed its boundaries, cutting off what has since made thirty counties in the western part of the State, known as the "Missouri Slope." A. C. Dodge, our

Delegate in Congress, strongly opposed this dismemberment, and resisted its adoption to the end, filing a protest against it. But when it prevailed against his utmost efforts, he issued an address to his constituents advising them to accept the Congressional boundaries as the best that could be obtained. The Democrats generally favored the adoption of the constitution, while the Whigs opposed it. As the former were a majority of the voters, and would be able to secure the State and Federal offices, the adoption of the constitution seemed inevitable. At this juncture, when Iowa was about to be dismembered of that vast fertile region lying west of Kossuth, Dallas, Union and Ringgold counties forever, Enoch W. Eastman, a Democrat, and less than a year in the State, had the sagacity and audacity to organize an effective resistance. He saw that if Iowa became a State with the boundaries fixed by Congress, they could never be changed. That the preservation of its western limits was of vastly more importance, than its immediate admission, and the obtaining for his party high and lucrative offices. He secured the active and cordial coöperation of two other enthusiastic young Democrats, Theodore S. Parvin and Frederick D. Mills, and they opened a most energetic campaign against the adoption of the constitution, assisted by Shepherd Leffler and James W. Woods. The Democrats had about one thousand majority at the last territorial election and this must be overcome if the fair proportions of the State were preserved. Eastman and his associates carried the contest into every county of the Territory and won enough Democratic votes to defeat the constitution by a majority of 998. No greater service has ever been rendered by a citizen to the State, than this which was organized and led by Enoch W. Eastman. The next session of Congress changed the obnoxious boundary to correspond with that fixed by the constitution of 1846 and Iowa became a State reaching from the Mississippi to the Missouri. Eastman was the author of the inscription placed upon the stone contributed by Iowa for the Washington monument: "Iowa, the affections of her people, like the rivers of her borders, flow to an inseparable union."

Tall and angular in form, his face pitted by small-pox, with a Yankee drawl in his voice, he was neither an eloquent nor elegant public speaker, but as a lawyer or debater he had few equals. He served the State well and ably as Senator, Lieutenant Governor, and Presidential Elector, but will longest be remembered for that act of private citizenship when a young man which preserved to Iowa her symmetrical form and natural boundaries.

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## PIONEER SCHOOLS OF THE NORTHWEST.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. J. L. PICKARD, AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BURLINGTON, OCTOBER 4TH, 1896.

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NATURALLY the term Northwest suggests the territory covered by the Ordinance of 1787, but Iowa's connection with the Territory between 1834 and 1838 makes her heir to the benefits of the ordinance, and binds her to observe its injunction relative to schools and the means of education. It will appear as we pass on that Iowa has observed more promptly and more faithfully this injunction than has any one of the five States formed out of the Northwest Territory.

Progress presupposes a starting point. Educational progress in the Northwest had its starting point in the church. The Jesuit fathers, first in the field, believed in education and organized schools wherever their zeal led them to plant the cross. Not less active were those who in later days acknowledged neither Bishop nor King. The parochial school and the parish school were alike adjuncts of the church. The French, even after their subjection to English rule, maintained their schools. The English as they entered upon the possession of their acquired homes, maintained schools supported by rate bills. Colleges were fostered by both nationalities. The era of popular education had not dawned.

When the English accepted the inevitable, and surrendered the reins of government to a new power, the thoughts of the people turned more earnestly in the direction of popular education, the recognized safeguard of the freedom which they had attained. Massachusetts and Connecticut had during Colonial days attempted the supply of pupils to Harvard and Yale by the establishment of grammar schools. These were in part supported by rate bills, and bore but a faint resemblance to the schools of today. While they held fast to the aid of the church, they began to look to the secular power for assistance beyond the power of the church to furnish.

As the government was richer in lands than in any other form of wealth, the first appeals for help lay in that direction, and as intelligent New Englanders moved into the Northwest Territory, they secured from Congress grants of land for the support of seminaries, and later for the maintenance of common schools. Wise provision thus secured to all the States organized out of the public domain, the promise of substantial help in the support of educational institutions of both higher and lower grades. But the thoughts of the people did not yet turn to free schools.

The lands donated were accepted as a generous gift which would reduce rate bills and would also serve to secure freedom from these to the poor. The appearance of charity thus made the public schools distasteful to many and served to strengthen the private school interest.

From anxiety to secure immediate funds, the lands given by the General Government were sacrificed. Whether leased or sold, schools were profited but little. If there were in the early days far-sighted men, they sought personal gain rather than the interests of education. Of the five States formed from the Northwest Territory, Michigan took the lead in the care of school lands. She was fortunate under the leadership of General Cass, of New Hampshire birth. Her school lands when sold, brought \$4.50 per acre, while those of her neighbor, Wisconsin, were sold for an average of \$2.74 per acre,

and choice selections of a 500,000-acre grant averaged but \$1.42 per acre. Michigan and Wisconsin were permitted to select their University lands (two townships each in amount), wherever they could find the best lands unsold. Wisconsin sold at an appraised value of \$2.78 per acre, Michigan receiving nearly \$12 per acre. Compare Iowa and blush. The careless and sometimes criminal handling of the school lands betoken a lack of interest in school affairs on the part of legislators—Michigan alone excepted.

Other evidences of the lack of intelligent interest are manifest in some legislative acts. Witness Wisconsin, as late as 1843, whose Legislature in providing for the erection of school houses limited the cost to \$200, with an exceptional permission to reach \$300. When in 1845 a charter was granted for an academy to be established, this notable provision was made—that “nothing in this act shall be construed as conferring upon the institution banking privileges.”

When the first free school was organized in 1845 in Wisconsin the Legislature saw fit to limit the amount to be raised by tax for all the purposes of the school to \$2,000. Soon after this a public spirited citizen of Milwaukee proposed to give thirteen acres of land toward the support of a high school, a munificent donation, had it been accepted and held, but no movement was made toward the acceptance of the gift, and, after years, the land reverted to the would-be donor.

Instances might be multiplied, but these will suffice to show the degree of indifference prevalent on the part of the public authorities. Private schools were abundant and were fairly prosperous. Government schools were maintained at military posts for the benefit of the families resident there.

The first State to feel the New England intellectual life was Ohio, but Ohio had been a State in the Union nineteen years before a school law was enacted. As the school law of 1821 permitted the taxation of patrons of the public schools who were able to pay, but did not make it obligatory, the schools organized became charity schools, and were unpopular. In

1825 a county tax was directed to be levied, supplemented in 1829 by a rate bill assessment. Illinois passed its first school law in 1823 in the sixth year of her statehood, the tide of immigration flowing both by lake and river. In 1836 Michigan provided for the establishment of public schools and a University with such wisdom that sixty years have made no essential modifications. New England ideas, modified in their passage through New York, are found in Michigan school houses, and it may be noted in passing, Wisconsin found them suited to her need and in the first year of her severance from Michigan, Wisconsin enacted a school law modeled in part after that of Michigan, but which was not operative until 1839. In this year Iowa makes one important step in advance by providing for free schools with the single limitation to the children of white citizens—this limitation due without doubt to her early connection with Missouri and a long period of orphanage between 1821 and 1834, when as part of Michigan Territory she was brought under better influences, not yet strong enough, however, to overcome early tutelage.

Indiana remained isolated while immigration from the east flowed around her. She contented herself with a recognition of her duty in the State Constitution of 1816 and rested for thirty-six years serenely content with such recognition, until, stirred up by the new constitution of 1851, she enacted a school law which went into operation in 1853. Though late in entering upon the discharge of her recognized duty, it is certain that she has come to the front with vigor.

The free school idea of New England appeared in Ohio eighteen years after admission to the Union, in Illinois five years after admission to the Union, in Michigan at time of admission to the Union, in Indiana thirty-five years after admission to the Union, in Iowa seven years before admission to the Union, in Wisconsin three years after admission to the Union.

The opening of the Erie Canal stimulated immigration especially to the northern part of the Northwestern Territory. It aroused New England and energetic farmers were stirred by song.

"Come all ye Yankee farmers, who wish to change your lot,  
Who've spunk enough to travel beyond your native spot,  
"And leave behind the village where pa and ma do stay,  
Come, follow me, and settle in Michigania;  
Yea, Yea, Yea, in Michigania."

Little as this effusion indicates educational advancement, many who sang the song carried in their hearts the love of intelligence. Their entrance upon the field which had been for many years cultivated by the French fathers, provoked effort in the direction of higher education, notably at Detroit and Green Bay. General Cass had received from the Indians a grant of six sections of land, half of which went to the support of the college at Detroit, the predecessor of Michigan University, and the other half to the Church of St. Anne's, which had taken a deep interest in educational matters. At Green Bay, Pierre Grignon had established a family school, which became a fitting school for the College of Detroit or at Montreal. The opening of the lead mines in southwestern Wisconsin, in western Illinois and eastern Iowa brought immigrants from the south whose preferences were naturally for private schools, but many lovers of public schools from New York and States farther east.

The results of the Black Hawk War were seen immediately in rapid settlement of western Illinois and eastern Iowa by men who brought with them from New York and New England the determination to give their children, at least, an elementary education. Among them were some who sought for higher culture and whose ultimate aim was the building of the Christian College. Graduates of eastern colleges attempted the founding of academies, seminaries and private schools. It was the transplanting of a New England idea by men who had themselves received their education in such schools.

The panic of 1837 gave a wonderful stimulus to immigration, an immigration which had but just begun to feel the impulse which Horace Mann and Henry Barnard had given to the free

school sentiment of New England. The public school demanded a place. It was grudgingly granted, and so meagre was its support that the funds were given over in many cases to the teachers of private schools toward the tuition of children.

Here and there might be found a school building erected at public cost. Except in Ohio, which felt first the New England spirit, the school houses were very rude structures, which, outside of cities, served the double purpose of the church and the school, and were also opened for the teacher of the private school. So slight was the public interest in the public schools that in the city of Chicago only a little more than fifty years ago, a two-story brick building erected after a severe struggle to secure the funds for its erection (less than \$500), was sneeringly called the Insane Asylum.

From the point now reached, the writer of this paper may be indulged in statements of a more personal nature. Early in January, 1846, he found himself occupying a small unpainted building, called a school house, in a village of northwestern Illinois, under contract to give free tuition to certain pupils so far as the public funds would warrant, and permitted to charge as he saw fit for parts of the year. The school house academy was occupied also as a church—a combination by no means rare. All influences combined failed to meet board bills, and after nine months' trial, removal was effected to a village in southwestern Wisconsin, where an academy, chartered in 1842, and over which the late Dr. Magoun presided for a year, was without a principal. Union of church and academy resulted in the erection of a two-story building, having upon the lower floor rude benches for a school. There was in the village an unoccupied public school house.

Before leaving Illinois, the writer had attended an educational revival meeting in Chicago. Gentlemen coming at an early day to Chicago from New England and New York, recognized the need of better educational facilities, and invited those who sympathized with them in all parts of the northwest to meet for conference in early October, 1846. Missionaries

in the person of W. F. Phelps of the normal school at Albany, O. B. Pierce and Salem Town, institute workers in New York, and Henry Barnard, of Connecticut, so aroused the spirit of those in attendance that the meetings called for two days were continued for nearly two weeks.

Those in attendance from the country, few in number and all engaged in private school work, went to their homes full of enthusiasm. One at least determined that the success of his academy venture in Wisconsin depended upon the opening of the unoccupied public school house above alluded to. He found that his academy prospered as a general desire for higher education was awakened in the elementary schools.

But these elementary schools lacked well-trained teachers. The academy could furnish them. Reading, spelling, writing and elementary arithmetic were branches upon which candidates were required to be examined. When the more adventurous examiners added geography, strange interest on the part of examiners was sometimes manifest. As one illustration: A superintendent of a county not far from the Mississippi, while examining a lady upon geography with the book open before him, suddenly placed his hand over the map and asked: "What color is Massachusetts?" That some progress has been made in the qualifications of superintendents since the spring of 1849 is proved by the excellent character of the supervision of the present day, as well as by the extended list of subjects upon which examination is required.

Two or three experiences must suffice to show the character of some of the early schools.

While acting as superintendent desiring to find a school house, answer to an inquiry came as follows: "Go on a little distance and you will hear the school." Following the direction of the sound after a half mile's travel, the school was reached. It was not recess time, but study hour. It was one of the loud study schools, an importation from the south.

Upon another tour a school house was entered, and seated upon the rostrum appeared a man wearing a fox cap and

smoking a pipe. His pupils became somewhat noisy as they talked about the stranger, and with a heavy stroke upon the table with a ruler, he called out, "Dry up," in stentorian tones—a command repeated frequently during the superintendent's stay. This man may have been a lineal descendant of the teacher of one of the early French schools who secured order by throwing a ruler or sometimes a knife at an unruly pupil. The teachers above alluded to held certificates of qualification to teach.

They are extreme cases and exceptional cases: In those earlier days brawn sometimes was a better qualification than brain. But there were good schools organized under most discouraging circumstances. Well qualified women taught for \$1.50 per week and acted as janitors also.

The most important result of the Semi-national Convention at Chicago was the organization of Teachers' Associations. The Mining Region Teachers' Association was, so far as can be learned, the first organization of the kind in the northwest. Private school teachers of Galena, Illinois, Mineral Point and Plattsville, Wisconsin, and Dubuque, Iowa, held each year from 1847 to 1852 a crude form of Teachers' Institute, peripatetic in character. The meetings grew in interest. The most interesting one of the series was held in Dubuque the first week in May, 1849. Thomas H. Benton, Jr., had gathered about him a coterie of professional men who shared in his spirit of consecration to the work of popular education. During these years interest in public education grew apace. The pioneer organization disbanded, as its members became acquainted with those of like occupation within the borders of their respective States. Under church influences colleges were planted which brought into the northwest a body of devoted men from New England. Side by side with them wrought the intelligent men who left their native land after the troublous times of 1848. These last brought with them with their love of freedom, a devotion to freedom's best ally—the school for the people.

In Wisconsin, the year 1853 witnessed the first attempt to organize a State Teachers' Association. A live Yankee settled at Raines, previously in private school work in Kenosha, made a missionary tour through eastern and central Wisconsin, arousing, as far as he could, the teachers to heed the call of the State Superintendent for a convention at Madison. The day of opening found seated around an office table, eight men, three of them residents of Madison. Of the eight, four were teachers of private schools, and one President of the State University. After the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers, one of whom had an important part in a similar organization in Iowa (Mr. J. L. Enos), the members separated, resolved to hold an anniversary the next summer. It was widely advertised, but when the teachers assembled it was found that the citizens of Madison knew nothing about the proposed meeting. Those from abroad started out to find a place for meeting. The court house could be used provided some one would find the sheriff and obtain the key. One started to find the key. When found, it was ascertained that there were no facilities for lighting, so another visitor bought a pound of candles, which, in the absence of sconces, were held in hand while the lecture of the evening was read. The teachers of Madison did not learn of the meeting till the next day. One citizen, attracted by the light in the court house, strolled in and constituted an audience. It was not very encouraging to us when we afterward learned that our entire audience was stone deaf. Five teachers and six book agents constituted our membership for that year.

Lest we be overborne by our lively friends, the constitution was so changed as to admit only teachers in actual service to active membership. Provision was made for the enrollment of honorary members, so that our excellent friends might not leave us in anger.

One more effort was resolved upon at Racine, where interest had been awakened among the people. Then came the turn of the tide, which has known no ebb to this day.

State associations became a power. The establishment of educational journals followed. As a result of discussion over the need of better qualified teachers, Normal Schools were established, and, at a latter date, pedagogical departments in State Universities.

My time is exhausted and I have but touched upon the beginnings. The steps of progress have been so steady that there is no need of tracing them in detail. A glance at present conditions, well understood by all, and a recalling of the early days will prove a marvelous progress.

What are the results as apparent today? Since Minnesota was part of Iowa till 1846, seven States are included in the following statistics:

We find 4,000,000 children in school, obedient or otherwise to 128,000 teachers for 155 days of the year. Six per cent. of the teachers are college graduates and five per cent. are Normal School graduates. Teachers' salaries average \$47 per month for males and \$37.50 for females—an approach toward equality yet to be attained. School property is valued at \$150,000,000; annual taxation for schools, \$50,000,000. For higher education we find to-day 141 collegiate institutions with 42,000 students, instructed by 3,000 professors. Property, \$27,000,000; \$21,000,000 productive.

Of Normal Schools, public and private, there are 102, with 35,000 students, under 1,068 teachers; 25,500 students in training departments. The number of graduates average now 1,200 a year.

Academies and secondary schools are 231 in number, enrolling 16,000 pupils. From many of these schools come well-trained teachers.

The development of our system of public schools is the work of the half century of Iowa's statehood, and the States of the larger northwest have entered into the labors of the seven to which our thoughts have been turned.

## A NOTABLE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

**W**E copy this interesting account of a pioneer wedding in Jones County, from the Monticello *Express* of a recent date: Christmas day was an eventful one in the life of Mr. and Mrs.

Thomas J. Peak of Monticello, because it was the fifty-eighth anniversary of their marriage; and it was an anniversary of importance historically, because theirs was the first marriage solemnized in Jones County, which has continued to be their home ever since and here they live today in the happy retirement of old age, respected by their neighbors and honored by the community.

Christmas day of 1839 was on the verge of the early settlements in Iowa, and the fact that we have living with us now a couple who were married here in that early day is worthy of more than passing comment. Father and Mother Peak are well preserved types of those early pioneers who paved the way for the development of Iowa's greatness, and those who enjoy the privileges of today should delight to do them honor.

Thomas J. Peak and Rebecca M. Beardsley were married in what is now Castle Grove township, December 25, 1839. This was the first wedding solemnized in Jones County. The witnesses present comprised the entire population and included Miss Beardsley's family, Simeon Foreman and Isaac Every. Of these witnesses one is living, Mrs. Peak's sister Margaret, who afterwards married Daniel Varvel, the first settler of Monticello. Mrs. Varvel, who is a well preserved and sweetfaced woman, still resides at Monticello with her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Sleeper. All the others have gone to their last long home. The wedding ceremony was performed by Thomas Denson, who lived on Bowen's Prairie, and who was the first man in the county that had authority as justice of the peace to administer justice and seal marriage compacts. Jones County was at that time attached to Cedar County for judicial purposes, and Mr. Peak walked sixty-eight miles to Sugar Creek, which is beyond the present city of Tipton, for his marriage license.

Mr. Peak came into this county in October, 1837, in company with Mr. Beardsley, the father of his then future bride. They came from Buffalo Grove, Illinois, and went into Castle Grove, where they were attracted by Simeon Foreman and Isaac Every, acquaintances of Mr. Beardsley, who had gone into that locality as the first settlers a short time before. During the fall of 1837 they erected log cabins and then returned to Buffalo Grove.

Mr. Peak in speaking of that journey says: "When we reached what is now Monticello we found only two settlers, Daniel Varvel and Wm. Clark, who had a little cabin under the brow of the hill on the east side of Kitty Creek, near the Skelley ford, where they were 'baching it.' Clark had entered the land that now lies north of First Street in Monticello, and Varvel the land that lies south of the same street. On our journey back to Buffalo Grove we lost a horse at Canon. The foreman of a gang engaged in putting in the first dam at that place had occasion to go to Savanna and we hitched our wagon behind his and led the third horse. At Savanna we hired a man to take us to Buffalo Grove."

In the Spring of 1838 Mr. Beardsley returned with his family and Mr. Peak, and the residence in the county which for some of the parties was destined to be long and honorable, was commenced. Mr. and Mrs. Peak revert to those early days with pleasure, and their eyes sparkle with animation as they recount the humorous incidents and the good times connected with pioneer life. Game was abundant and as a consequence Mr. Peak became a crack shot with the rifle, nor did he lay it down until he had slain 160 deer. The Indians used to camp in the neighborhood, but Mr. Peak dealt with them in the same honorable way that he has done business with his fellow citizens, and their relations were always pleasant.

Mr. Peak was born in Jeffries, New Hampshire, September 9th, 1813. His father was a native of Lexington, Mass., and of English descent. His grandfather was a revolutionary soldier. Mr. Peak left his birthplace at the age of seven years,

and moved to Peacham, Vermont, where he remained until nineteen years old. Thirteen months were spent in Massachusetts and one year in Canada. On the 13th day of October, 1836, he left home to try his fortune in the West, and has never been back. The journey to Chicago was made by stage, canal and around the great lakes. He landed in Chicago, November 1st, 1836, and was there on election day which resulted in the elevation of Martin Van Buren to the Presidency. After a short stay he went to Peoria and thence to Buffalo Grove.

During his life in Jones County, Mr. Peak has followed farming in Castle Grove and mercantile pursuits in Monticello. He retired from active business many years ago. He has frequently been honored with office, and has filled every official position in the town except two. In politics he has always been a Democrat, and at the last Presidential election voted for Palmer, the national Democratic candidate.

Mrs. Rebecca Beardsley Peak was born in Delaware County, New York, May 27, 1815. Her girlhood days were spent at the place of her birth. Shortly before her father came into Iowa, they made the journey from New York to Illinois, by team, in company with ten other families. She was the daughter of Benajoh and Espeth Grant Beardsley, the latter being of one branch of General Grant's ancestry.

Mr. and Mrs. Peak became the parents of five children, all of whom survive except one son, who gave his life to his country in the Civil War. The survivors are Mrs. Frances Hogg, of Monticello, Mrs. W. L. Rosa, of Chicago, Andrew Peak, of Arizona, and Mrs. Eppie Price, of Rockford, Iowa.

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## DEATHS.

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GEN. WILLIAM THOMPSON, of the army, died at Tacoma, Washington, October 7, 1897, at the age of eighty-four. He was prominent in the early history of Iowa and in the Iowa volunteer service during the Civil War. A full sketch of his life appeared in THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD for July, 1890.

MRS. SARA ABBOTT WOODS PERRY, wife of the Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, died in Philadelphia, October 27, 1897. Mrs. Perry was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Mather Smith, D.D., for eighteen years Professor of Systematic Divinity in the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, at Gambier, and Mary Greenleaf, daughter of the late Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., Abbott Professor at the Andover (Massachusetts) Theological Seminary.

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### NOTES.

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WITH this number THE HISTORICAL RECORD enters upon its fourteenth year.

THE sermon delivered by Bishop Perry, in London, on the 4th of last July, on account of its historical character and the compliment conveyed to Iowa in the choice of Bishop Perry to represent a great concourse of American Bishops, is appropriate to the pages of THE RECORD.

THE beautiful "Song of Iowa," by Major Byers, which appears in this number and which bids fair to be adopted by the public schools as a school song, has all the charm which has popularized the writings of this famous author. We are sorry we cannot supply the music which has been adapted to it.

IN the October number of THE RECORD in a correction made by the Editor in the article by Hiram Heaton, no reflection was intended upon Captain Heaton of the 2d Iowa Infantry. Captain Heaton was not present with his company at the time referred to in the correction. He was a noble representative of American volunteer army officers.

IT seems a fact worthy to dwell on, that Iowa, comparatively so young and poor, was the first State in the Union to establish a National Bank, as is shown in the excellent sketch of Austin Corbin written by Mr. Harbert. We are indebted to the son, Austin Corbin, of New York City, whose filial reverence prompted him to furnish the excellent portrait made by Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, which accompanies the sketch.





*Agnes McCully - Mrs. J. D. Parren*

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 2

IN MEMORY OF  
AGNES McCULLY PARVIN, WIFE OF  
HON. THEODORE S. PARVIN.

MARCH 1, 1819.

NOVEMBER 20, 1896.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. RICH.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

I will paint her as I knew her  
With her blue eyes, clear and pure,  
With her forehead wondrous fair  
"Which a wave of auburn hair  
Keeps from fading off to air."

No glaring colors will I use,  
Their obtrusiveness would lose  
Half the charm which here I find  
In forehead, form and face refined,  
A faithful reflex of her mind.

Tall and slender with a grace  
Part of form and part of face,  
Part of voice, which murmurs sweetly,  
Part of smile which comes discreetly  
All of love, which loves completely.

**I**N the spring of 1819 George McCully and Nancy Barton McCully welcomed to their fireside, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a blue-eyed little girl, the fifth daughter to bless

their home with her presence, and one of ten who finally came to reside under the roof and to be nurtured in good old Scotch Presbyterianism.

Like many another parent, ambitious for the welfare of his children, the father sought more land by removing from Pennsylvania to a farm near Wooster, Ohio, where the youngest of the children was born, and whither the good, old family physician made a pilgrimage with his saddle-bags in order to bring another joy to the household.

In 1835, Mr. and Mrs. McCully died, and the daughter, Agnes, became a member of her sister's family. This sister, Mrs. Rachel Welch, resided at Massillon, Ohio. She is at present (the sole survivor of her family) living in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Agnes McCully was educated at Steubenville Female Seminary, then the most celebrated school for young ladies in the West. Here, as well as in her home, she was surrounded with Christian influences, and together with her most intimate friend, Miss Rosaline Tolman, she united with the Presbyterian Church. These two young ladies, working together in perfect harmony, were able to accomplish much for the church and to bring into its membership many of their companions, so that early in life they became acknowledged leaders in all lines of church work. Miss McCully continued a prominent and earnest church member during her long and useful life.

In 1842, Mr. and Mrs. Welch removed from Massillon, Ohio, to Bloomington, now Muscatine, Iowa, where Mr. Welch engaged in mercantile pursuits. Miss Agnes McCully came with her sister, and was soon as active in church work as she had been in the old home. Here she became acquainted with a young and rising attorney, Theodore S. Parvin. Mr. Parvin had become well established in Muscatine, having come there from Ohio some four years before Miss McCully arrived. It only required a short time for him to discover that Miss McCully was a superior person and one quite worthy of his highest

regard. This regard soon ripened into devotion, and a year later the Rev. John Stocker pronounced them husband and wife, a relationship which continued for over fifty-three years, and which naught but death could possibly sever.

From March the first, eighteen hundred and nineteen, to November the twentieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-six is measured the period of a long and useful life. All the changes which life brings, the joys, the sorrows, the anxieties and the honors are embraced between these dates. Few are privileged to compass so long a period of existence, but if love hallows and consecrates such days, how charming and beautiful becomes the rhythm of life.

Can one pay a nobler or better tribute to woman than to say that love rendered her lovely. No higher attribute can animate the soul of woman than pure, consecrated love. It was love beaming from every feature, manifest in every movement, apparent in every act, which constituted the charm of this life so dear to all who knew her.

Her childhood was spent amid rural scenes, and the love of nature inculcated in youth animated her being through life. She was greatly interested in natural science, especially in geology and botany. When she went upon visiting tours with her husband, she collected many choice specimens of minerals and plants, for she enjoyed curious and beautiful things, not only because of the interest they awakened in her, but because of the delight they afforded her husband and children.

The great charm of Mrs. Parvin's life and the one which her biographer is inclined to dwell most upon is the remarkable influence which she had over the career of her friends and her husband. When she said, "Oh, I am quite sure you can do it," or, "I am quite sure you will succeed," there was a display of confidence and interested sympathy in the words which often made success possible. Everything was gently said but with an accent that made one feel that his success would be her highest pleasure.

Soon after her marriage she welcomed her husband to

membership in the church, and so thorough was his conversion that he has ever since been a staunch supporter of Presbyterian doctrines and of Christian work.

In 1860, Mr. Parvin was elected a member of the Faculty of the Iowa State University, and the family removed to Iowa City, where they made their home for over twenty years. Here their six children were educated, and here they dispensed the most charming hospitality. It is no exaggeration to say that in this home were entertained more distinguished people than in any other home in Iowa. There was comfort and good cheer for those in humble circumstances as well as for those in higher walks in life. We can never forget the simple and gracious manner in which Mrs. Parvin invited to her home some of the University girls, that they might sit at the table with Professor and Mrs. Louis Agassiz, that they might meet Emerson, Vincent, Beecher, Talmage and many other distinguished people who from time to time came here to lecture, or were drawn hither for other purposes. To the young people of those days these were privileges not lightly to be regarded. During the years that Dr. Parvin was connected with the University their home was headquarters for regents and visitors on commencement occasions, and Mrs. Parvin was the generous and charming hostess to them all.

For the University students Mrs. Parvin had the most motherly regard. While they were here they were in a sense her children, and their welfare was constantly in her mind. Were one sick, or poor, or friendless her sympathy went out to such in the most delicate and effective manner.

As a housekeeper Mrs. Parvin observed the New England custom of arranging her work so that each day had its own specific portion. Saturday was general baking day. This can be attested by scores of students who welcomed with delight some dainty product from her pantry. In the early history of the University many students rented rooms and kept house. This was done by young men as well as women, and many a homely meal was made palatable by the dainties

provided by Mrs. Parvin. She had such a sweet and lovely way in bestowing her goodies that you almost felt that you were granting a favor by accepting, for the idea of obligation was entirely eliminated from the gift. It was, "We have made too large a baking of bread to-day, and can you help us dispose of it?" Or, "Company for which we provided did not arrive and we have too much cake," or, "I am under obligations to your mother for the recipe for this preserve and think of no better way to repay her than to send you some."

The flowers which bloomed in winter in her windows, and these were many, were readily culled for the pleasure of others and always with the assurance that they bloomed better if they were cut often.

When we reflect upon the great amount of work accomplished by Dr. Parvin, we must ever bear in mind that for over fifty years there was at his side a true help-meet, who lightened his burdens, lessened his sorrows, heightened his joys, relieved his anxieties, assumed the responsibility of all domestic details, and encouraged every effort for success.

The silent influence of Mrs. Parvin has been a benediction to many who have come within the sphere of her acquaintance, as many tributes of love can attest. One student voices the thoughts of many when he says: "She was the ministering angel whom the students, like myself, poor in this world's goods devotedly loved. Never was there a student sick and needing aid but she was at his bedside to render all needed assistance. Every Saturday, bake day, I and others like me were remembered with an ample supply of cake, pies and other good things for a Sunday dinner. When we were convalescing or over-weary we found a seat at her home and hospitable table."

A truly good and noble woman takes pride and pleasure in the home, but a truly wise woman does not carry the burdens of the home wherever she goes. Mrs. Parvin, while a model wife, mother, housekeeper, and a devoted friend, was a well read and public spirited woman. All new developments in

science and art were a pleasure to her. She found each day time for reading and kept her mind stored with interesting facts which rendered her conversation pleasing and intelligent. She lived to witness the progress of three-quarters of a century which embraces most of the permanent improvements and inventions of this country.

Such were her intellectual qualities, and such her unbounded sympathies that she had the complete confidence of her family. Thus to her as to the shrine of many a saint came the recital of many trials and troubles, to be lightened and alleviated. Her implicit faith in an all wise Creator brought comfort where all seemed hopeless.

During the protracted illness of her younger daughter, Agga, she was for eight years constantly at the bedside. This close confinement to the house and the ever present scene of physical suffering took her away from outside interests and deprived her of the stimulus which comes from association and wide acquaintance. Then the peculiar illness of her oldest son, which was of more than twenty year's duration, caused her much anxiety, and of itself would have been sufficient to depress the bravest heart. Yet she never murmured nor complained, but hoped all things, believed all things, endured all things, counting all as but light afflictions compared with what Our Savior suffered for us.

When the time came that the children were established in their various occupations and the family reduced to the original two members, Dr. and Mrs. Parvin resigned the Iowa City home and removed to Cedar Rapids, where Dr. Parvin had long been engaged with his labors in the interests of Free Masonry. Here, broken in health and weary with the weight of years, Mrs. Parvin lived quietly, resting as much as possible and seeking the benefits of change in climate by accompanying her husband on extensive tours into Mexico, California, and eastern cities.

The last year was one of intense bodily suffering. Death had marked her for his victim. Twice the surgeon's knife

sought to relieve her but in vain. A painful and loathsome cancer had fixed itself upon her face and would not loose its hold. To correctly estimate the christian virtues of her life one should have seen her when she was aware of all which awaited her, aware that no relief could come—cheerful and hopeful where there was no cheer and no hope—suffering patiently the pain which to many would have been physical and mental agony. Glad of the presence of friends when they were permitted to see her and seeking relief by manifesting interest in them, not by narrating to them her own sufferings. This triumph over bodily pain, this suppression of anguish, and this resignation to the inevitable mark the strength of mind which enabled her to calmly contemplate her departure with a peaceful submission to the will of God.

If friendly sympathy could have restored her to health, she would be with us to-day, for from all over the land where Dr. and Mrs. Parvin were so well known came many messages to cheer and comfort.

To break the loneliness which the bereaved husband was called to bear, there came hundreds of tender tributes to the memory of his dear one and he cherishes them as things too beautiful and sacred to be made public. All who really knew her delight to say that from her they learned many useful lessons—lessons of patience, of cheerfulness, of faith, of charity, of uncomplaining submission, of tender and abiding affection.

There are many memorials of this sainted wife and mother which indicate the esteem accorded her. To her Dr. Parvin dedicated the ninth volume of the *Annals of Iowa Masonry* in the following words:

TO MY WIFE,

An interested witness of the growth and progress of the

GRAND LODGE OF IOWA,

In all the forty-and-one years past of its history

(coeval with our married life);

Who, with a self-denying devotion seldom witnessed, has in late years bestowed her time and attention to the care of an invalid son and daughter, thus depriving herself of the pleasure

of fraternal society, that her husband might  
be able to discharge his onerous

#### DUTIES TO THE CRAFT;

And most gratefully does he recognize his obligations to her, by whose  
wise and judicious counsels, uniform good judgment, and  
ever-patient forbearance, the labors of

#### OFFICIAL LIFE

Have been greatly lessened and rendered enjoyable;  
And as an humble tribute to  
Her worth as a woman, and the wife of one whose

#### MASONIC LIFE

Is so closely interwoven with the  
HISTORY OF THE GRAND LODGE AND OF MASONRY  
Manifested in its nine volumes of Annals  
(1844-84), and its

#### LIBRARY AND LIBRARY BUILDING,

This Ninth Volume of the Annals of Iowa Masonry is  
Lovingly Dedicated, by  
Her Husband, and Grand Secretary,

T. S. PARVIN.

That the young ladies of the University of to-day might learn something of the friend of the University of long ago, Dr. Parvin has furnished and decorated the parlors in Close Hall for the Young Women's Christian Association, and on the first anniversary of Mrs. Parvin's death, these young ladies held a beautiful memorial service. These rooms were made fragrant with flowers and the silent home in the cemetery was not forgotten. But the noblest memorial of all is the silent and subtle influence which permeates the lives of those who knew her and which has so moulded their thoughts and actuated their conduct that none may estimate how far down the ages, the light of her soul has cast its golden beam.

I have painted only faintly,  
What should be a portrait saintly,  
Drawn with all a master's care,  
"With a halo round her hair"  
And love's symbols everywhere.

## TAMA INDIANS AND THE SCARE OF 1864.

BY RUTH IRISH PRESTON, DAVENPORT, IOWA.



UR peaceful band of Musquakies, whose home is in Tama County, have been from time to time the subject of much discussion, particularly among politicians and missionaries.

How to care for, and at the same time mold them into industrious, self-supporting and intelligent citizens or else be rid of them, has puzzled the head of many a government attaché. How to civilize and christianize them has baffled the missionary societies for years.

This band of Musquakies or Foxes has made its home in Tama County for more than thirty-five years. Formerly they, in company with the Sacs, resided near Dubuque, and at different points along the Mississippi River. In 1837 a treaty was made with them, whereby they were removed to Kansas. Still later another treaty was made which called for their removal to the Indian Territory. To the terms of this treaty only the Sacs submitted; the Foxes returned to Iowa and purchased with their annuity money fourteen hundred and fifty-two acres of rich land lying upon either side of the Iowa River some three miles west of Tama City.

Here the Foxes or Musquakies have resided for some years. They have been quite active in preventing the establishment of schools at the agency and hence their progress towards civilization has been very slow; so much so as to give great discouragement to those who have been interesting themselves in the good work.

Personally, I admire the disposition of the Indians, who with true Puritan courage, surrounded and hard pressed by the white man, refused to have his beliefs and manner of living thrust upon them, and still worship after the dictates of their hearts, the gods of their Fathers.

In their faith they are as sincere as we are in ours, and I

am of the opinion that they could be more speedily improved religiously and morally, if those who are engaged in this benevolent work would entirely drop creed and doctrine and present *only* the essence of christianity to the Indian's simple mind. Even *this* should be taught rather by deeds than by words—deeds, which after they have borne fruit, could be translated into words from the Good Book, creating an interest therein just as a child's love for books is developed by filling the pages with pleasing pictures.

The first and most pressing need of our Musquakie neighbor, is for instruction in right modes of living, healthful dress, food, dwellings, etc., and in efficient methods of farming. When this has been repeatedly and successfully given, then will the Green Corn Feast with all its sickening details no longer be possible, and many minor idiosyncrasies will pass with it, leaving their devotees free to accept newer and more rational modes of living and worship.

I have had the opportunity of observing Indian characteristics not only in Iowa but also in the north and west, and have found that even the Sioux admire honesty and morality and implicitly trust a man who *never* deceives them. With what care then should the agents and teachers be chosen who are to lead these children of the forest out into the clear sunlight of christian civilization. What if the Indian men as a rule are lazy and shiftless, leaving all drudgery, even the farming, to their wives? Many white men do the same. The last government report shows that the squaws *are* more progressive than the men; that they are generally industrious, decent in dress and manners, and seeking to gain better conditions of living. This fact furnishes the key by which the government may solve the problem of civilizing the band. If it would but *see* this and furnish the proper teachers to educate the women and children, then, when the present aged rulers with their primitive ideas shall have passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds, their places will be filled by others whose ideas are more progressive, more civilized, more christian.

Until then let us bear charitably with them, for the Musquakies, like all people the world over—regardless of race or color—who with undeveloped mental capacities, are groping through this life surrounded by good and evil—are very apt to choose the latter because it often appears in the more attractive dress. The influence of the bad whites will be hard to overcome and will long postpone the glad day of enfranchisement for the untutored savage within our borders.

The "Big Indian Scare" of 1864 is without doubt traceable to the evil influence of the *bad whites* and is a fitting example of how "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Having been a resident of Tama County during the stirring years of the early sixties, I well remember the famous "Scare," and the subsequent banter it occasioned.

The western and northern parts of our State were then on the frontier of civilization, and its broad and beautiful prairies were but sparsely settled. Just at that time the inhabitants had their nerves drawn to the very tightest tension by news of battle from the South and of Indian foray and massacre from the North and West, the latter extending across the borders of our own State, and marked by a trail of blood and fire.

Where once had stood peaceful cabin homes amid the beautiful prairie lilies, naught was left save ashes strewn with the corpses of their fated owners.

The coming of the "bloody Sioux," for it was the Sioux who were on the warpath, enemies both of the whites and of our peaceful Musquakie protégés, was feared and hourly expected by both; while the over-excited imagination of the settlers was ready to kindle into flame at the slightest rumor. Particularly was this true of people recently arrived from the East. These were ever on the alert, "sniffing danger from afar" and holding themselves ready to depart for the orient at the sound of the first war-whoop; not standing on the order of their going. The children of those western homes drank in the tales told by their elders around the fireside, of Indian massacre and of guerilla raid, till their imaginations were

wrought up to the highest pitch. At school during intermissions, they would work off their surplus energy by putting to rout, now an attacking party of Indian braves, now a squad of rebels in gray; and as the pupils invariably divided to represent both factions, many were the torn garments and painful scratches—not to mention bruised feelings—resulting, which teacher and parents were called on almost daily to mend. But one day, shortly before the grand “Scare,” these braves of tender years had a “sure enough” opportunity to exhibit the courage of which they supposed themselves possessed. Some boy, whose eyes had followed his rambling thoughts away from his well-thumbed book through the open window beside him, gave the sudden alarm of “Indians!” All droning of lessons was hushed in an instant and we were up to see and to verify the statement for ourselves. Surely our eyes did not deceive us. There they were, hosts of them, it seemed to us, on horseback and afoot; braves, squaws and children, while dogs and loose ponies filled in the gaps and lengthened out the procession which was coming, Indian file, around the bend of the road, straight toward us! Every pupil, not excepting the brave captains who had for weeks been winning laurels on our mimic fields, popped under his desk with pale face and palpitating heart, wondering, no doubt, how many minutes he might be suffered to retain his wealth of long hair, his liberty and his precious life. As to the teacher, I believe no one of those pupils could ever have told what she did, save to secure the door when the alarm was given. Nor can I now remember who was the doughty youth that first dared to peep outside after we had crouched, sobbed and shivered for some minutes beneath our desks. That brave, and at this date unknown hero, discovered that the supposed warriors were none other than our peaceful neighbors, the Musquakies, enroute to their summer camping grounds, where they went annually to gather rushes and weave them into mats.

A few weeks following this little excitement came the “In-

dian Scare" on a larger scale, involving old as well as young, in which *real* captains in uniform, home from hard fought Southern fields of battle, like the lesser heroes of the mimic fray, lost their heads at the first cry of *Indians!*

A solitary Musquakie, having been to Iuka (now Tama) on a swapping and *imbibing* expedition, after the manner of some of his white brothers, and having started home rather late had, on reaching "Whisky Bottom," felt himself strongly impelled to sleep, doubtless because of its intoxicating atmosphere. He accordingly sought accommodations at a house near by, to which he was attracted by a light from the kitchen window where the owner sat reading his paper. This man's wife weary and doubtless nervous, on the Indian subject, had retired to rest but not to sleep. Hearing an Indian's voice with her husband's in the outer room, she had not stopped to reason but, wasting not a moment, had fled from imaginary tortures. Escaping through her window she hastened to the home of the neighbor nearest at hand in whose family were several lusty sons. There she related her breathless story: "The Sioux had come and her husband without doubt had been, or was being cruelly murdered." The several boys jumped bareback on as many ponies and hurried off in different directions rousing the families roundabout. These in their turn roused all within their reach and thus it was that in short order whole townships were moving, under cover of darkness, toward the county seat where they hoped to find mutual protection.

It was well, indeed, that they had darkness to cover them in their flight, for many had little else! On hearing the blood-curdling news they had leaped from their beds, gathered their clothing in their arms, with perchance some small family treasures and heirlooms, and had started for town on the run. The settlers' families were not generally small. It was impossible for the parents to take all the darlings by the hand, and thus many children fell behind and sought shelter in the woods. In our immediate neighborhood, I remember, it was

several days before all the youngsters were gathered safe back to the family hearth; for hearing the searchers hallooing for them, they would retreat farther into the woods and lie more quietly, if possible, than before, thinking the Indians were about to discover and scalp them.

In Toledo, the county seat, military preparations went forward throughout the night. All the men and boys able to bear arms were collected and drilled under the direction of the soldiers home on furlough. All available firearms, ammunition and food were called in, and the court house square was speedily turned into a fort where were gathered in one fantastic assembly, men, women and children, in all stages of dress and undress; farmers, merchants, professional and military men, all social and political barriers removed, standing in the face of a common danger, brothers in one common cause, that of saving their dear ones from the ravaging foe. Over this motley assemblage great bonfires threw their ruddy lights, making the scared white faces look weird indeed. The story of "Indians" had grown and changed into many different forms as it spread, with the addition of many harrowing details. But strange to say no one thought, till near daylight,—when all were weary with fruitless watching for the foe who never came—to send forth scouts, to reconnoitre and, if so fortunate as to return, bring back news from the wasted homes. Doubtless it was the suddenness of the alarm in the dead of night, together with dread of the stealthy savage's skulking mode of warfare, that had so sapped, for a brief time, the courage even of the bravest men there, while fainting women and terrified children engrossed the attention of all the physicians present. Nor were all the nervous attacks so speedily cured as was the supposed case of paralysis in the child of brave Captain Stoddard. The little fellow having been hastily snatched up and dressed by his father and carried before him on horseback till they reached the square was, when put down, quite unable to stand. Kind old Doctor Carey responded to the captain's excited call for a physician

and on looking the patient over, calmly suggested adapting his two legs to those of his pants instead of leaving both thrust into one! This, he thought, would effect a complete cure without a resort either to bleeding, blistering or dosing—and so it did, to the captain's unspeakable joy, somewhat tempered with chagrin. Many scarcely less ludicrous incidents occurred that night, to be recalled for years after by those who survived to tell the tale. There were those who vowed if they lived till morn, they would go east and never, never more return. But their vows were not kept, for with the morning light came the return of the scouts who reported to the chagrined, but greatly relieved, assemblage that the scare was wholly without foundation. They had found the man whom his wife had left to his fate, calmly eating his breakfast which, with true western hospitality, he was sharing with his Indian guest, the before mentioned *tired* Musquakie. The scouts plied him with such questions as, "Hello! Aren't you murdered?" "Haven't the Sioux been here?" "Aren't you even scalped?" and receiving only negative answers, made all haste to carry the glad tidings back to the embattled town. Then the desire of each to get speedily home was as great, almost, as it had been to get away. Somehow all felt a disposition to return unseen, if possible, and crawl in quietly through the back way so that the wise-eyed oxen, waiting patiently in their stalls, far beyond their accustomed breakfast hour, should not know that they had been abandoned to the savages' cruel knife. It would have been vain, however, for the refugees to try to cover their tracks. An Indian and even his less sharp-sighted white brother, would have had no trouble in following their trails, marked as they were by scattered clothing, jewelry and heirlooms of various sorts lost or abandoned in the mad rush for life.

Especially in evidence were the huge hoop-skirts, in vogue at that day, which hung like bird-cages from many a sapling and shrub by the wayside. Our home was only a mile and a half from Toledo, but right in the depths of a virgin forest

and approachable only by a private road. There in the heart of that lonely wood my mother, her two little girls and a neighbor's young daughter spent that historical night alone (father being absent, locating a railroad that was destined to become a path for the march of civilization across the continent), unwarned, unprotected and the only ones, save the lost and wandering children, left in our township. This was not due to oversight or unkindness on the part of neighbors. Those who knew of our lonely and isolated situation, thought to get their own families into safety and then return for us; but for each, unexpected difficulties arose in the way of nervous disorders among their loved ones, the care for which, so entirely consumed their time—even that of the father of the young woman who was visiting us—that we were abandoned to our fate. What a blessed fate it was!—a good sleep in comfortable beds, until all the imaginary danger was over, while our neighbors were up and flying for their lives.

At the dawn of day we began to hold a reception. First came one neighbor, and then another, until all living near enough to feel that it should have been their duty to notify and protect us, had called. With a curiously plagued expression of countenance, they would say after the usual greeting: "I thought I'd look in and see how you got through the night. You didn't get scared or nothin' I spose? Didn't see or hear any Injuns did you?" Then they would relate their own experience, graphically describing the situation in Court House Square during the night, and after finding my mother had only heartfelt thanks to give them for *not* having notified her, their consciences were relieved of self-reproach, and they went to their several cabin homes (nearly all were log cabins then) with hearts overflowing with gratitude for the pleasant termination of "That Indian Scare."

DOCUMENTARY MATERIAL RELATING TO  
THE HISTORY OF IOWA.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH, PH.D.

PUBLISHED BY STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

VOL. II. No. 12.

**T**HIS monograph relating to local government gives a transcript of the laws of the Territory of Michigan from 1805 to 1816, which were applied to the territory west of the Mississippi now embraced within the limits of the State of Iowa.

These Acts, twenty-seven in number, are in regulation of court procedure, roads and bridges, marriages, schools, taxation, support of the poor, and enclosures.

It is noticeable that the legislators trusted their own judgment in only five cases. The remaining twenty-two acts give credit to other States in some instances for the entire Act; in others for particular sections. Massachusetts heads the list of references in 11 cases; Vermont 9; New York 8; Ohio 6; Maryland 3; Pennsylvania 2; Connecticut and New Jersey 1 each. The large number of States to which credit is given shows a determination on the part of the Solons of that early day to get the best sentiment incorporated into law, and also to give due credit for the same.

Vermont seems to have served them as the best model for public schools. The overseers of the poor were made trustees. The money was collected by special tax from the parents, who had children between the ages of four and eighteen years. The maximum tax was to be four dollars and the minimum two dollars for each child.

A student of United States History might express surprise that in crediting Vermont and Ohio, they should be called "Original States."

Accuracy in minute details is observable in this, as in all other work of the compiler.

## A PAGE FROM AN ITINERANT'S LIFE.



ETHODIST preachers were, perhaps, more closely identified with the early settlers of Iowa than any other class of men, and until the State was invaded by the iron horse, theirs was in many respects a picturesque life; their parishes being of great extent, and the great distances to be covered, either by horseback journeys, or where one had attained enough of this world's wealth to allow him to own a buggy, in that more aristocratic mode of reaching his preaching places, often many miles apart, he was compelled to live in close fellowship with the pioneer settlers.

But in addition to the great amount of travel imposed upon him, by passing over such considerable distances every week, he was compelled to change his home at the end of the "Conference" year, and travel, sometimes many miles to his new parish, or "Charge."

Of one of these annual moves by an humble itinerant, my father, in 1857, I wish to give an account that will recall some of the features of those by-gone days.

In October of the above named year, my father, mother, an elder brother, myself and two sisters, got into a buggy made to carry but two persons, at the little village of Pittsburg, on the Des Moines River, to begin a journey of almost two hundred miles to Panora. The year spent at Pittsburg had been an uninterrupted holiday to us boys; just enough schooling to keep play from cloying, we fished, bathed, gathered berries, nuts, started flocks of turkeys, and herds of deer in the woods, and with heavy hearts we bade good bye to the village boys, who had been with us in all of our adventures. However, the last word is spoken; we are off, Albert and I riding on a board fastened to the back of the buggy, our feet dangling without support.

Noon found us but ten miles on the way, being still within

the bounds of the charge that we were leaving, and father drew in at a Mr. Swyers' for dinner. Mr. Swyers was an old man trembling with palsy; he pulled some sheaves of oats out of a stack, and fed Sal and Kit, our two horses, but little more than ponies in size, and then pointed us to the trees, where the best apples were to be found. Mrs. Swyers soon had a dinner of hot biscuits and molasses, the molasses made from Chinese sugar cane; the first that we had ever seen. It had been made by chopping the cane into short pieces and boiling in a kettle to extract the syrup.

Again we are on the road and in a few miles reached Portland, where we forded the river, and where Albert cut the first notch in our board seat, by which to remember how many towns we passed through. The next notch was for Iowaville and then Black Hawk, on the opposite side of the river, and then Dahlonga, a pretty village which we wished had been our destination. An academy gave it a dignity that towns of much greater population wanted in our eyes. A mile or two farther we stopped for the night at a Mr. Myers'.

The road was through wooded country until Kirkville was passed, and then we were out on the boundless reaches of the prairies. The roads were excellent, and the dreamy haze of Indian summer bathed all things round the horizon in what seemed always afternoon, so that we were not "weighed upon with heaviness," even if removing so far from our household goods.

Notch after notch had been added to our record of towns passed through, until there were half a score or more of roughenings of the edge of our none too easy seat. Between Monroe and Des Moines, we came upon a small herd of elk, that were feeding in the woods near the river.

The stage coach overtook us just as we were entering Des Moines, and father whipped the horses, to keep the lead, but just as we were turning the foot of Capitol hill, the sticks that supported our seat broke, and we boys were rolling in the dust, with the stage coach horses just upon us, but the driver

pulled them up, and father, drew to one side, a wiser, if not a better man.

We had no more hesitation in calling at a city house for entertainment, than we had in drawing up at the log cabins by the way, and as it was Saturday evening when we reached Des Moines the rest was to continue over Sunday.

We found a home for the time at a cottage on the East Side, with Methodist people. As Des Moines was the first city we boys had ever seen, we found the Sabbath none too long for our explorations. The capitol building, we found was not entirely new to us, for its granite cornice had been unloaded at Pittsburg, from the steamboat Skipper. That boat had run on a rock a few miles above the village, and had returned and unloaded, and gone down the river to be repaired. The cargo was mainly stoves and this granite cornice, which was only zinc, as we had so often seen when playing high spy in and out among the piles of goods. The Skipper returned and bore the cargo to its destination, but was compelled to remain at Des Moines all summer by reason of low water, so that a city newspaper, in boasting of the city's prosperity, stated there had not been a day, the entire summer, in which a steamboat had not been at the wharf.

Monday morning we were on the road again, stopping for dinner at a Mr. Jordan's. The day was much cooler than the week previous had been, and an ominous coolness seized me, being a return, as I thought, of the ague chills, with which life on the Des Moines River, in those days was only too well acquainted. The next day the chill returned, and I had to be taken into the buggy, one of my sisters taking the place outside.

This day the road passed through a country very thinly inhabited; at times the eye wandered miles without meeting a human habitation.

As night came on we drove into the little village of Panora, and I had to be lifted out of the buggy, and carried into the house of the class-leader, a Mr. Harper. Since then, I have often wondered at the hospitality we met with on that entire

journey. Many of the homes at which we stopped were none too much blessed with this world's goods, but in no instance that I can remember were we received with coldness. Mr. Harper was far from being wealthy, but his house was freely opened to an entirely strange family of six, and one of the number very ill with fever. During the weeks that I lay almost at the gate of death, Mr. Harper was unremitting in helping to nurse me back to health. He was a shingle maker, cutting them out of cottonwood, with a hand machine.

Father found no one at Panora who could quit his work, and go to Pittsburg for our household goods, and as the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet was compelled to go to the mountain, in this instance our household goods.

It was with a heavy heart that father put me into the buggy to retrace the journey, and by this time the November winds made it seem anything but a holiday undertaking. We did not burden the same persons on our return trip, but sought entertainment at other houses. At Des Moines we stopped for the night at Hoyt Sherman's, one of the most aristocratic houses in the city; father was no respecter of persons, if the person was a Methodist, and Mrs. Sherman was of that faith.

To vary any monotony, if there had been any thus far on the journey, Mary, the youngest of the daughters, was seized with the croup, and Mrs. Sherman spent the night aiding mother in saving the child's life. At Oskaloosa, Mr. Hardy, the Presiding Elder, advised father to "locate" and we returned to the old home at Glendale, and the household goods were brought there from Pittsburg.

Five years after the above described journey, Albert the elder of the boys laid down to rest in a soldier's grave, at Memphis, having participated in the unsuccessful attempt made on Vicksburg by a brother of Mr. Sherman, who had entertained us at Des Moines.

The writer took a more memorable journey, than the above

described, with the same brother of Mr. Sherman's through Georgia. Of that itinerant's family, that started from Pittsburg that October morning, only two remain to loiter through what may yet remain of life's uneven journey.

*December 23rd, 1897.*

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## THE BATTLESHIP *IOWA*.

BY A. N. HARBERT.

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THE building of the United States Battleship *Iowa* was a noted event in the new navy, for it meant the addition of a ship of the first-class.

She was built under the provisions of the naval appropriation bill of July 19, 1892, the cost being limited to \$4,000,000. The contract was entered into with the Cramps—the famous family of ship-builders at Philadelphia, the price named being \$3,010,000, and a bonus of \$50,000 for each quarter knot in excess of the guaranteed speed as shown in a four hours' sea trial, which increased the price another \$100,000.

The launching of the ship occurred on the 28th of March, 1896, in the presence of Francis M. Drake, Governor of Iowa, and members of his staff, and the representative men of the nation and thirty thousand patriotic people.

Miss Mary Lord Drake, daughter of the Governor, was appointed to break the traditional bottle of champagne upon the bow of the ship as she started and to name her *Iowa*.

When all preparations were completed, Henry W. Cramp led Miss Drake up to a little platform directly under the vessel's bow. He then presented her with a bouquet of American Beauty roses, after which he handed her the decorated bottle suspended in a net-work of gold cord, with three streamers of blue ribbon hanging from its neck.

The ship's massive hull stood high in the air and hundreds of

flags were floating from her, while about her bow were gathered the representative men of the country for which she was built to fight. The Delaware River glistened in the back-ground and seemed almost holding out arms to welcome her. The noise of workmen pounding and hammering down under the keel of the ship had almost ceased, and the measured movements of a saw could be heard. The vast assemblage held their breath. Miss Drake grasped the bottle securely in her right hand and eyed the ship which towered above her and waited. The ship began to move gently towards the water at 1:14 P. M., when Miss Drake spoke the words: "I christen thee *Iowa*." The bottle was simultaneously swung against the ship's bow, breaking it squarely and the foam and sparkle of the choicest vintage of France, raced down the sides of the great defender, the *Iowa* radiant in white and red, as it swept forward to meet the blue waters and, in their embrace, completed the symbol of the starry flag.

A friend of Senator Allison's remarked to him that, "That was a beautiful launch," to which he replied, "Iowa never does things by halves."

The greatest fighting vessel afloat, as the *Iowa* is claimed to be, is the fourth of the great battleships built for the navy, and is distinguished from her predecessors, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts* and *Oregon*, by her sea-going efficiency while they are classed as coast battleships.

The following are the principal dimensions of the *Iowa*:

Length on load water line, . . . . .	360 feet
Extreme breadth, . . . . .	72 feet, 2½ inches
Moulded depth, . . . . .	39 feet, 4¾ inches
Mean draught, . . . . .	24 feet
Displacement, . . . . .	11,296 tons
Indicated horse power, . . . . .	11,000
Coal carrying capacity, . . . . .	3,000 tons
Speed in knots, guaranteed, . . . . .	16

The water line is protected for one hundred ninety-six feet of its length amidships by a belt of armor seven feet six inches wide, with a maximum thickness of fourteen inches, on twelve

inches wood backing. Belts of armor twelve inches thick run across the ship, connecting the ends of the side belts. At the forward and after ends of the citadel formed by this armored structure circular barbettes of sixteen inch armor are established, with rotating turrets, each turret carrying two guns with axes parallel. The turrets are fourteen inch armor. Above the water line belt a second citadel of four inch armor is built, extending one hundred feet fore and aft along the sides and with diagonal segments running to the main barbettes. At each of the four corners of this citadel is a barbette of eight inch armor, with a revolving turret of five and one-half inch armor.

The four breech-loading rifles in her main turrets are twelve inches caliber, and the four upper turrets are armed with eight breech-loading rifles of eight inch caliber, two to a turret. The twelve inch guns in the forward turret and the eight inch guns in the upper turrets are on the same level, their axes being twenty-five feet above the mean water line. The axes of the twelve inch guns in the after turret are eighteen feet above the water line. The sponsons are to carry four inch rifles, of which sized gun there are to be six, and twenty-two rapid firing and machine guns are provided for, to be distributed about the ship and on the fighting mast. The fighting mast has three tops, which is a prominent feature of the ship. There are also bow and stern torpedo tubes and two tubes on each side.

The engines are of vertical, inverted three cylinder type, triple expansion, and developing eleven thousand horse power at one hundred twelve revolutions of her twin screws. She will have a radius of action of sixteen thousand miles at a speed of ten knots. The best speed made by her is 17.087 knots.

As additional protection, the *Iowa* has deflective steel decks and cellulose packing back of her plating. The armor is all Harveyized nickel steel.

Far down beneath the main turrets are the principal magazines where ton upon ton of high explosives are stored. These magazines are steel clad and lighted by electric lights sunk

into glass wells, and fitted with thermometers that ring a fire alarm when the atmosphere reaches a certain temperature. They are also supplied with a system of tubes through which a flood of water may be poured in case of fire. The ship is supplied with all modern appliances; speaking tubes, telephone stations, electric call bells, automatic signals and registering devices of various sorts add to its conveniences.

The naval trial board approved of the *Iowa*, and she was preliminarily accepted by the government on June 15th, 1897, and finally accepted December 1st, 1897. She is commanded by Captain William T. Sampson, U. S. N. Her present complement is composed of four hundred eleven sailors and a marine guard of sixty men.

The State of Iowa presented a silver service as a proper recognition of the honor conferred upon the State by the name Iowa. It consisted of forty-one pieces, and was manufactured by Messrs. Caldwell & Company, of Philadelphia, at a cost of \$5,000. The wild rose which was officially designated the flower of the State of Iowa, May 7th, 1897, was authorized as one of the decorations to be placed on the service.

To rank among the leading naval powers of the world means vastly more than the ability to engage in combat or subjugate the fleet of a foreign power: it means the extension of civilization and the growth of commerce: it means greater achievements in mastering the forces of nature, and greater scientific attainments, for such is the legitimate work of a navy in the time of peace.

A brief mention of the recent disaster of the *Maine* will not be inappropriate in this article. The *Maine* was placed under orders on the 24th of January to proceed to Havana, which was in accordance with a long prepared plan. She dropped anchor in the harbor of that city on the 25th, being the first American battleship sent to Cuban waters during the present revolution. The position assigned her was alongside the Spanish Cruiser, *Alfonso XII*, between the city on one side and Morro Castle on the other. Captain Sigsbee and the most of

the officers and crew were in their sleeping quarters when a terrific explosion occurred at 9:40 P. M., rending the vessel asunder a little forward of amidships. Of about four hundred persons on board, two hundred fifty-three were killed—two of whom were from the State of Iowa.

The Naval Board of Inquiry appointed to ascertain the cause of the disaster is presided over by Captain Sampson of the *Iowa*. The proceedings of the board will be secret until all testimony has been received and the finding has been considered.

The very calmness and patience of the American people tends to confirm the conviction that they have become aware that the government is preparing to satisfy their demands. The final report of the Naval Board will determine the action of the President and Congress.

The rapidity and unanimity with which the bill appropriating \$50,000,000 for national defenses which was so recently passed, was most impressive, though its true significance is likely to be overlooked at the present time. The measure is in reality a precautionary one, such as in a time of possible emergency careful administrators charged with the defense of national interests feel constrained to take. It is in no sense a threat, but while intended to meet untoward possibilities it is hoped that its passage will tend to insure the maintenance of peace.

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### OLD SETTLERS OF GRINNELL \*

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**T**HE Fifth Annual Meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Grinnell was held in the Congregational Church Friday, March 11th, 1898, at 3 P. M.

The pupils of the public schools opened the exercises by singing "Iowa," by Major Byers. Prof. L. F. Parker, President of the Association, announced that there would be some

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\* Reprinted from *The Grinnell Herald*.

photographs taken of such groups as might be suggested. A roll was called showing that there were present four who came in 1854; fourteen in 1855; sixteen in 1856; three in 1857; four in 1858; three in 1859; two in 1861; one in 1862; three in 1863; four in 1864; four in 1865; three in 1866; two in 1867; eleven in 1868. Two groups were then photographed on the south steps of the church, one of forty-four who came prior to 1860, and one of thirty who came from 1860 to 1868. A third group was taken at Childs' studio of those who came in 1854, 1855 and 1856.

Prof. S. J. Buck then called the meeting together again and Rev. T. Brande offered prayer, following which Miss Stella Bartlett favored the meeting with a vocal number, "The Plains of Peace," with Mrs. Christian as accompanist. Prof. L. F. Parker then gave a paper on his personal reminiscences, especially of Grinnell and its early educational influences.

#### PROFESSOR PARKER'S PAPER.

A suggestion that those most closely connected with the college should notice themselves at this anniversary of the association in this college semi-centennial year, has seemed somewhat reasonable.

Causes of results made manifest here, as well as causes of coming to Grinnell, may be of some interest to those who have any interest in the autobiography given—hence the scope of this paper.

It was my good fortune to be born in 1825 in the small town of China, in western New York, a rural region, conspicuous for intelligence, radical reform, and religious character, hence a poor town for lawyers, and starvation for saloon-keepers. Left fatherless at four years of age, a mother needed my aid on a small farm until I was twenty. It was a rare privilege for a boy to live through his teens in China, in New York, in the United States during 1838 to 1845. There was much to stir his thought and rouse resolution, if he were inclined to think.

If religiously inclined, Millerism with its huge wall pictures of all the beasts and monsters seen by seers in Daniel and Revelation, and with its half-dozen different proofs that the world would surely end in 1843, startled him to reflection. None in these days of self-confidence in new discoveries surpassed the Millerites, then. It took some self-reliance to stand on one's own feet then; some thought it showed downright impiety.

The boy born in 1825 was five years old when Webster said in reply to Hayne of South Carolina: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood." For that possible result, if slavery needed, men were then deliberately planning. It was the now obvious beginning of the end, thirty years later. Till that time the blaze then appearing grew hotter up to the conflagration in 1861.

The boy named could not forget that pro-slavery mobs had murdered Lovejoy and had come near to killing Garrison, nor could he fail to notice that anti-slavery petitions were spurned by Congress, and John Quincy Adams, the ex-president, was censured for presenting them. Politics were made red hot in some minds by the slavery question—the boy became hot. He was not afraid of the name abolitionist, nor did he shrink from being in the minority. He welcomed it rather, for are not the best and the wisest always the fewest? He has even yet great sympathy for those who have, as they say, the "courage of their convictions." He, too, was in the habit of doing what he deemed right, even to discarding slave-labor cotton, because if everybody would do it slavery would cease, and therefore *everybody* ought to do it, and what everybody ought to do *he* ought to do.

Odd, of course it was, but what difference would that make? "Do right, though the heavens fall."

After a time, however, an argument of Alvin Stewart, of Utica, led him to believe that the slave would prefer to have his *friends* use his own products, and then spend what was saved in that way for the slave in other ways. Therefore he could use slave-labor cotton, feeling, however, that it created a *debt to the slave*.

He could not vote for James G. Birney in 1845, but wanted to desperately.

Oberlin gave work to students. To Oberlin he started with five dollars in his pocket, leaving four of it along the way. Oberlin gave him opportunities for teaching, moderated his ultraism, made out his diploma, and furnished him a wife.

Off in 1853 to Brownsville, Pennsylvania, on an engagement for three months, as that, friends prophesied, would be the limit of his active life.

Three years of teaching there led to a conclusion to go west, locate, then stick, and grow up with the country as a teacher. Temptations to open an academy at Brownsville were offered, but the west was too tempting.

In 1856 Kansas was the focus of forces moving from the northeast and southeast. Missouri had invaded the Territory, seized the government, and imposed the code of Missouri upon the settlers. New England was on fire to save the region for freedom; South Carolina and Georgia were ablaze to make the grip of Missouri on it omnipotent. The general government was in sympathy with the South. But Lawrence was a plucky New England town, must be an educational center. It was worth trying.

The trip there was up the Missouri River with a Free State party. A special vessel was chartered at St. Louis. The city was hostile. Trouble was anticipated on leaving. Word was given out that we would sail at 9 o'clock in the morning, —we went quietly nine hours before. On the way we touched at Lexington. When first seen the broad area from the landing revealed only a single man here and there; when our gang-plank struck shore that area was a surging mass of

armed men. They rushed on board, flew up the stairs to the cabin. At the top they met a semi-circle of men whose pistols were all ready for battle. "Is Sam Wood, of Lawrence, on board?" shouted the leader of the invaders as he halted before the semi-circle. A little wiry fellow stepped out of that semi-circle toward the inquirer. "That's my name," said he. "Come ashore, we want to show you some Sharp's rifles." "Would you like to see the slides for them?" said the little Yankee, in reply. It was enough. Trouble was near. The steamer's bell rang; the wheels began to move backward: the men of Lexington flew ashore, and we left no freight at Lexington.

A few weeks in Kansas was enough. No immediate need of schools. Real war was impending. Almost in the very presence of the committee from Congress while at Lawrence investigating the ballot-box frauds in Kansas, Sheriff Jones was shot. Forces gathered; every citizen was armed. My last night in Lawrence was in a private house with a dozen others, two of them women, and every one of them lay down to sleep with a gun at hand, loaded and capped and with a further supply of ammunition to be seized for use if the long roll of the drum should call the town to defend itself. On my way out I passed through a troop of three hundred of Colonel Buford's men from South Carolina, who aided in the quick coming war in which Lawrence was sacked.

The money left to buy a lot in Lawrence probably aided some good Free State man; it never benefited me.

Iowa next offered greatest temptations. Before going to Kansas Rev. John Todd, of Tabor, had urged me to visit that place and promised that my salary as a teacher there should always equal his, at least by division of his, if necessary, but mine should never be lowered to raise his. My only objections to Tabor were geographical—too near Missouri, a slave State, and too near Nebraska, then no State at all, while the immediate vicinity was too sparsely settled.

Pennsylvania friends introduced me to Des Moines, just

then made the State capital. Trunks were directed thither. Oberlin friends on the way gave advice. Rev. George Clark, an evangelist, well known then in Iowa, as he had spent some time here, asked, "Where are you going?" "To Iowa." "What place?" "Des Moines." "Don't you do it. Stop at Grinnell. It will just suit you. It is a temperance town, anti-slavery, growing like a spring flower and building a University."

That was exactly what our classmate, Colonel Cooper, had said to my wife, adding: "Stop and see. Stay three months in the public school and then go on if you want to. I will not say a word." It was enough; a Grinnell halt it shall be.

At Iowa City, at the end of the railroad, no extra stage could be sent on my arrival and a day of waiting was helpful in the State University, where algebra was the highest study, and there were sixty pupils all the way down to the three R's.

A call at the office of the State Superintendent (for the removal to Des Moines had not then been effected) revealed Jas. B. Eads as the incumbent, the State Superintendent. Asked where there was a good opening for a teacher: "At Fort Madison, my home," said he. "How about Grinnell?" "Oh, good enough, if you can whistle through their quill."

And so I passed on to see how my lips would fit their quill. Grinnell, in September, 1856, had grassy walks, few houses, two hundred or so inhabitants, most of them directly from New England, others indirectly from there, and one family from Maryland, with a real, live slave, old Uncle Ned, so old as to be unserviceable, yet cared for as kindly as if he had been the grandfather of the whole family.

It was the beginning of things, of everything. The intelligence of the people, their cheerful acceptance of pioneer conditions, their purpose to make everything vastly better, and their spirit of pitching into everything that promised good with a cheerful abandon, and then with Mr. Grinnell, a living sunbeam, everywhere at home and an unpaid advertising agency everywhere in the State and out of it, I concluded this is the spot.

However, men like Dr. Holyoke were not so sure that I was exactly the man, but they kept quiet and waited. An Oberlinite was an object of suspicion, a crank probably. This cropped out at the lyceum in which the whole town engaged during the first winters, again and again. That meeting gave us all a capital opportunity for acquaintance. Dr. Holyoke could display his manly conservatism, Mr. Gilmore his careful, scholarly tone of mind; Mr. Cooper his power of persuasion when aroused; Esquire Gillett his love of humor: Mr. Hamlin his intense sincerity and advanced thought; Esquire Bixby his calm logic, anti-slavery sentiment and high moral courage. R. M. Kellogg said little, but when he did speak his words had pith and point and usually hit a head. T. B. Clark enriched the hour by his full quota of hard sense. H. M. Hamilton and Rev. Samuel Loomis spoke only occasionally and always said much when they spoke. Rev. S. L. Herrick was deliberate and a balance wheel in debate. Mr. Grinnell was too busy to elaborate arguments on abstract questions, but his words always brought practical information and new courage. There, too, the women brought their contributions. All in all, that lyceum was stirring, harmonizing, exceedingly useful.

The school for the first few weeks was in one room, and I had the honor of having a class of four small boys in the alphabet,—one of my best classes, indeed! Prof. Atlantic Phelps may remember those weeks before he passed out of my room into Mrs. Cooper's.

Grinnell University was in prospect, an excavation even then showed where the first building was to be located, every town lot sold increased University funds, the school was made by directors and teachers strictly preparatory for that institution. Students were invited from towns and counties around. Teachers were needed in schools which were springing up in every direction. The number of students increased somewhat rapidly, for the town and region around were settling and students came, in considerable numbers, from other towns and distant counties.

The County Superintendency was created in 1858 and the Grinnell Superintendent was the first to hold that office in this county. It had the effect intended, that of making the desire of attracting students to Grinnell more widely known, and of turning attention here for teachers. The County Superintendent discovered several boys and girls of fair mental proportions, one lad in Sugar Creek who grew up into Professor Macy and another in Bear Creek who became Professor Manatt.

The children were growing up into the generous forms of mature life which we have so long admired, the people were patient, the directors were not exacting, hence the school developed very peacefully. Only one very striking demonstration was connected with it.

Among the "foreign" students an American citizen of African descent dropped in occasionally from Missouri. An effort at one school meeting was made to exclude these. The motion made was to exclude all "foreign" students. The Superintendent showed that home students were in every class, no advanced class was too large, foreign students paid several hundred dollars in tuition and made the classes more interesting. If the motion should carry we should lose that sum and save nothing. Some classes would be reduced to a single member. Then the question would arise, "Shall the district continue an advanced class for one student?" The result was that the mover alone voted for his resolution. Then came the straight proposition to exclude negroes. The feeling was intense, but largely suppressed. The friends of the measure were in a minority of five by ballot and on a second trial by rising, in a minority of eight. It was evident that that was not the end. The morning came. Two gentlemen appeared at the school house to eject the boys. They found that the Superintendent would defend every student permitted by the board of directors to attend. The colored boys had not reached the school house. They were intercepted while on the church grounds. The town was aroused. The boys themselves and men on both sides were armed. The danger

of bloodshed was extreme. Discretion, however, proved the better part of valor. The boys were persuaded not to insist on their rights at that time. Grinnell's first and only embryo mob dissolved without a bloody termination. The term closed at once—a few days before the regular time—the boys engaged in summer work, the Civil War broke out. That solved the negro question for Grinnell and for many a place besides.

It is interesting now, as we look back on the events of a generation ago, to notice what varied motives influenced our decisions. Men sincerely conscientious could not always agree then; they cannot always now. A few years go by, they almost forget what they thought before. Colored men now are permitted to stand or fall on their merits,—not because of their color.

Iowa College trustees closed the college at Davenport in 1858. A year was given to relocation. They visited Grinnell. We offered them our "University" property, the campus with the building on it, town lots, the funds on hand and a subscription,—the total amounting to \$44,000 as we estimated the amount, and to \$36,0000 as they valued it. We were inclined to insist on coëducation, but at Mr. Grinnell's suggestion, did not, with the expectation that it would come without insisting. We also surrendered our plan that the Ladies' Department should be managed on the Mt. Holyoke plan and that the building for the girls should be half a mile from the boys' dormitories. All that was no loss.

The trustees determined in 1859 to remove to Grinnell, and then asked the Superintendent of Public Schools, Rev. Mr. Herrick, and Q. A. Gilmore, Esq., to provide instruction in the college building for the higher classes and without expense to the college. The first two on the committee complied with that request, and their compensation was the infinitesimal surplus left from tuitions at four or five dollars a term, after paying current expenses for fuel and janitor's service. The Superintendent gave only half of his time to the public school during that year.

The next year, 1860-1, the College trustees took direct control of instruction in the College, and made the Superintendent of the Public School, Principal of the Preparatory Department at a salary of \$600, and Rev. Messrs. Herrick and Reed assistants.

And here we close with 1860. The College enlarged rapidly till 1865, when its college classes were complete and its presidency filled; the nation struggled desperately till the same year and till the desire of Washington, of Franklin and of Jefferson for freedom was realized. A generation has passed and still we are content with our town, our State, and our nation. Not that either is absolutely perfect, but that all of them during the passing years are making it more and more impossible to become pessimists.

But while acknowledging my indebtedness to all these and to my old friends, you will permit me to say that my debt in life is greatest of all to a still earlier friend, the one who taught with me in Pennsylvania and in Iowa, the one who has tempted you to be generous to the whole family because it was her family.

Miss Fannie Dickey, of Sheffield, followed Professor Parker with a vocal selection, "When the Heart is Young," and Professor S. J. Buck presented a paper on the early educational influences of Grinnell and of Poweshiek County, of which he was County Superintendent of Schools for some years.

#### PROFESSOR BUCK'S PAPER.

It was proposed to me to give some account of educational matters, including my service as County Superintendent of Schools. I understand that in preparing these papers it is permitted to mention the circumstances which led to the coming here.

In 1863 we, as a family, were living in Orwell, Ashtabula County, Ohio, and in charge of an academy located there. Ashtabula County is the northeast corner county in Ohio and is in the congressional district represented by Joshua R. Giddings and James A. Garfield when in Congress.

Mr. C. W. VonCoelln and wife called upon us. He was a recent importation from Germany, coming in charge of Rev. and Mrs. F. L. Arnold, who once resided here. Mrs. Arnold was a German whom Mr. Arnold married when a missionary in Africa. Mr. VonCoelln had been a student in Orwell Academy trying to learn English. He evidently made rapid progress in conjugating the verb "to love" and so was soon married to Miss Goodrich, a daughter of a Congregational deacon of Orwell. I was then supplying the Congregational Church there. Mr. VonCoelln and wife had been away where he was teaching and returned to visit.

While making the call above mentioned, Mr. VonCoelln said that he was about to go to Iowa, naming Des Moines as a place he might visit. I said to him, "When you are out there find a place for me." He replied, "Would you come?" I said, "Yes, I think so." I gave it no further thought or attention until a year or more afterward when an invitation came to become principal of the preparatory department of Iowa College. It came from Dr. Holyoke, then chairman of the executive committee, through L. C. Phelps, secretary of the committee.

It was promptly accepted, and on February 5th, 1864, we reached Grinnell, then the western terminus of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. It was a time of a winter thaw and we walked from the depot, where now is the freight depot of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, diagonally across the park to the corner of State Street and Fourth Avenue, the house then occupied by Professor VonCoelln. We walked straight over, not taking the sidewalk, because there were then no sidewalks in town. It was our first experience with Grinnell mud. We remained at Professor VonCoelln's one night, but the next day we were at home at the corner of Broad Street and Fifth Avenue, the house now occupied by Dr. Harris, Sr. Col. S. F. Cooper, who then owned the house, was in the army located at Little Rock, Arkansas, and Mrs. Cooper was spending the winter with him. Colonel

Cooper had kindly sent word that until our goods arrived we could occupy their house as our own. The faculty of Iowa College then consisted of Prof. L. F. Parker, Senior Professor of Latin and Greek, Prof. C. W. VonCoelln, Mathematics, and Mrs. L. F. Parker, Lady Principal, and the aforementioned S. J. Buck, Principal Preparatory Department. Less than one hundred students had been catalogued, the previous year ninety-eight. The same year brought Prof. C. W. Clapp, Prof. H. W. Parker, and May, 1865, President G. F. Magoun, President elect, came to begin his work as President of the College.

In 1865 I was elected County Superintendent and entered upon the services in January, 1866. Early in 1865 I had begun to supply a little company of people meeting in a school house at Chester. June 25th, 1865, a Congregational Church was organized and I continued to supply them till the beginning of the next year. A large accession had been made to the membership which was nearly doubled before I left them. It was against the strong protest of the little church that I left them to assume the duties of the County Superintendency.

At the beginning of this work there were sixty-five schools to be visited. By a school, as here mentioned, is meant the scholars taught by one teacher, whether in a rural district under his or her charge, or a department of a graded school as found at Brooklyn, Grinnell or Montezuma. This work was done as an avocation in connection with a full quota of service in the college. My predecessor had contracted with the Board of Supervisors of the county to visit each school twice each year. Being in poor health and a little slow about it he found himself near the close of official career with quite a number of schools yet to visit and but little time. Some people might say, long on schools and short in time. He made haste to fly about and cover the territory. He would ride up to a school house, see the teacher, ask a few questions, sit a little while and begin to show uneasiness, pull out his watch,

and say, "I must be going," and very soon be off. By making very short calls he made a good many in a day. The Board of Supervisors then consisted of a member from each township, fifteen in all, as Sheridan had not been organized and Chester and Madison were each nine miles long east and west and joined farms. Hon. E. Snow was then chairman of the board. It came to the notice of the supervisors that my predecessor had made rather short and formal calls. When they made a contract with me they stipulated that I must visit each school twice each year and also spend half a day at each visit. This seemed to be visiting the iniquity of my predecessor upon my devoted head. However, I could not find fault as they paid all the salary asked. It was doubtless a better plan than the other. The County Superintendent was then largely in the hands of the Board of Supervisors. They could employ the officer more or less time as they pleased. They contracted with me to visit schools each twice per year and spend half a day per visit. I was also to conduct the monthly teachers' examination and provide for the teachers county normal institute. Many teachers came for a private examination and paid a dollar for the examination. I was also requested to lecture once a year in each district township. Lest this service all told would be too much for me besides my regular college work, I was permitted to employ assistance in the visitation of schools, and the examination of teachers. Several were called into the service. Prof. L. F. Parker, who was the first County Superintendent in the county. Professor VonCoelln also did some of this work and used to refer to his experience in after years when he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction. There was one visitor I deputized who got over the line and was visiting a school in another county and somehow discovered his mistake. If he does not say anything no one will know who it was. Sometimes I found myself elected to spend half a day in a school where the number present was very select. I remember a half day spent in a school where twenty per cent. of the

scholars was absent. Before you correct the bad grammar of my last sentence allow me to state that the total enrollment was five pupils and one small boy was absent. I do not now recall whether it was whooping cough, measles or truancy the fact was only four small children were present. The teacher was a bright woman and had a regular working program providing for recitations and study. She did not stop to do tatting or read light literature, but kept the little folks busy and was herself fully occupied with her task. It was very interesting to me and showed well the benefit of a good working plan.

The roads in the county were quite remarkable then. From Grinnell to Montezuma is less than fifteen miles as the crow flies. The roads over the prairies were as nearly straight as they could be and keep on the best route as level as practicable. When people began to fence up their farms the roads must needs follow section lines. Then the distance to Montezuma became twenty miles plus the ups and downs of hill and valley and the bridging of streams became a necessity not known before.

School houses have multiplied and while the type of the country school house has not greatly improved those in the villages and cities have changed very much for the better in thirty years. Some of the high school buildings are models of architecture and convenience. Furnace or steam or hot water heaters are used, proper lighting secured, and some are well ventilated, with seats convenient and fit, while grounds are carefully looked after.

In my visits about the county the people showed kindness and hospitality as a rule. My horse had as comfortable a corner in the barn or shed as could be found. Much oftener in a shed covered with poles thatched with straw or prairie grass than in a barn with plank floor. I well remember a very cold night being entertained in a humble cottage, the home of an early settler in the northeast corner of the county. When I retired it was to sleep between feather beds and with

the man of the house. I never knew before how poor a conductor of heat and consequently how warm and comfortable such a cover could be. Will those who have thus slept between feather beds please raise their hands?

About fifteen responded to this vote.

Not a few cases of appeal were brought before me during my term of office. It became my duty to summon witnesses, administer the oath to those called, and listen to the questions and pleadings of lawyers and then to decide the cases. It was my good fortune never to have a decision reversed by the State Superintendent.

Some branches have been added to the subjects taught in the rural schools and graded and high school courses have been established and much more continuous service of teachers been secured in both village and city schools. The county normal institute was then as now a factor to be dealt with.

For three several years the board printed my annual report made to them for distribution in the county. In these reports recommendations were made and in most cases action followed in accordance with the points suggested. No very urgent appeal was ever made to the board and then denied.

I mention an incident which occurred. One time the County Treasurer sent by me \$2,000 in cash to deliver to the Treasurer of the Independent District of Grinnell. It was late in the day when I started for home from Montezuma. There were long stretches of the way out of sight or hearing of any one living on the route. I have never become accustomed to carrying as much as \$2,000 in my pocket for any considerable time. It was a distinct sense of relief which came to me when I had unloaded the package safely at the end of the route. It was not the best way to send money. A bill of exchange on New York or Chicago is safer and better, but there was then no one at Montezuma who could draw the proper paper. I was talking with Hon. C. H. Spencer about the matter afterward. He said that while he was express agent at the drug store on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Main Street there

came into his hands a package of \$175,000. That was enough to make him a little nervous. While he still held it a stranger came into the store and simply stood about, not making any errand. Finally Mr. Spencer asked him if he wished anything and the man said, "Nothing in particular." Then Mr. Spencer raised a revolver and pointed him to the door and told him to go instantly which the man did without any delay. He did not know but that his caller wished to relieve him of the care of the valuable package.

Once in visiting schools at Malcom, when it became time to start for home at night a severe blizzard came on, a blinding snow storm. Soon every trace of the track was obliterated. Old Whitey, my faithful horse, formerly the property of the county sheriff for several years, an animal that knew the road better than any man, brought me on. I became thoroughly chilled and blinded by the storm and had nearly given up the expectation of reaching home and expected to sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But thanks to the instincts of my horse, I was brought in safety to the home of Mr. Bateham, four miles east, and there was made comfortable for the night. Many a time the same faithful animal brought me home from Montezuma starting at dusk or after dark, keeping the track, often narrow, never running a buggy wheel off the end of a culvert or bridge or getting me into a slough. She became acquainted with my business and would take me from one school house by the nearest practicable route to the next and stop there without guidance with the rein. She would carry me upon a saddle six, eight or ten miles per hour, as seemed necessary, with a motion nearly as easy as a rocking chair.

I remember to have been at the house of Rev. A. Chapman when Mr. Kimball, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, was there to arrange for the location of the depot and the town site of Malcom. Mr. Chapman then kept the postoffice and the mails were exchanged with trains which did not stop by suspending a mail pouch from an arm on a post at the crossing of the railway and the road running south.

It was caught on by the moving train and a pouch dropped off at the same place.

My term of service lasted three years. The first term of two years was past, a reelection for two years more followed. At the end of the first year of the second term I concluded to listen to invitations which had been repeatedly urged to return to the supply of the Congregational Church of Chester. My resignation was presented to the Board of Supervisors and Prof. L. F. Parker was appointed to fill the unexpired term.

The President announced as committee on nominations, R. W. Clark, C. Black and Mrs. J. Baggs.

Prof. Jesse Macy spoke informally for a few minutes along lines suggested by the two previous speakers. He, too, was one of those who refused to use the product of slave labor. As he was brought up by a Quaker father he was naturally anti-slavery in his opinions. He related a visit Prof. James Bryce made to Grinnell and his comments on a conversation with J. B. Grinnell, likening Mr. Grinnell to the Greek colonists who founded cities and furnished them precepts and principles for their guidance.

From the committee on necrology Mrs. T. Brande reported the deaths of Mrs. A. P. Cook, Mrs. H. Lawrence, Rev. J. M. Chamberlain, Deacon Edward Davis, Dr. J. W. Derr, Mrs. D. D. Prosser and Mrs. Carmichael.

The nominating committee recommended the reelection of the old officers which was adopted and the following elected:

President, L. F. Parker; First Vice President, S. J. Buck; Second Vice President, A. Steel; Secretary and Treasurer, D. S. Morrison.

Executive Committee, Mrs. C. D. Kelsey, J. P. Lyman and Mrs. J. Baggs.

Mrs. J. B. Grinnell and Mrs. T. Brande were appointed as committee on necrology, the third member to be selected by them.

R. M. Kellogg was appointed to report at next year's meet-

ing on the history of some of the early settlers who have left Grinnell.

At the close of the meeting a banquet was served by the Ladies' Social in the conference room of the church, more than one hundred guests being seated at the tables.

## IOWA—A SEMI-CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY ROBERT SAFELY, BURLINGTON.



CROWNED with symbolic stars and proudly free,  
 The sister States with joy exultant see  
 The fairest of the sisterhood today,  
 Among those emblem stars, the brightest ray,  
 Proclaim the hour of her auspicious birth,  
     And call them to rejoice,  
     And hail with welcome voice,  
 The advent of a mighty State on earth;  
     Founded not on ancient wrong,  
     Not by tyranny made strong,  
     Not from robber chieftains sprung,  
     Or Fabled Gods by poets sung,  
     But like those on Shinar's Plain—  
     When the nations swarmed amain:  
 God impelled to seek the western Shore,  
 And found a nation nobler than before;  
 Where peoples, hunger-pined, the world's oppressed,  
 Find wished-for plenty on her bounteous breast;  
 Where Nature, prescient of the years to come,  
 Chose this fair land for freedom's fav'rite home;  
 Made grove and plain and many winding streams;  
 A land more beauteous than a poet's dreams!  
 Whilst the red hunter saw his race had run,  
 The Bison followed to the setting sun;  
 Left his loved fields, to dower a nobler race,  
 Designed by heaven fair freedom's form to grace;  
 Here kindly nature, gracious mother, smiles,  
 The furrowed earth repays stern labor's toils,  
 And ripening fields foretell the harvest cheer,  
 With garners stored to crown the fruitful year;  
 Whilst round and round the harvest laden fields,  
 Their binded sheaves the noisy reapers yield;

And o'er the brown autumnal plain  
 The thresher hums, that frees the imprisoned grain;  
 For this more favored land,  
 Rich Ceres left erewhile,  
 Her loved Sicilian isle;  
 To shower her bounties with unsparing hand,  
 And smile to see, beneath her quick'ning tread,  
 The tasseled corn uprear its stately head.  
 But nobler far than these  
 She claims a higher praise,  
 Beyond all wine and oil,  
 Or Foison of the soil.  
 'Tis hers to make the laws supremely great;  
 And form a perfect State,  
 With all the powers that noble thoughts instill,  
 Till men transformed, their highest stature fill.  
 Around the school crowned bluff,  
 To tame the manners rough,  
 And win the soul to scorn ignoble gain,  
 And all the arts, which ruin States, disdain;  
 The sacred spire, the halls to knowledge dear,  
 And fanes of science, their proud heads uprear;  
 Where man the master of insensate force  
 Controls the lightnings in their awful course,  
 Whilst science, winged with electric fire,  
 Sends thought pulsating through the iron wire.  
 First of the sister States in peace and war!  
 In yonder galaxy, the beacon star  
 Be thine the title proud, "a virtuous State"  
 And hailed by all, the greatest of the great;  
 With noble powers endowed to bless mankind,  
 Guard well the trust divine,  
 Guard freedom's sacred shrine,  
 Co-worker with the universal mind.  
 O brothers of the far off time to come,  
 Will ye be worthy of your high estate?  
 When ye your task fulfill; be this the sum,  
 "We make mankind entirely great."  
 To bring that golden year the seasons roll,  
 And time looks forward with prophetic ken,  
 Whilst hist'ry, pausing with uplifted pen,  
 Upholds her open scroll,  
 Impatient to enroll  
 Your more heroic deeds; a nobler race of men.

ELOQUENCE OF CONGRESSMAN R. G.  
COUSINS, OF IOWA.

**D**URING an animated and acrimonious debate on the Maine relief bill, says the *Chicago Tribune*, the smooth-faced young Congressman was recognized and the result was wonderful. Angry passions were stilled, and soon tears were seen in the eyes of men who do not often weep. At the conclusion of his eloquent tribute, the House burst into a storm of applause, after which members hurried to the cloakrooms to conceal their feelings. Never before has Congress been so absolutely swept from its feet over the Cuban question. The full text of the young Iowan's eloquent tribute is as follows:

"The measure now proposed is most appropriate and just, but hardly is it mentionable in contemplation of the great calamity to which it appertains. It will be merely an incidental, legislative foot note to a page of history that will be open to the eyes of the republic and of the world for all time to come. No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best and still feels deep in debt. Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath, the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the Maine. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors. It was a brave, and strong, and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood, and bone, and sinew of our land. Two were from my native State of Iowa. Some were only recently at the Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of

their lives and which had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one State or from another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means a little less than love and a little more than friendship—that gentle salutation of the human heart that speaks in all the languages of man, that winds, and turns, and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race—through deed, and thought, and dream, through song and toil, and battlefield.

“No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lured them into the abyss, then death unlocked their slumbering eyes for but an instant, to behold its dreadful carnival. Most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow—just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steeps of fame and flooding all life’s landscape, far out into the dreamy distant horizon—just when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, weaving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then when death seemed most unnatural, even hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead—while over it and over all there is the eagle’s piercing eye, sternly watching for the truth. Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and for their duty.

“ ‘The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The Captains and the Kings depart—  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet.  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.’ ”

## A BIG BOULDER.\*

THE following story comes from Waterloo, Iowa: "The members of the Presbyterian Church decided to erect a new place of worship. Stone was scarce—in fact there were no quarries and no rock suitable for building purposes nigh at hand. At last their attention was called to what was apparently a large boulder which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from town. This huge mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About eight feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view it was found to be twenty-eight feet high, thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide. On this monolith the workmen began their labors with drill, hammer and dynamite, and the enormous rock was converted into building stones. The pieces were conveyed to the town, and before long a wonderful metamorphosis was apparent, and then this giant boulder, after resting undisturbed for countless years, and buried by the deposits of ages, was transformed into a beautiful Christian church. In its rough state this great rock is estimated to have weighed more than 2,500 tons. It was, therefore, about twice as large as the boulder from which was hewn the pedestal on which stands the famous statue of Peter the Great in St. Petersburg, though not so large as the great boulder called Pierre de Mamelles at Menthey, Switzerland, on which a country house surrounded by an ornamental garden, has been erected."

## DEATHS.

CAPTAIN DAVID H. GILE died suddenly March 20th last, at his home in Chicago. He was an aide-de-camp on the staff of Major General McPherson at the time General McPherson was killed at the battle of Atlanta.

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\* Reprinted from *The New York Churchman*, November 27, 1897.

DR. W. O. RICHARDS, one of the oldest physicians of the State, died at his home in Waterloo, in March, aged 77 years. He was the father of Julian Richards, the newspaper writer, whose elaborate descriptions of passing public events have given him prominence.

H. M. McCULLY, Representative in the present Iowa Legislature from Marion County, died near the close of the session at his home, aged 68. He had served other terms in the Legislature, and was several times Mayor of Pella.

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### NOTES.

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OUT of several poems presented at the Semi-Centennial Celebration of Iowa, we select for preservation in THE RECORD Mr. Safeley's offering.

MRS. RICH's memorial sketch of the life of the late Mrs. Parvin, which, with portrait of the subject, forms the leading article of this number, is an earnest tribute of a mourning friend to a noble Christian wife and mother.

WE extend a sincere welcome to Mrs. Ruth Irish Preston, who appears in this number as a new contributor in the entertaining sketch, with humorous phase, of the Tama County Indian Scare of war days. We hope to have in the future more of the writings of Mrs. Preston, who evidently has inherited the pen which seems to be an intellectual heirloom of the Irish family.

THE contribution of Mr. Harbert, describing the battleship *Iowa* is a timely paper worthy of preservation in our historical collections. After the receipt of Mr. Harbert's MS. by the editor, the chief officer of the *Iowa*, Captain Sampson, was appointed President of the Board of Inquiry to investigate the cause of the explosion of the *Maine*; and on March 24th was placed in charge of the North Atlantic squadron with the rank of Commodore, a promotion due to his exceptional executive ability. Captain R. D. Evans ("Fighting Bob") has been ordered to take command of the battleship *Iowa*.





Henry Dodge

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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HENRY DODGE.

[CONCLUDED FROM VOL. VIII, p. 317.]

## VI.

THE LAST THIRTY YEARS OF HIS LIFE,  
1838-1867.

**T**HE original Territory of Wisconsin, extending from Lake Michigan to the Missouri River, as constituted in 1836, had an existence of only two years. In that period the increase of population was larger in the region west of the Mississippi than in the region east of that river. In 1838 there were more people west of the Mississippi than there were in the whole Territory in 1836. This rapid growth west of the Mississippi led Congress, pursuant to the petition of the people there, to give to that region a separate Territorial Government by the name of Iowa. The people there cherished a high esteem for Governor Dodge, and honored him for his faithful and impartial attention to their interests, as was expressed at a Fourth of July celebration in 1839 at Burlington, when, after the reading of the Declaration of Independence by his son, Augustus C. Dodge, and an oration by James W. Grimes, at a public dinner the following was given among the regular toasts:

*The Governor of Wisconsin*—The plain, frank, unassuming man; the brave, daring, unshrinking commander; the upright, straight-forward Governor; his past services entitle him to the best wishes of the people of Iowa.

The act of Congress which constituted the Territory of Iowa limited the Territorial Government of Wisconsin to the region east of the Mississippi, and of that region Henry Dodge continued Governor until October 5, 1841, filling out the three years for which he had been appointed by President Jackson, and two years and three months of a second term to which, in response to the expressed wishes of the Legislature and of the people without distinction of party, President Van Buren appointed him. Displaced by President Tyler in 1841, the people the same year chose him Delegate to Congress and in 1843 chose him Delegate again. Upon the accession of President Polk he was reinstated Governor, May, 1845, and held the office until Wisconsin became a State, June, 1848; thus holding the office of Territorial Governor eight years and three months. Upon the organization of the State Government he was chosen a Senator of the United States, and chosen again in 1851; so that his public career as a citizen of Wisconsin covered nearly twenty years. Add his earlier years of distinguished military service, and few men have a record so remarkable.

His later public life belongs to the history of Wisconsin. That State has placed a statue of its first explorer, Marquette, in the National Gallery at Washington. Among those who redeemed it to civilization, and advanced it to honor, no one rendered more heroic and valuable services than Henry Dodge, or is more worthy of a similar memorial.

Of his later public life only a few incidents will be recorded in this paper.

On the 13th of July, 1838, Governor Dodge apportioned the members of the Second Legislative Assembly of Wisconsin Territory to the counties according to their population and fixed the day of election and the day of meeting of the Assembly. When that body convened at Madison, November 26,

1838, the Capitol was unfinished, and the accommodations of the town were so scanty that a resolution to remove to some other place passed one House, and would have passed the other, could better accommodations have been assured elsewhere. The laws were revised, roads laid out, new counties organized, Milwaukee and other towns incorporated, and bank investigations instituted.

An Illinois editor, who visited Wisconsin Territory in 1839, wrote:

Business led me to call on the Governor. His history is too well known as the hero of the Black Hawk War to require eulogy of mine. Subsequently as Colonel of Dragoons, his reports of his expedition along our western frontier have given him a fame no less abiding than Lewis' and Clark's. In 1836 appointed Governor of Wisconsin Territory, he was unanimously recommended by the Legislature for reappointment. It must have been a gratifying compliment to him, especially as at the same time the Legislature of Iowa Territory was sending on a memorial for the removal of their Governor.

Governor Dodge resides about six miles northeast of Mineral Point in Dodge's Grove. His house is one of the neatest I saw in the Territory, situated on a gentle slope in the recess of the Grove. Upon a small stream near by is the Governor's smelting furnace, between which and his official duties he divides his time. In person he is above the common size and of stern appearance. In conversation he is affable, and instantly prepossesses one in favor of his integrity, honor, and justice. Throughout the Territory I frequently heard him spoken of as "Honest Harry Dodge." A more enviable character cannot be imagined.—*Peoria Register*, May 25, 1839.

Pursuant to a request of the Legislative Assembly, the Governor issued a Proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving; and appointed the fourth Thursday of October, 1839, for that purpose. He said:

Let us make humble confession of our sins as individuals and as a community, and supplicate the forgiveness of a merciful and just God, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. Let us supplicate His blessing upon the people of this Territory and of our beloved country, that He would be pleased to continue the privileges which have distinguished us as a people, prosper us in all branches of honest industry, give efficacy to the means and instruments of reformation, benevolence and knowledge, increase the influence of divine truth over the hearts and minds of men, and make it powerful to correct, purify and elevate the character of the people of this Territory, so as to render them worthy of these blessings, and heirs of an immortal hope through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Meanwhile, in the northern part of the Territory the Sioux and Chippewas continued their remorseless wars with each other. In July, 1839, in a fierce fight near Lake St. Croix, about twenty miles east of the present city of St. Paul, one hundred and four Chippewas were killed by the Sioux. In his message of December 3, 1839, Governor Dodge said:

The Indians on our border seem peaceably disposed towards the settlers. Notwithstanding the Sioux and Chippewa Indians are in a state of warfare with each other, they evince no disposition to molest those of our citizens who are most exposed on the St. Croix and Chippewa Rivers.

The removal of the Winnebagoes as early in the spring as practicable is of primary importance to the frontier people, whose stock and other property is exposed to their intrusions. If this were effected, the settlements would soon be extended north of the Wisconsin, and apprehension of danger from the Indians would be dispelled. From the frequency of their depredations on the border-settlers these Indians have rendered themselves obnoxious, and have reason to expect that measures will be taken for their removal.

The Winnebagoes had been in possession of the southern part of the Territory from the discovery of the country. Many of their young warriors having joined the Sacs in the Black Hawk War, the removal of the whole tribe was deemed necessary for the the peace of the frontier. At the close of that war, they ceded their lands lying south and east of the Wisconsin River, by treaty, September 15, 1832, and agreed to accept in lieu thereof what was known as the "Neutral Lands" west of the Mississippi, with large annuities for twenty-seven years in addition. By the terms of that treaty they were to remove on or before June 1, 1833. Many, however, refused to go; some bands were defiant, and threatened hostilities against the advancing settlements of the white people. By a further treaty, November 1, 1837, the Winnebagoes ceded all their lands east of the Mississippi River, and agreed to remove within eight months. In his message, January, 1839, the Governor described some recent depredations of these Indians, and recommended asking the Secretary of War for four companies of dragoons to remove them; and he added:

Unless the Government takes proper steps to effect their removal early in the spring, I will assume the responsibility of raising a mounted volunteer corps of riflemen to effect their removal, with those who are instigating them to remain for the purpose of defrauding them out of their annuities.

Their removal, however, was brought about peaceably, and was a subject of congratulation in the Governor's message, August, 1840:

It will enable our enterprising citizens to extend their settlements to a desirable and interesting country north of the Wisconsin River.

Upon the election of William Henry Harrison as President and of John Tyler as Vice-President in 1840, and in view of efforts to bring about the removal of Henry Dodge from the office of Governor of Wisconsin Territory, which proved effectual when John Tyler became President, the following correspondence took place. It shows the esteem in which Governor Dodge was held by men of high standing in the army of the United States, and the feeling with which his removal was regarded by an eminent senator.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS, 10th February, 1841.

*To His Excellency,*

WM. H. HARRISON,

*President elect U. S.*

SIR:—At the instance of Governor Dodge of the Territory of Wisconsin who is apprehensive that some of his personal enemies in the Territory may misrepresent his character as a public officer to you, he desires me to state to you my knowledge of his public services, which I proceed to do with great pleasure and in justice to his merits.

In 1827 the Winnebago Indians commenced hostilities by murdering several persons at Prairie du Chien, and a few days after by attacking two keel boats descending the Mississippi, and killing some of the crews. Immediately on receiving this information I proceeded to the scene of disturbance with a body of regular troops, and wanting a mounted force I called on General Dodge who resided in the mineral district. He joined me with great promptness with about 150 mounted volunteers, and proceeded with me to the Portage of Wisconsin, and continued in service till the surrender of the offending Winnebagoes and all difficulties were adjusted, rendering great service to the public.

On the occurrence of the Black Hawk War in 1832 I again called upon General Dodge for a mounted force, when he promptly raised a body of 250 mounted men, and joined and acted under my orders till the enemy were overtaken, defeated, and subdued at Bad Axe on the 2d August, 1832.

About this time a regiment of Rangers was raised and appointed by Congress for the frontier defense; General Dodge was appointed Colonel of this corps, and commanded it on the frontier till the first regiment of Dragoons was added to the regular army, of which General Dodge was appointed Colonel. He organized his regiment at this point, and was ordered to Arkansas to operate on that frontier, whence he proceeded and performed an arduous march among the Southwestern Indians to the entire approbation of the Government. He continued at the head of this corps, performing other arduous duties till 1836, when he was appointed Governor of Wisconsin.

The services of Governor Dodge on all the instances I have mentioned were highly meritorious and commendable. I look upon him now as the most valuable civil officer on the frontier, and he has more influence over the bordering tribes of Indians than any other man. He again joined me last summer, and contributed by his influence in removing the Winnebagoes peaceably to the west side of the Mississippi.

I have the honor, sir,

to be most respectfully

your obedient servant,

H. ATKINSON,

*Brig'r Gen'l U. S. Army.*

WASHINGTON CITY, March 4th, 1841.

DEAR SIR:—I deem it to be an act of duty to the public service, and justice to Governor Dodge, to state that in the years 1827 and 1832, while he was at the head of the volunteers of Wisconsin, employed to coöperate with that part of the United States forces of my division under the command of Brig'r Gen'l Atkinson against the Winnebago and Sac Indians, the Governor was reported by the General and his officers to have contributed greatly to the success of the expedition by his promptitude and vigilance and by inspiring his patriotic volunteers with his own indomitable chivalry and enterprise.

This talented commander having been afterwards placed at the head of a regiment of Rangers, and subsequently in command of the first regiment of U. S. Mounted Dragoons, he made several important movements, and held many judicious conferences with the different Indian tribes of the Prairie frontier, and the Rocky Mountains, contributing greatly to tranquilize the Indians, and at the same time to impart effective instruction to the troops of his command in the essential duties of active movements through an extensive region of wilderness, embracing ten times more thousands of untamed savage warriors than the reconnoitering battalion under Colonel Dodge. His last expedition, in particular, embraced a circuit of near sixteen hundred miles of continuous wilderness, inhabited by many nations of Indians, who were kindly and properly impressed with the justice, magnanimity, humanity, and power which ought always to characterize our government and country.

In my report of November 12th, 1835, transmitting the journal of that

movement, I deemed it to be my duty to urge the propriety of a sword of honor being presented to Colonel Dodge, and a brace of pistols to each one of his officers; with a monthly extra pay to every meritorious soldier of the command, as suitable testimonials of public approbation for the prudent circumspection and exemplary vigilance which marked the character of the officers and men upon the expedition.

As I am sure you will authorize the regular forces to be withdrawn from the Western frontier when they may be needed at places more vulnerable I have long cherished the opinion that in the event of such a change the wilderness frontier could not be placed in charge of a more efficient commander than Governor Dodge, with such volunteer corps as he could at any moment call to each post from Missouri, Arkansas, and Iowa.

Accompanying this, you will find a copy of my report referred to, which I request may be considered as a part of this communication,—all which are respectfully submitted.

EDMUND P. GAINES,  
*Major General U. S. Army,*  
*Commanding the Western Division.*

*To the Honorable*

JOHN BELL,

*Secretary of War,*

Washington City, D. C.

ST. LOUIS, May 7, 1841.

GOVERNOR DODGE,

Madison,

Wisconsin Territory.

MY DEAR SIR:—My numerous and pressing occupations for some years past have prevented me from writing letters of mere friendship to even my oldest and best friends, but events occur sometimes to require me to do it. What has just occurred to you is of this character, and in your removal from the Governorship of Wisconsin I feel that an outrage has been perpetrated upon you which excites all my indignation. I have known you for twenty-five years, have seen you under all circumstances, and tried in every way; and there has never been a day of that time on which I was not proud to call myself your friend. I call myself so now, and shall admit myself to be but a poor judge of human nature if this act is not signally rebuked by the voice of the people.

Here, in this State where you were so long and so well known, there is but one feeling and one voice in relation to your removal, and that is expressed in all quarters, in private, in public, and in the newspapers. For myself, I speak of you ten times for once that I ever did before, and shall expect to see you speedily and fully indemnified for this temporary indignity. I have relied all my life on the justice and the judgment of the country, and have no fear of being disappointed in your case.

Your old friend,

THOMAS H. BENTON.

The Senator from Missouri spake true. On the 19th of July following, Henry Dodge was nominated unanimously for Delegate to Congress by a Democratic Territorial Convention, and he was elected to that office in September. He took his seat on the 7th of December, and for four years sat by the side of his son, Augustus, who the previous year had been elected Delegate from the Territory of Iowa,—the only instance, as previously related in *THE RECORD* (Vol. III, p. 401), of a father and son sitting together in the House of Representatives from the beginning of the Government.

Laboring with industry and zeal for the growth and prosperity of Wisconsin, he secured appropriations for harbors upon Lake Michigan, and legislation as to the sale of the public lands and of mineral lands favorable to the pioneer settlers. When it was proposed to reduce the duty on lead, his clear presentation, July 14, 1842, of what the miners of the Territory had done to increase the production of that mineral, developing wealth where was before a savage waste, and making the United States in respect of lead independent of foreign nations in case of war, led Congress to maintain the duty at three cents per pound.

On the 26th of March, 1844, he made an effective speech for remounting the second regiment of dragoons, in which he explained the necessity of mounted troops in view of the rapid movements of the Indians in their forays and depredations, and gave incidents of his own life that are worthy of remembrance in American annals.

Mr. Dodge said:

That he rose to express the deep interest he felt for the interests and safety of the people he had the honor to represent as their Delegate to this body. He was aware of the delicate situation in which Delegates from Territories were placed here; they were not clothed with the privilege of voting, and it was their policy to conciliate all parties in behalf of the interests of their charge. Their constituents did not send them here to discuss political questions, but faithfully and diligently to represent their interests.

A native of the West—it was his birthplace and his home—he had a recollection of its history during the past half-century. He had himself

been a participant in some of our struggles with the red men. With all due deference to his Eastern friends who spoke lightly of the tomahawk and scalping knife (Mr. John Quincy Adams had so spoken on the 21st of March), he thought if they had witnessed what some of those who served in the West had been called to look upon, they would either have been silent on the subject, or shown feelings of sympathy for their Western brethren.

The Territory I represent is in a very exposed situation. Large bodies of the Pottawatamies and Winnebagoes, who have ceded their lands to the United States by treaty, return from time to time to the east side of the Mississippi and become very troublesome. A letter of Mr. George McFadden, of January 12th, addressed to me in behalf of the settlers of Sugar River, details some of the difficulties now existing in that Territory. It was referred to the Secretary of War. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs answers on the 6th inst., that "the Department has done all in its power to remove the Indians to their own lands, and to prevent depredations being committed by them, and it is much to be regretted if the efforts have been unsuccessful."

The dragoons posted there did not amount to a company of men. The weather was unfavorable to find the Winnebagoes; therefore they were permitted to stay. The people had looked for one or two companies, believing themselves entitled to as much protection as any other portion of the frontier. They had extensive settlements on the Upper Mississippi, yet there was but one company in all. The Indians, seeing no military force to overawe them, had killed and plundered the stock of the inhabitants, and behaved in so insolent a manner that the people in repelling their incursions had killed two of them.

A letter from the U. S. Indian agent at Fort Atkinson, in Iowa, represents the difficulties that Captain Sumner, of the U. S. Dragoons, had in hunting out and compelling the straggling remnants of the Winnebagoes to return to their own country, who had been depredating on his constituents (in Wisconsin), as well as on the citizens of Iowa. These documents must convince gentlemen of the necessity of employing a mounted force for the protection of a frontier thus exposed. There are now but ten companies for a frontier of sixteen hundred miles.

Western men were all fully aware of the advantages of mounted men in preference to the infantry for this service. A force efficient and prompt in action was necessary to prevent incursions and injuries between Indians and whites, and among the Indians themselves. It was necessary to punish these aggressions, or they would multiply, and become uncontrollable. The frontier extending from the head of Lake Superior to the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of some three hundred miles, was without any mounted force for its protection. From St. Peters to Fort Leavenworth there were but two companies; one on Turkey River, and one at the Raccoon Fork of the Des Moines. At Leavenworth there were but four companies, and these were required for the protection of the Missouri frontier. Gentle-

men were aware of the difficulties we had had with the Cherokees in Arkansas, which still to some extent continued.

The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means had urged as a reason against the bill that many of the tribes were receiving annuities in consideration of the cession of their lands, and that, if these were honestly paid, there would be little or no difficulty with the Indians. Though entertaining the highest opinion of that gentleman, and of the diligence and efficiency with which he discharged the duties of his station, I must beg leave to differ with him as to this. It is true that little practical benefit was realized from these annuities, because the system which had prevailed in the management of our Indian affairs threw these annuities into the hands of Indian traders; yet I cannot believe that this is the cause of Indian hostility to the whites, or of their proneness to engage in wars both with us and among themselves. It must be remembered that while with us the roads to eminence and distinction are various, to them there is but one, and that is the practice of arms. By this alone they could attain fame. It is needless for me to say that the Indians on our border are good warriors. The Seminoles had never been eminent among their red brethren for martial prowess, yet even this comparatively feeble tribe has held us a wasting war of seven years. Did not this fact speak trumpet-tongued to this Government to protect the settlers on its frontier? I have been assured by an honorable member of this House, late a distinguished and gallant officer in the army of the United States (Gen. Clinch), that twenty thousand dollars and a thousand men, if applied in time in Florida, would have prevented that war, which was said to have cost this nation forty millions.

The expense of blood and treasure in our wars with the native tribes has been immense. My gallant and lamented friend, Gen. Atkinson, has shown his good sense in the commencement of the Black Hawk War, in calling upon the Governor of Illinois for a mounted force to meet and repress the incursions of the Indians. None but a mounted force could do it. Black Hawk had in his army five hundred horses which had been feeding in the cane-brake, and were in the highest condition for action. He who would defend the country from a force like this must be prepared to meet it not only man to man, but horse to horse. Indian warriors were all fine horsemen; they know how to form the line, to wheel into column, and how to display column, as well as any cavalry in the world. They were brave, too, and would fight to the death. They were not to be run over even by a body of horse, but knew how to sustain themselves with spirit and firmness.

For the army of the United States I entertain the highest respect. It is commanded by men who have done themselves and their country lasting honor. But to victory over such a foe as the Indians a mounted force is indispensable. Our present mounted force on the frontier is but five hundred men; should the present regiment be remounted, we should then have but one thousand. Of this number some were always on the sick

list, some on detached service, so that not over eight hundred could at any time be counted into active service.

The Government had settled numerous tribes on the back of Missouri and Arkansas. They are remarkable for their possession of fine horses, and their fondness for the use of them. They come on to meet their enemies well armed, and in order of battle. When charged by the foe, their center gave way; and their opponents, if unused to Indian fighting, were apt to suppose that they were driving all before them, and about to carry the field by a coup de main; the yell ceased, and one would think they had fled. But instead, they were pressing up behind the adversary's flanks, with a view to outflank and then surround him. It was so at St. Clair's defeat. He found himself surrounded before he was aware, and in less than three hours and a quarter nine hundred of his men were left dead upon the field. So, too, at Harmar's defeat. In 1794, Col. Scott commanded a large mounted force; a gallant charge was made by Wayne's cavalry after the Indian line was broken, and by that force the victory was achieved which signally chastised Indian pride and checked their power. It was on that occasion that the brave Col. Van Rensselaer, of New York, had been shot through the lungs. The entire history of our Indian wars went to prove the efficiency of a mounted force when contending with the red man.

It must be within the recollection of all gentlemen who hear me of what great value had been Gen. Coffee's brigade to Gen. Jackson in the Creek War. He could never have brought that war to a successful termination without the aid of a mounted force from Tennessee. Who could forget the rapid movement of that same distinguished soldier when he came to the relief of New Orleans? Gen. Coffee made a forced march of 160 miles in two days, and came to the succor of General Jackson in time to share the victory of that immortal day. I heard one of the highest military authorities we ever had among us, I mean General Lafayette, declare after examining the ground on which the battle of New Orleans had been fought, that it was the gallant charge on the British lines in the night of the 23d of December (1814), that saved the great city of the West.

I trust the Committee will not agree to disband this regiment. The object for which the force is needed calls aloud for the measure proposed in the bill. It was a rule in Indian warfare to run their horses by a "bee-line," while our mounted troops were accustomed to deviate from it to take advantage of the ground. In consequence of this difference, the Indians gained in running parallel to them, and extending ahead closed in and "looped" them, as it was called. Witness the fate of poor St. Vrain, agent for the Sacs and Foxes, who under these circumstances was surrounded and killed (May 22, 1832), calling upon his own Indians to save him, whom he had fed at his own table and who professed the warmest friendship for him; but, instead of this, they joined his murderers, said to have been the Winnebagoes. They shot him in the back of the neck, cut off his hands and his feet, and lastly cut out his heart, and ate it in their

camp that night. Could the gentlemen who with so much coolness talk of disbanding this regiment have seen the slaughtered, butchered women and children who were left a bloody spectacle by these cruel men, their composure would not be so great. I mention this to show that Indians are a formidable foe in war. They are a brave people. They would fight a white enemy foot-to-foot, because it is on the field of battle that they win renown, for which they are willing to lay down their lives.

I know the officers of this regiment which it is proposed to remount. Colonel Twiggs joined the army thirty-two years since, and from his bravery and good conduct was distinguished by the entire confidence of General Jackson, and promoted by him from a lieutenant colonel to a colonelcy with the command of this regiment. The Lieutenant-Colonel (Harney) had served his country faithfully for more than seventeen years and by honorable and gallant service entitled himself to such a command. I have known him long and personally. We were in the battle of Bad Axe together in 1832, and I then witnessed his soldier-like bearing at the head of his company. He had had a sword presented to him for his valuable public services, and also received a vote of thanks from the legislature of the Territory of Florida.

In conclusion, feeling an intense interest for the safety and welfare of those who have sent me here, and knowing the extent of the frontier to be defended, and the numbers and character of the enemy by whom it is threatened, and the need of an eye of sleepless vigilance to watch his every movement, I trust the House will not vote to disband a force so necessary to the security of the settlements.

Nor let gentlemen forget that we are to have continually the same course of settlements going on upon our border. They are perpetually advancing westward. They will reach, they will cross the Rocky Mountains, and never stop till they have reached the shores of the Pacific. Distance is nothing to our people. The public mind is settling down on peopling the Oregon Territory. The passes recently discovered in the mountains will facilitate this emigration; but were no such passes in existence, nothing would retard the enterprise of our citizens. They would pass the Snowy Mountains after they had passed the Rocky ridge. They would contend with the red men for every foot of arable soil, and they would turn the whole region into the happy dwellings of a free and enlightened people.—*National Intelligencer*, April 27, 1844.

Mr. John Quincy Adams said that he should not attempt to answer the eloquent speech of his friend from Wisconsin, and he withdrew an amendment which he had offered to disband the regiment. The bill was passed, yeas 94, nays 56.

When it was proposed in Congress to reduce the appropriation for the Legislative Assembly of the Territory, Mr. Dodge said, February 22, 1845:

Our population is rapidly increasing, and the necessity of legislation would increase in proportion to our numbers. It is said that we will not take the preparatory steps for our admission as a State until the appropriations by Congress are reduced so low that we will be denied the means with which to pay those who are to make our laws. The people of Wisconsin at a recent election determined by their vote against holding a convention for the formation of a State government. The immigration to Wisconsin was from every section of the Union. Many of her inhabitants are foreigners, who have left their native country to seek an asylum in this land of freedom. It is for the people to determine when they will take upon themselves the burdens of self-government. He could not consent that his constituents should be deprived of any of the rights secured to them by the existing laws of Congress. If the state of the treasury is such that it is necessary to reduce the expenditures of the Territory, let the pruning-knife be applied to the salaries of the Governor, Secretary, and judges. Reduce the per diem and mileage of the Delegate in Congress; but do not deprive the people of the means of making laws for their government. True, Congress can repeal the organic law of 1836, and leave us to take care of ourselves; but he could not believe the House would do so great an act of injustice. Three millions of dollars had been paid into the treasury by his constituents for public lands, and it would seem an act of justice to appropriate a sufficient sum to enable them to enjoy the benefits of a good government.

On the 13th of May, 1845, Henry Dodge was restored to the office of Governor by President Polk, and the people of Wisconsin welcomed his reinstatement. The citizens of Mineral Point, without distinction of party, gave him the ovation of a public dinner.

In view of the benefits of the Territorial government and its support from the national treasury, the organization of a State government had not been desired by the people. In his message of December, 1839, Governor Dodge had recommended taking their votes "for" or "against" a State government, and at several elections they had voted "against," until 1846, when, he having again recommended a submission of the question to the people, they voted for a Convention to form a Constitution. The Constitution framed by that Convention contained provisions on banks, suffrage, an elective judiciary, the rights of married women to separate property, and homestead exemption, upon which there were wide diversities of opinion, and the Constitution was rejected, April,

1847, 14,119 "for," 20,232 "against." The popular feeling, however, was strong in favor of a State government, and in September, 1847, the Governor called a special session of the Legislative Assembly to take up the subject anew. He declared himself in favor of the admission of Wisconsin into the Union in time to give its electoral vote for President in 1848. A second Constitutional Convention was provided for by law, which met in December, 1847, and adopted a Constitution that was ratified by the people, March 13, 1848; 16,797 "yes," 6,384 "no." State officers were elected on the 10th of May. The State was admitted into the Union on the 29th of May. The first State Legislature convened on the 5th day of June, and on the 8th day of June elected Henry Dodge to the United States Senate. He took his seat on the 23d day of June. His son Augustus joined him as one of the Senators from Iowa the following December, renewing in the Senate chamber their unique experience in the House of Representatives, as the only instance of a father and son sitting at the same time in Congress.

A warm personal friend of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, Henry Dodge had joined with Colonel Benton, of Missouri, and with Silas Wright, of New York, in favoring the nomination by the Democratic party of Mr. Van Buren for President in 1844. When it was found impossible to unite the factions of that party upon Mr. Van Buren, the nomination of Henry Dodge for that office was suggested. But he would not allow his name to be used against Mr. Van Buren, whose defeat in 1840 he thought ought to be righted in 1844, and he refused the suggestion. Had he done otherwise, said George W. Jones, of Iowa, Henry Dodge instead of James K. Polk would have received the nomination, and been elected President.

Four years later his name was again presented as one to unite the factions known as "Hunkers" and "Barnburners" in the State of New York. He made no reply to letters which came to him on the subject, following his habits of reserve as

to himself. George W. Jones advocated his nomination in a "Brief Sketch of the Life and Character of Henry Dodge, dedicated to the members of the National Democratic Convention." But the nomination fell to Lewis Cass, who was defeated by Zachary Taylor, a companion-in-arms of Henry Dodge at the battle of Bad Axe in the Black Hawk War.

In June, 1848, a Barnburners Convention at Utica, New York, nominated Mr. Van Buren for President, and Henry Dodge for Vice-President. Both declined. In the following August a Free Soil Convention at Buffalo nominated Henry Dodge for President, and, when he declined, nominated Mr. Van Buren for President, and Henry Dodge for Vice-President. Again he declined, and Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, received the nomination for Vice-President. Though opposed to the extension of slavery, Henry Dodge disapproved of the new organization. He believed with Colonel Benton, who at this juncture visited New York in the interest of Democratic pacification, that it would be injurious to the Democratic party and to those engaged in it. (Benton's *Thirty Years View*, ii, 723.)

Again, in 1851, after his election for a second term to the United States Senate, Colonel Benton and other liberal members of the Democratic party proposed Henry Dodge as an eminently fit candidate for President. A Washington correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) *Plaindealer* wrote:

You will see Governor Henry Dodge almost every day walking around the terrace of the Capitol, the straightest and most soldier-like looking man in Washington. I have heard more good men speak well of him than of any other man in the Senate. And around whom could the true men of the Union better rally in 1852?

At the national convention of the Democratic party in 1852, he was among the candidates voted for at several early ballots, but on the thirty-fifth ballot a new candidate was introduced, Franklin Pierce, to whom the nomination fell on the forty-ninth ballot.

In the Senate chamber as in the House of Representatives

Henry Dodge gained the high respect and the warm esteem of his associates. Among Senators of renown, as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, his personal dignity, his martial bearing, and his long and unstained record of public service marked him out to many observers as the "noblest Roman of them all." At the funeral of Henry Clay he was one of the pall-bearers.

In matters of public policy he remained in substantial accord with his life-long friend, Colonel Benton. When that Senator was assailed by Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, in the Senate chamber, on the 17th of April, 1850, the latter carrying a loaded pistol, the former carrying no arms, but baring his breast in proud defiance, and saying, "Let the assassin fire!"—the Senator from Wisconsin grasped Colonel Benton by the arm, interposed with him, and led him back to his seat, while Senator Dickinson, of New York, disarmed Mr. Foote.

One of his earliest votes in the Senate was to extend over Oregon the ordinance of 1787 prohibiting slavery. When Mr. Douglas proposed an amendment to extend the line of 36° 30' to the Pacific Ocean, so as to authorize slavery south of that line, Henry Dodge voted against the amendment. He supported the prohibition of slavery in Utah and New Mexico, and the admission of California as a free State. He voted for giving a jury trial to fugitives from slavery, and against the fugitive slave law as it was enacted. In the agitation of these questions on one occasion, being sick at the time, he had himself carried into the Senate chamber to record his vote.

In 1856 there came to him a great sorrow in the cruel fate that befell his son, Captain Henry Lafayette Dodge, United States agent for the Navajo Indians in New Mexico. While out upon a hunting expedition near the head waters of the Gila River, he was waylaid and taken prisoner by the Apaches. For months the hope was cherished that he remained a captive in their hands, and large rewards were offered for his ransom. But it was afterwards ascertained that he had been burned at the stake.

President Pierce tendered the office of Governor of Washington Territory to Henry Dodge at the close of his Senatorial term, but in view of his advanced age, being in his seventy-fifth year, he declined the appointment. The evening of his days was spent at his home in Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and later in the home of his son, Augustus at Burlington, Iowa, in the enjoyment of all the loving care a devoted son could give to his venerable parents. On the 30th of March, 1865, his companion for sixty-five years died at his side, aged 81 years. She had the firm qualities of her husband and shared with an even and happy spirit in all the fortunes of his eventful life. The following year he visited his niece, Mrs. Rebecca W. Sire, in St. Louis, who expressed her joy in seeing that he "had borne up so nobly against the encroachments of the more than four score years that had silvered his brow." To the last he preserved the vigor of his mind, his erect form, his stately manners and the patriotic fire of his youth. Two of his grandsons, each bearing his name, Henry Dodge Dement, of Illinois, and Henry Dodge Clarke, son of the last Governor of Iowa Territory, served in the Union army during the war of the Rebellion.

In response to an invitation from Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, on behalf of the soldiers and people of that State, to be present at Madison, on the 4th of July, 1866, and take part in the ceremonies attending the presentation to the State of the Battle Flags borne by the soldiers of Wisconsin in the war for the Union, he wrote the following letter:

BURLINGTON, IOWA, June 15, 1866.

HIS EXCELLENCY LUCIUS FAIRCHILD,

*Governor of Wisconsin.*

SIR:—I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 20th ult., inviting me to Madison on the coming anniversary of our National Independence, when "the Battle Flags borne by Wisconsin soldiers in the late war for the preservation of the Union will be formally presented to the State authorities."

It is meet that those flags should be presented, and in the manner indicated. Though silent, they are truthful witnesses to the unsurpassed heroism of that citizen-soldiery which through scenes of blood and carnage



HENRY DODGE.



MRS. CHRISTIANA DODGE.

bore them on to victory. Few things would afford me more gratification than to take part in these interesting proceedings, but advanced age with its attendant infirmities will deny me that pleasure.

A resident for nearly forty years, much of the time passed in her service both in peace and in war, I can never be indifferent to the glory and welfare of Wisconsin.

The Day selected for this ceremony is a fitting one, and surely no more appropriate Hand than that only one spared to you in the battle's conflict\* could be employed in receiving from the brother soldiers for the State the ensigns which they have so signally illustrated by their valor.

Accept assurances of the high regard and esteem with which I remain

Very respectfully

your obedient servant,

HENRY DODGE.

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\*At Gettysburg.

Of strong practical sense, of iron determination, and resolute will, Silas Wright, of New York, said that Henry Dodge was more like Andrew Jackson than any man he ever knew. His moral sense allowed no political affiliation or tie of friendship or of blood to condone unworthy conduct, but his rebuke fell upon evil-doers without respect of persons. Intent upon what duty he had in hand, he was a man of few words, ordinarily taciturn and grave, but when occasion called acting with impetuosity and ardor. His favorite books were the Bible and Jefferson's writings. He was fond of Thomas Scott's Commentary on the Bible, and he copied choice extracts from it in his own handwriting in one of his memorandum-books. He had favorite texts of Holy Scripture almost by heart, and with enlarged Christian sympathy gave a helping hand to preachers and churches of all denominations.

He died at the home of his son in Burlington, Iowa, June 19, 1867, aged 84 years, 8 months, and 7 days. In announcing his death to the people of Wisconsin, June 24th, Governor Fairchild described him,

As a brave and accomplished soldier, an incorruptible statesman, recognized for many years as one of the most distinguished leaders in the Nation, his political career characterized by a manly independence in doing right, that won the confidence of the whole people. To few has it been given to leave a fame so wide-spread and so spotless.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin at their annual meeting, February 1868, adopted the following record:

In the death of General Henry Dodge the Society and the entire Northwest have lost one of their earliest, most faithful, and valued friends, whose name, fame, and public services were the great central figure in the early settlement of Wisconsin, and in the formation, progress and prosperity of the State. His courage, his sound practical judgment, his high sense of honor, his purity of character, his fidelity to official trust during a long and useful life, earned for him the respect and confidence of the people, afforded a noble and impressive example for future imitation, and secured to him for all time the grateful remembrance of the people of Wisconsin.

At the same meeting the Hon. Silas U. Pinney, of Madison, a friend of many years, paid the following tribute to his character:

It rarely falls to the lot of any man to enjoy popular favor so long, or in so great a degree, or to serve in official station with more credit to himself or more advantage to his constituency. His public service commenced with the early settlement of the West, and in its border savage wars, and continued without interruption until his retirement from public life,—a period of fifty years. His life and personal history is the history of the settlement and development of the State, of which he may be considered, to a great extent, the founder and father. It never had a more faithful and devoted public servant, nor a citizen who took a more lively interest in its prosperity and advancement.

In all the relations of life he was characterized by a personal integrity of the highest order, which was not merely a rule he submitted to, but a principle of his life. Of remarkable dignity of person, firmness of character and fidelity of purpose, he possessed a singular capacity to judge of the usefulness and integrity of others. To these elements his eminent success in life was to a great degree attributable. Without adventitious aids of wealth, or influential friends, he became a representative man of the West and an honored statesman in the councils of the Nation. He lived to see the section of the country over which he was appointed governor in 1836, rise to the magnitude of an empire, embracing the great and growing States of Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and so much of Dakota Territory as lies east of the Missouri River,—which furnished one hundred and ninety-seven thousand soldiers to suppress the recent rebellion, and which possess almost exhaustless resources to add to their wealth and power. With what pride and satisfaction must he have contemplated the result of the labors of himself and his associate pioneers, as he surveyed the political and social organizations and the new civilization which their hands had founded and reared! Heroes and warriors, prompted by unholy ambition, may hew their way to place and power by conquering provinces and destroying existing systems and organizations, but how much more honorable the renown of those who lay the foundations of governments, of political and social systems, that are to become, we trust, the most beneficent of any the world has seen!

He lived to see his country withstand and triumph over the shock of civil war, and emerge successfully from what is destined, we trust, to be its last great trial. In the retirement of ripe and honorable age, in the possession of faculties unimpaired, with the consciousness that he had lived an honorable and useful life, cheered and sustained by the consolations of Christian faith, he quietly passed to his honored rest.

In 1870 the Legislature of Wisconsin adopted "an act to perpetuate the memory of the late Governor Henry Dodge." The act declared that the State of Wisconsin has reason to be proud of his ability, sterling integrity, and eminent services, and is called upon to recognize those qualities and services in

some permanent form, honorable to the State. It provided for a marble bust to be executed of the finest marble, not to exceed in cost the sum of two thousand dollars, to be placed in the Capitol in some fit and conspicuous place. Accordingly, Mr. E. P. Knowles was employed to execute the bust. He made studies for his model at Burlington, Iowa, under the eye of General A. C. Dodge, and the completed work was given a fitting position in the Wisconsin Capitol in the Governor's room.

A marble monument was erected by his son over his grave in Aspen Grove Cemetery at Burlington, upon which are the following inscriptions:

HENRY DODGE  
Born  
Vincennes, Indiana,  
Oct. 12, 1782,  
Died  
June 19, 1867.  
—1832—  
Conqueror of  
the Indian Chief,  
Black Hawk.  
—1836—  
First Governor  
of Territory of Wisconsin.  
—1841—  
Delegate to Congress  
from Territory of  
Wisconsin.  
—1848—  
U. S. Senator  
from State of  
Wisconsin.

He served his own generation by  
the will of God. Acts XIII, 36

CHRISTIANA DODGE  
wife of  
HENRY DODGE.  
Born Feb. 2, 1784.  
Died March 30, 1865.

Immediately adjoining are the graves of his son Augustus and wife, of his daughter Christiana and her husband, James Clarke, third Governor of the Territory of Iowa, and of eleven grandchildren.

WILLIAM SALTER.

*Burlington.*

## FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A PIONEER.

BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH.

WHILE engaged in collecting materials on the "land clubs" and "claim associations" of Iowa, I mailed a series of questions to Mr. Hawkins Taylor, then one of the few surviving pioneers of the Territorial period. This was in January, 1893. In reply to my inquiries Mr. Taylor addressed me the letter which is given below.

The pioneer has his own opinions about pioneers, pioneer life and pioneer morality. These opinions he sometimes records in his "Recollections" or "Reminiscences," wherein he usually appears as an apologist or eulogist of the early settler. Now Mr. Hawkins Taylor was a typical pioneer: he was a genuine product of frontier life. Having suffered the toils and pains of the life on the frontier he was competent to write the pioneer's view of men and events beyond the reach of the memory of the present generation. In the following letter some points in the early history of Iowa are presented by a pioneer, in the language of a pioneer, and from the standpoint of a pioneer.\* The letter as here given is an exact copy of the original.

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\*"Hon. Hawkins Taylor, a well known pioneer lawmaker of Iowa, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on the 15th of November [1893]. He was born in Barren County, Ky., November 15th, 1811, and died on his eighty-second birthday. In 1836 he came to Iowa, which was then a part of Wisconsin Territory, and settling in Lee County, was one of the founders of the town of West Point. In 1838 he was chosen to the House of the first Territorial Legislature of Iowa. In 1857 he became Mayor of Keokuk, and was instrumental in projecting many important public enterprises for building up that city. He was a delegate from Iowa to the convention at Chicago which nominated Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency in 1860. He was appointed Postoffice Inspector for Kansas by President Lincoln in 1863, and held this position till 1865. During this time he also served on the Commission with Judge Charles Sherman, the brother of Senator Sherman, and Colonel Russell, who were appointed to settle the claims preferred against the Government by the Home Guards of Missouri. In 1868 he removed to Washington, D. C., where he remained until his death."—*Annals of Iowa, Third Series, Vol. I., p. 343.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 19, 1893.

B. F. SHAMBAUGH, Esq.,

Iowa City Iowa.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th and will with pleasure answer as I am able to do so. \* \* \* \*

Your questions amuse me very much. You belong to the civilization period; I will state the case from the early standpoint. You are now surrounded by colleges, railroads, syndicates of all kinds and boodle in almost all business,—the churches hardly exempt. Luxurious churches, the pews made comfortable to sleep in and attract the women who want to know the newest styles of bonnets and dress of their neighbors; when the girls are sent to boarding schools to learn the present hieroglyphic kind of singing that society demands. The farmer mortgages his farm, if need be, to get a piano for the daughters to drum on it. Your civilization requires safes and locks for houses, barns and chicken houses, and policemen to preserve order, but they are a necessary evil.

The early settlers are now generally held as scarcely better than savages and there seems to be some uncertainty with the present population as to the date of division between savagery and civilization. My good friend Professor Parvin puts it at the arrival of Gov. Lucas. He was too modest to name himself, but the fact is the Professor did come to Iowa with Lucas and was a pliant link between the Governor and his savage legislative tormentors. The *Register* of Des Moines in a glorification of the State and people puts the beginning of civilization at the adoption of the constitution. *I dispute and protest against* both propositions. The real foundation of the Christian, honest manhood of the State was laid broad, deep and solid before either of these dates. There was not a neighborhood in the Territory that did not have a log school house that was also their church, free to all comers of every denomination, and there was not a neighborhood that was not in some Methodist rider's circuit who was paid one hundred dollars a year, when he got it; but he never failed to keep his

appointments. There was no denomination of Christians that did not have ministers and church organizations in the Territory. There was no time, from the first settlement and during the Territorial days that there was not a larger percentage of the population Christian than there is at the present day. We were all poor; there was no "boodle" to excite the avarice of civilization. The preachers lived on claims and worked when not preaching. The girls helped their mothers do the work and, at times, helped their fathers. At church you heard the good old Zion songs and it could not but make you feel spiritual: now the music that you hear jerks all the love out of you, it is mechanical. There were then no locks used on doors and the latch string was always out; it was an offense to offer a settler pay for a meal or night's lodging, the new comer was always kindly treated. The settlers went to the Territory for homes and health, they took with them their Christian humanity and little else. It was these people who during the Territorial days of Iowa, in their poverty and honest integrity, who laid, and so well laid the foundation for the State that it has withstood the boodlers and the worst of all enemies of society and especially the laboring man, the rum seller.

That part of Michigan, now the State of Iowa, was opened to settlement three years before there was a base or township line west of the Mississippi. There were then no railroads in the Northwest and no man then ever expected to see a railroad bridge over any of the rivers, and while a few visionary people expected to see railroads carry people, none ever expected them to carry freight, the rivers must be the means of carrying produce to market. No coal had then been used to make steam for any purpose in the west, timber was the reliance for houses, fences and fuel and there was comparatively little of it in Iowa; there was more or less of it along the streams and occasionally a grove on the prairie and the first settler's first object was to find good timber, and, as far as possible, to group together for mutual protection and assist-

ance. Especially was this the case with the members of churches as this enabled them to have school and church; there was no public school money then; and each of these settlements organized claim laws.

The first settlements were made in the fall of 1834. I went there June 9, 1836. The claim laws were then in full force all over the Territory; they were simply the neighborhood rules, there was no law of any kind in force in the Territory. After the land was surveyed they very generally organized as township organizations, but at first they were known as settlements. The Bullard settlement, the Howard settlement. Little Cedar, Deer Mark, Lost Creek, and so on named after the first settlers, villages, and streams, these settlements from the timber and formation of the country were well understood. By their rules the settler was allowed to locate a half section of land, half timber and half prairie and within three months he had to build a cabin or break five acres of prairie and that would hold his claim six months. There was no record; each of these settlements was supreme. These claims were all laid out east and west, and north and south, they took the chances of the Government surveys. The town sites were simply "squatter claims" and they were under the squatter regulation and if there was a life lost in defending a squatter claim I never heard of it; in fact I never heard of a claim dispute in the early days except in a case where Martin Chany, who afterwards went to Iowa City, I think, built a shanty on a claim on which the Iowa Penitentiary at Fort Madison is now located, and E. D. Ayers, who was adjudged by the settlers the rightful claimant, threw the shanty in the river. That ended the contest. When the Government survey was made it fit no man's claim. Township lines, section lines and division lines ran through the middle of claims. In one case that I knew a township corner was in the middle of a man's claim, part of the claim being in four townships. Think for a moment if by a decree all the titles to the lands in your county should be declared void and surveyors were appointed to survey the

land, and were to cut it up as was done in the settler days of Iowa, what would civilization do with it? In the Fall of 1838 when the first land sale was held in Burlington, lasting two weeks, the notice of the sale struck consternation to the settlers. It meant that they must pay for their land or it would be liable to entry by any person. It was the year after the panic of 1837 when, under the revenue tariff and State banks as we are to have under the incoming administration, the country had gone "dead broke," and the Government needed money to eke out an existence. The settlers called on their friends in the States for help and rarely failed to get it, and they met in each township and organized by appointing a bidder for the township, and from three to five as a committee with the bidder to adjust and settle all disputes. I was appointed bidder for the West Point township and I will state what I did, and I only duplicated what others did.

I made a map of the township. In the meantime we had been adjusting lines as well as we could. I entered the name of the settler on his claim, and I managed to adjust all differences without calling on the committee. In many cases there were different claimants' interests on the same quarter section, often as many as three, but the acres of each were stated on the map and the money necessary to pay for their land, and it was agreed in whose name the land should be bid off, the other parties to furnish their share of the money. On the day of sale the able-bodied men of the township went to Burlington as did all the able-bodied men of the other townships where their land was sold. There were probably two thousand men in and camped around Burlington during the two weeks of the sale, which was in September and the weather was pleasant. There was no rowdyism or drunkenness, but they were *at the sale*. There was but a single attempt during the sale to bid on a settler's claim, and that was in my township and made by a Virginian who had a good deal of money. He stopped at Fletcher's Hotel, then on Jefferson street near the river. He had told Col. Patterson who was, when a boy,

from the same county in Virginia, that he meant to bid on any land that he chose to. The colonel discouraged him but he was indignant. Our township was an early one sold and on the day there was a drizzly rain, and the land officers, Gen. Dodge and Van Antwerp, always the earnest friends of the settlers, invited me inside where I bid off all the settlers' claims as registered on my map. Just before I went into the office 'Squire Judy, who had been disappointed in getting his money, told me not to bid off his claim. It happened to be in section 35 near the last of the township and the Virginian bid it off. The moment I could get out I reported that Judy's home had been bid off by an outsider. There was a whoop and John Caniday, of Fort Madison, who only died a few days ago, as the leader, made for Fletcher's. Col. Patterson had started 'cross lots to save his friend, and found him in his room defiant and ready for the fray, but the Colonel told him to look out. At the sight of an army of determined men he quailed and grabbed his carpet sack and rushed down stairs, out at the back door and to the river where he hired a man to take him across the river, and I think that man has never been inside the State since. Col. Patterson when he went into the room told the Virginian that he must surrender his bid, but he indignantly refused until he saw the settlers coming down the street when he said to the colonel, "for God's sake stop them, I surrender the bid," and this was the only unpleasant incident of the sale. Bernard Henn, then a clerk in the land office, acted as crier at the sale and there was scarcely a dollar paid for land that was not in silver. One German paid for a half section of land all in the old Spanish quarter dollar pieces. The people had not then learned that silver was no good as the money loaners, the dear friends of the people, now tell them.

The time of the first land sale was in the good old days of Democratic deposit banks when all Government receivers were instructed as to the banks in which they must make their deposits and they could only take the kind of paper money

authorized by the deposit banks, and the Missouri State Bank was then the deposit bank for Iowa. There had been an Indian payment made at the Agency a few days before and Phelps, the representative of the old Astor Trading Co., took to Burlington \$85,000 in silver in kegs that had never been opened (but had been turned over to the trader by the Indians), to exchange for paper that could not be used in the land office. My nearest neighbor went to Central New York to his brother's to get the money to enter his half section. To get there he went down the Mississippi to Cairo, up the Ohio to Pittsburg, then walked to his brother's, got \$400 of the bills of a New York City deposit bank, walked back to Pittsburg, went down the Ohio to New Albany, Indiana, but the river was so low he saw he could not get to Burlington by water before the sale of his home, and he walked across Indiana, and Illinois, getting to Burlington the day before the sale of his land to find that his money would not be taken by the land officer, and he had to give his \$400 to Phelps for 350 Spanish dollars of the now despised silver. A friend whose land would not be sold until the next week let him have the other \$50 and he went home and sold his few cattle and raised the \$50. Dr. Barrett, then of Springfield, was there with money to loan, and an Albany, New York man was there with money to loan. Grimes & Starr were their representatives. They entered the lands in their own names and gave the settlers a bond to deed the land to them at the end of two years by the settler paying them double the price that it cost to enter the land. Dr. Barrett loaned \$100,000 borrowed from the State Bank of Illinois. The bank failed and many of the settlers paid for their land to the Doctor in the paper of the bank, costing them but 50c on the dollar. I think that no settler failed to pay for his home.

Up to the passage of the preëmption law there was no trouble; every settler was fully protected in his claim. The settlers' organizations were honest and determined and protected all the settlers. At the first land sale in Burlington in

some townships three-fourths of the lands were sold, in others not so much. All the land was offered by the crier and two weeks after the sale all the lands that had been offered at public sale were thrown open to private entry. None could be entered privately before being offered publicly for sale.

W. W. Chapman, the first delegate from Iowa in Congress, got a preëmption law for the protection of the settlers passed by Congress, and strange to say he was, so far as I ever heard, the only victim of his own law. It happened that a man named Arnold lived on a quarter section on which was eighty acres of Chapman's farm, and Arnold proved up his preëmption on the quarter section that he lived upon and abandoned eighty acres of prairie land of his own claim, which was at once occupied by others, being near Burlington and valuable. After several years' contest Chapman defeated Arnold who had lost half his original land and exhausted the other half at law. Served him right.

The Territorial Governors were the peers of the Governors since, and no State has had better than Iowa. The Legislatures were the equal of any since. The first Legislature, of which I was a member, was a model Legislature for sobriety, industry and honesty. There was never a lobby about a Territorial legislature.

If there are any of your twenty-one questions that I have not answered, let me know and I will answer if I can. I have had for several years the manuscript ready for press of a 400 or 500 page book, but my affliction has prevented its publication. It should be in print and would furnish much information to the future historian of the State. I have made my letter a conglomeration; you can assort it to suit yourself. I have had it copied, thinking I might want it in print in *THE HISTORICAL RECORD* or some other paper. Give my best regards to Mr. Lathrop and Prof. Loos.

Yours respectfully,

HAWKINS TAYLOR.

THE FORT DEFIANCE HOSPITAL AND THE  
NAVAJO INDIANS.\*

BY FLORENCE E. WINSLOW.



HE reservation of the Navajo Indians is half as large again as the State of Massachusetts, and embraces more land than the States of New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware.

It would seem as if this space would be more than sufficient for the needs of a tribe of Indians numbering some twenty thousand souls, but so drear and barren is the country in its present unwatered condition, and so scant is the vegetation there that these Indians are forced to continue their nomadic habits and to wander from place to place, seeking food for themselves and for their flocks of sheep.

Of late years this tribe of Indians have been so poor that they have not had enough to eat, possibly for long periods of time, and their flocks have deteriorated, owing partly to an insufficient food supply. If the tribe were once rich, as is said, no evidence of their former prosperity remains. They are non-ration Indians, and quite dependent upon their flocks for support, so that the recent low prices paid for wool have been a serious hindrance to their advancement. At places remote from the agency, wool has brought only five cents a pound, and the average weight of a fleece is but two pounds and a half. For the last four years, and during the cold winters, the suffering has been great. On account of the shortage of pasture, many of the Navajos have wandered from their reservation, which is partly in Arizona and partly in New Mexico, into parts of those territories not belonging to them, where they have sometimes proved an annoyance to white settlers, who have yet been very patient, realizing that many of the Indians were on the verge of starvation.

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\*Reprinted from *The Churchman*, March 19, 1898.

All this might be remedied by a thorough system of irrigation. At least one hundred thousand acres could thus be made productive, and alfalfa, corn, oats, and wheat be made to grow in large quantities. Until the Indians are thus led to adopt agricultural pursuits, they can have no fixed abode, and must continue to be the Arabs of this continent, wandering from place to place and finding scanty food for themselves, their sheep and their goats, on the mesas, and sheltering themselves during the severe cold of winter in temporary huts called hogans.

The climate at this high altitude 7,500 feet, is very severe; frosts occur as late as June and begin early in September, but the climate is a superb one, even in winter, dry, clear and invigorating; and during the early summer the high mesa plateaux and the low sandy valleys are covered with verdure, with the wild flowers which bloom in great profusion and variety. The area occupied by the Navajos, although a table land, is not a mere elevated plain. On the boundary line of the two territories it is traversed by the Tunicha Mountains, a high range covered with magnificent pine forests. Wide plateaux lie along their bases, and these are split with rocky cañons. On the west and on the northern boundary are broken ranges and volcanic domes, the San Juan River flowing through deep, gloomy gorges; and toward the south there are straggling ridges of sloping hills.

The peculiar formation of the country is due to the erosion of the waters of a primeval period. The waters of the country today are so sunk in deep cañons that across all the broad country not a river stream or drop of water is visible, and valley, mountain and rocks lie parching under a hot sun in a cloudless sky. In this land some thirty miles from Gallup at a government station known as Fort Defiance, the women of the Westchester auxiliary have built a hospital for the Navajos.

The strange rocky pillar known as the Kit Carson Monument, is one of the oddest rocks moulded into shape by the

action of primeval waters. It is a mile and a half from the hospital, at the mouth of Black Cañon. It is but one of many strange isolated rocks with which the land is strewed, and among them high spires of cacti rise like gigantic needles, twenty, thirty, even forty feet high; while the grey leaves of the sage brush cover the ground, and the luxuriant prickly pear fills every corner where it can spread its broad leaves.

The natural bridge of rock upon which men and horses pass and repass, as on a road, is only one of many similar rock forms in the neighborhood. It crosses a cañon which leads down directly through a mountain. There are many kinds of rock in the region, and the range of mountains in which "the Window" has been placed by nature, is of sandstone and this remarkable opening is supposed to have been caused by successive sand storms sweeping with persistent and resistless force across the buttes.

The Black Salt Mountain rises darkly from a plain on the reservation; there is perhaps no dwelling within two hundred miles of it; indeed on the whole reservation, save at the agencies, there is nothing that can be called a permanent dwelling. The shepherd people simply camp for a time on the land as they pass back and forth across it. They seem to have migrated from the north to this region, probably before the advent of the Spaniards, and at a time when the cliff dwellers, the ancestors of the present village Indians, still occupied some of their ancient cliff buildings, which are often found in sheltered nooks among the mountains of the country. When Mexican colonies were established upon the Rio Grande, the Navajos began to make predatory excursions among them and these depredations they continued until very recent years. Among the most interesting scenes in the vicinity of the hospital are the homes of the ancient cliff dwellers, many of which have been preserved in this rare and marvellous climate from prehistoric days.

The Navajos call themselves Tinnéh, meaning "the people," and are a branch of a vigorous stock, known as Altrapascan,

which, divided into many tribes, occupied the Pacific slope from Alaska to Mexico. The tribes are well adapted for the pastoral life, and as we have seen, the region where the Navajos live is suited for sheep culture. Each family owns a flock of sheep and goats and a few ponies. Each flock must be moved at least twice a year, and sometimes oftener, and close cropping by the animals destroys the vegetation so that it does not recover for two or three years. In the summer the migration is toward the high plateau of the mountains, in the winter the flocks are placed in the wooded mesas of the valleys.

Supposing that we have driven thirty miles across the country from Gallup, through an arid country, but one so wild and beautiful in its ruggedness as to win admiration, we shall be prepared for the desolate grandeur of the site of Fort Defiance. If we have driven rapidly, it has taken us seven hours to reach it, and we will be glad to rest at the government school, which has under instruction some 200 of the 4,000 children of school age among the Navajos. Before the Indian Rights Association sent, in 1894, a party of the chiefs to the World's Fair, it was almost impossible to get any Indian children to school—the few who were enrolled were brought in by policemen. The Indians, being very fond of their children, resented parting with them. Now, however, they are anxious to send them to school, the chiefs, upon their return from the East, having realized the advantages of education. The school buildings are plain enough, but are of course attractive to the Indian who has lived only in the hogan—a hut made of poles, covered with branches of trees, and cemented over with adobe mud. In the top is a hole, under which the fire is made, and across the opening used as a door is hung one of the handsome Navajo blankets. On the floor are sheep skins.

The women of the tribe weave, on the rough native looms, the beautiful blankets, which, as works of art, were once famous, and which are strong and tough enough to last for

generations. The old-time blanket was a thing of beauty; when the workwoman dyed her own wool, the colors were soft, and mingled harmoniously in the odd native patterns. Now the deadly aniline dye is leveling values, and destroying the characteristic beauty of the Indian blanket, like that of the Eastern rug. It is now all but impossible to procure one of the old Navajo blankets, which are worth at least \$500. They cannot be bought, but they are, it is said, sometimes wrapped about the dying chiefs, who, in accordance with the superstitious customs of the tribe, are left to die in obscure places in order that the living may not be contaminated by touching their dead bodies.

It is this peculiar dread of the Navajo which makes the sufferings of the sick so great. No matter how dear the parent, or how tenderly cherished the child, when they come to die they must be carried out and left in some sheltered place upon the mountain side, where the body can remain, and where it need not be touched after death. Owing to the nomadic life of the people, the mortality among children is great, and the sufferings of men and women in cases of accident or illness are untold.

The Woman's Auxiliary of Westchester, working through Bishop Kendrick, have raised most of the funds with which a beautiful and appropriate hospital building has been erected; but their efforts to supply the Navajos with a place where they could be cared for would have been unavailing, had it not been for the labors of Miss Thackara, a woman of rare ability, thorough training and remarkable aptitude for the work, whom Bishop Kendrick was fortunate enough to find already on the ground. Miss Thackara is a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Thackara, of Florida. She was before taking up her present service, working among these Navajos, and has, since she began her work for the Church in this lonely place, served as field matron, visiting the sick and dying Indians on the distant mountains and instructing the women in civilized ways of living. The plan of missionary hospital

work among the Indians was a new one, and Miss Thackara was obliged to build the hospital with such aid as she could find on the spot. It was inadequate, and she had to remain with the workmen all day, see each of the white blocks of stone cut from its quarry and laid in its place, travel with each load of lumber as it was hauled, and see to the shingling of the roofs and the laying of the floors. The hospital is of white stone, and is roofed with shingles stained grey. The stone was quarried not four hundred yards from the spot where the buildings stand. The hospital is all a glittering white, and is a conspicuous and striking object as it comes into view, standing on the side of the white mesa. It is known far and wide among the Indians under the name of "The White House." It is fifty-seven feet long, by forty-seven wide and is intended to serve as a residence for those in charge of the hospital, as well as for the patients. The hospital was finished, as to bare walls and roof, March 1, 1897, having taken about three years to build. There is the main building, the interpreter's house, and a small stone storage house. A stable is greatly needed. It is over a mile from Fort Defiance, where a physician, appointed and paid by the Government, lives. So helpless in his work is he, without this hospital, and so great was the need, that he pressed for its immediate opening, and without furniture, without equipment, without other help than the Indian interpreter, Miss Thackara began her work by receiving a case waiting for an operation for cancer. There was not a bed in the house, nor a nurse to be had, and, sleeping on boards, this devoted woman tended the patient, whose arm had been removed at the shoulder, did the work of the house, and fed the family of the man, who had to be taken care of in the house during the period prior to his recovery.

The Indians now love the hospital. Formerly, their only resource in time of sickness was the medicine man, with his enchantments against evil spirits, and the sweat house into which the patient was packed, surrounded with hot stones, while the opening was carefully closed.

Of all the means adopted to win the love and confidence of savages, the methods used by Miss Thackara are perhaps the most effective. The sick Indians have no medicines, no intelligent care, no suitable food. The medicine man sings and dances about the invalid, and if he is about to die leaves him. One lonely woman, who did not die as she was expected to do, lived for three months upon the mountain where she had been carried, and there she was daily visited and nursed by Miss Thackara. Now that the hospital is opened, such sad deaths need not occur. The hospital is the only place on the reservation where a sick person can be taken, and the Indian has learned that the aid given him there is given through love, and freely. He believes in his friend, and sees that he has everything to gain and nothing to lose by coming to the hospital. Visitors who come to see the patients often travel long distances, and must be taken care of when they arrive; but feeding them is a simple matter, and no more favorable opportunity of teaching them could be devised. Their family relations are peculiar, many of them being polygamists. Some old men will buy girls of twelve or thirteen years of age from school for wives. If they have several wives, all seem to live in perfect harmony. Quite a young girl came to visit an old man in the hospital, and it was discovered that she was his wife. She became interested in the hospital, and in the life of the agency, and finally entered the Government school, where her old husband was persuaded to leave her.

The children belong to the mothers, and can be bequeathed by them to whomever they choose. They are greatly prized, and if a mother dies she gives her child to those in whom she has most confidence; generally they go to the mother's family. One of Miss Thackara's patients, whom she had faithfully tended, left to her, as a legacy, a little Indian girl, Glympba, who is now eight years old. Her father, who is living, has no claims upon her, but comes often to see her, bringing sometimes his other wives, each of whom she calls "mother." She is a very bright and intelligent child and

serves as an additional means of communication with her people. She will be carefully trained, not to rise above her family, but to raise them with her. Already she is learning to work for them and to serve them.

Many of the Indian visitors who come to the hospital have never seen a house or a white woman; they are eager to see and to learn, to hear the news, to find out all they can of the "white" ways of living. It will be readily seen that Miss Thackara cannot fulfill her duties as superintendent of the hospital and continue to do the nursing and the housework. She must be ready to visit, traveling long distances perhaps to reach the sick, free to entertain, to instruct and to direct. It is proposed to develop this hospital work until its influence is felt in every part of the reservation, but the work cannot be done at all unless a trained nurse be at once provided to take her place in the hospital. Such a woman well used to the Indian work, can be secured if the money to pay her salary can be pledged. Eight hundred dollars is the amount necessary for support in this place. All supplies have to be brought for long distances, and are therefore expensive; many articles, such as shoes, have to be thrown away because they cannot be mended. The one Indian helper serves as interpreter, teamster and laborer, and must often be absent, hauling freight and doing manual labor.

We cannot close without noting the opinion of one who has devoted years of his life to work in this country as to the value of this medical missionary service among the Indians. Said Lieutenant Plummer, who has spent years among these Navajos:

"There is no doubt that untold suffering might be saved and many lives, if the sick could be properly sheltered and nourished, and many otherwise life-long cripples might be sound if duly cared for when injured.

"Observation of a number of cases of death and suffering, which it was believed might have been prevented, taken with another reason, which I will now give, led to the recommendation of the hospital plan.

"The ruling power among the Navajos, as with Indians generally, is the medicine man, who is a combination of physician and preacher, ruling, not only by his supposed powers to heal, but also by his supposed power to work evil effects, both greatly exaggerated by the hereditary superstitions and superstitious beliefs of the people. These medicine men are jealous of their power, and naturally the tendency is to use it to prejudice the people against the influence of the white man and the adoption of his ways.

"Undoubtedly the surest way to overcome and counteract the influence of these men and lead the people to civilization and Christianity, is by meeting the medicine men on their own ground, by the healing and care of the sick, and the gradual demonstration to the people of the advantages of civilization and the truths of Christianity."

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### DEATH OF A PIONEER SCHOOL TEACHER AT AMANA.

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BY BARTHINIUS L. WICK, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.

**T**HE Amana Society, or Community of True Inspiration, located in Iowa County, has lost one of its most trusted and valuable members in the person of Gottlieb Scheuner, who on December 30, 1897, after a lingering illness of several years passed quietly away at the age of sixty.

Mr. Scheuner was born in Engelthal, Hessen-Darmstadt, Germany, of Swiss parents who had emigrated thither in order to escape persecution, being members of the Inspiration Society. At the age of nine, he and his parents, together with the larger number of the members of the Society emigrated to America, settling on the large Seneca Reservation near Buffalo, New York. Being of a studious turn of mind, and not very strong constitutionally, it was decided that he should be educated, which was done. In a short time he became proficient

in the English language, acting as interpreter whenever matters of business were transacted with outside parties. In 1853, Scheuner began his career as teacher, a vocation which he loved and to which he devoted his entire life, retiring a few years ago on account of illness. In 1855 the members saw fit to select a new location in Iowa, on account of the close proximity to the enterprising and growing city of Buffalo, and Scheuner was one of the first to leave for the west and erect a school house, and begin a school, before the first pioneer had time to settle. It was in Iowa County, that Scheuner spent the larger part of his life, and it was here that he accomplished his greatest work in the upbuilding of schools and meetings, and their communistic life. In 1872 he was elected as elder. These elders are a body of men, eighty in number, who are selected on account of their strong moral character, to preside over the spiritual affairs of the community; and in this position Scheuner exercised a great influence as adviser. But although actively engaged in teaching and religious work, he never separated his religion from his business, and on account of his business training and keen judgment, on the death of Peter Winzenried in 1885, the community placed him in the vacated seat as one of the twelve trustees having the sole management of the community estate, involving more than a million dollars. In this position he was sorely tried when business enterprises throughout the country failed; but his conservative methods, his altruistic views regarding the rights of others, his practical good sense often times had the desired effect of convincing those, who were willing to branch out, that keeping near the shore was the best policy to pursue.

The influence he wielded over the younger men was remarkable, but we must bear in mind that as school teacher for nearly half a century, nearly all of the eighteen hundred members had at one time or other in their lives been his pupils and as he had ruled them by love instead of by the rod, when they grew up to be the leaders in the society's business

life, they were always willing and glad to listen to the old teacher's sound advice and unbiased opinions. When I asked one of the members shortly after the death of the beloved teacher, who would likely take the vacated place, he replied while tears stole down over the weatherbeaten cheeks, "Gottlieb's place cannot be filled," and it is true. In order to understand communistic life one has to spend some time in a society of this kind in order to see and comprehend the situation of being one of a large family composed of two thousand members.

He had been trained by Christian Metz, who died in 1867, and it was always Scheuner's aim to carry out the views formulated by the old leader and friend regarding the spiritual, as well as the financial status of the community, which they both so dearly loved. Much of the success of the community enterprise must be attributed to the labors of these two men. They early saw the necessity of coming to Iowa, and separating themselves as much as possible from the world; and it was early found of utmost importance to establish a segregation of villages preserving the old Teutonic idea of an independent local self government, close enough for financial purposes and separated far enough, so that each little hamlet had its own local, social and religious organization. Another view adopted early, was the government of the business interests by a board of twelve trustees who had full control and acted without being cramped by the others. It was early demonstrated here, as in all other enterprises, that "what is everybody's business, is nobody's business;" for the faithful performance of duty it is best—yes essential—to place the responsibility on some one's shoulders, in order to accomplish the best results. As another means of holding the young members in the society Scheuner advocated the use of the German tongue which he, as instructor, labored so hard to preserve; and when we look at the results accomplished at Amana compared to the Brook Farm movement and Owen's disastrous failure, it has been clearly demonstrated

that learning alone will not abolish the idea of self, nor can we hope for a millennium; we must take human nature as it is, and not as we might hope to have it, and with the best in human nature, seek to formulate a theory which all members will willingly follow. In the boundary questions, which have arisen in Europe after every war, it has been found that the three most powerful concomitants of national life, have been a common origin, a common tongue and a common religion, and so it has been in a community like the Amana Society, where a body of men and women live together sharing the same aims, beliefs and christian principles.

The seclusion from the world all communities must seek in order that they might be left alone to carry out their social schemes, without outward influences of any kind; hence the members early sought the prairies of Iowa to build up an altruistic world where the throbbings and tumults of selfishness should yield to the magic of equality and brotherhood, and how far they have succeeded the casual visitor may judge; whatever the outcome may be, a great deal of the present success must be attributed to the tireless energy of Gotlieb Scheuner. Another idea advocated by Metz and carried out by his faithful pupil, Scheuner, was the preservation of the old doctrine of faith adopted on the German borders early in the eighteenth century. Without doubt this religious bond may probably be considered, as one of the most potent and efficient elements, which has held the members together, during the past fifty years. In a conversation had upon this subject some time before his death, he uttered this idea, that often times higher education had its bad effect upon young men, for the reason that they went away from home, discarded their old faith and had nothing to which to pin any other faith, at least were not prepared to adopt any other train of thought, and consequently were left stranded, that they were like a boat without a rudder on the open sea dashed about by the fury of the waves.

During the later years he composed hymns and poems and

was the Society's faithful historian. It was at the desk after ended labors that he spent perhaps some of his most happy hours, and if one could at those times obtain access to his study, it was a treat to hear him discourse on matters concerning life. Being extremely modest, he had a sweetness of disposition such as falls to the lot of few men. Asking him once how it was that he had no temper, he replied with a smile: "It is not the having of the temper, but the controlling of it, that makes all the difference."

Mr. Scheuner was never married, preferring to devote all his time and energies to the upbuilding of the Society; in this he took delight, all the members were to him children, and he loved them all with more than filial affection, and they in turn respected the one who had devoted his life to their temporal and spiritual welfare. He was one who could say with Pericles, "I meet my doom with the consolation that I have injured no man."

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## DEATHS.

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WILLIAM STEVENS PERRY, Episcopal Bishop of Iowa since 1876, a native of Providence, Rhode Island, died suddenly at Dubuque, where he was making a visitation, May 13, 1898. His wife died in 1897. Their marriage having been childless, an adopted daughter (niece of the Bishop), Miss Anna Richardson Perry, is his only living relative. He bequeathed much of his considerable estate to benevolent institutions connected with his diocese at Davenport. Bishop Perry was an able man, prominently known in religious councils in America, and also in Europe, and was honored by all religious bodies in Iowa irrespective of denominational affiliation. His age was 66.

STEPHEN DEWEY LYMAN, born in Litchfield County, Connecticut, died at his home in Maquoketa, April 14, 1898, aged 83 years. Mr. Lyman went to Maquoketa in 1856, and there

practiced law for thirty-seven years. He was a man of unspotted character, and held in high esteem by all classes of the community where he lived, especially by members of his own profession. Among the offices of trust he had held were justice and city attorney. December 25, 1859, being then a widower, he married Hannah Matilda Barrows, who survives him. He was one of the founders of the First Congregational Church, of Maquoketa, of which he was an earnest member. John H. Lyman, of Topeka, Kansas, and Frank D. Lyman, of Maquoketa, are his sons.

CYRUS C. CARPENTER, who came to Iowa in 1854, and was Governor of the State for two terms—1872–1876—died at his home at Fort Dodge, May 29, 1898, aged 68 years. It was during Governor Carpenter's administration that capital punishment was abolished in Iowa, to be reenacted some years later. He held the executive office during a quiet period, which gave little occasion for the display of statesmanship, but Iowa never had a more judicious executive. He had served, before coming to the governorship, honorably in the Civil War. Many other honorable positions were held by him before and after the war. He was a member of the Legislature in 1857. After the war he was register of the land office, second comptroller of the currency under Grant, member of Congress from the Ninth District two terms, under Harrison postmaster at Fort Dodge, to which, just before his death, he was reappointed by President McKinley who has since selected the Governor's widow for appointment to the same office.

DR. THOMAS S. MAHAN, in the fullness of a ripe old age of 84 years, died at his home at Iowa City, November 25, 1897. Coming to Iowa City in April, 1854, in the vigor of a prime manhood, he gave his sterling services as a physician to a willing community whom he served for forty years with a master hand. Others might reap rewards and credits, but he thought only of the safety of his clients, every one of whom became

his friend. From varied practice others might make learned deductions for the medical magazines, but he only thought of applying his experience to the case in hand. Coming from Ohio to a new State then receiving a varied population, he quickly adapted himself to the predilections of all, and his counsel was sought far and wide, and the one who had the most need, and perhaps the least money, secured his services, for his heart was warm and his humanity strong. When the morning sun was glistening on the dew or the evening moonlight flickered on the gray sod in autumn, Mahan, who sat a horse like a West Point cadet, might often have been observed in his day here, pointing for the country, with balm and solace for the sick. He was a model and ensample of the old-time physician of the west. His natural kindness, so grateful to the sick, drew an added charm from his deep religious nature, which unconsciously to him, pervaded his every act, however great, however small.

MILTON B. COCHRAN, born in Ohio, June 7, 1828, a graduate of Western Reserve Medical College, died at his home in Iowa City, May 29, 1898. Dr. Cochran was married in 1851 to Miss Mary E. Gooding, who with a son and three daughters survives him. He came to Iowa, settling in the city where he died, in January, 1854. He was the grandson of a Vermont officer in the Revolutionary army, and a son of an American soldier of the War of 1812. Keeping in line with this patriotic record he was himself a brave, skillful and devoted officer in the Union army during the Rebellion, serving by appointment of Governor Kirkwood as surgeon of the 1st Iowa Cavalry from its organization till his promotion into the corps of surgeons of United States Volunteers by appointment of the President, intermediately and subsequently holding many medical staff positions of responsibility in the field and at the front. After the war he was the first Superintendent of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home at Davenport, which he organized and carried forward with preëminent tact and wis-

dom till its success was assured. He was a member of the State Historical Society from its inception and organization in 1857, and at the time of his death was a member of its Board of Curators. He was a member of the Iowa City School Board in 1859-60, and the inventor of an improved school desk and seat which long maintained popularity with teachers and scholars, the forerunner of the present school outfittings of this class. The prime of Dr. Cochran's manhood was spent in Iowa City in the exercise of the profession of medicine, in which he always held an enviable popularity with the community and an honorable standing with the profession. While drawn away from home temporarily by his duties at the Orphans' Home, he was appointed, after the termination of this service, surgeon of an Indian Agency in Wisconsin, by Hon. Hiram Price, Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the Garfield-Arthur administration. In religious affiliation he was attached to the Presbyterian Church, in which he was held in affectionate esteem by its members. His remains were given to the earth at Davenport, where one of his sons had been previously buried. Mr. J. P. Sanxay, who knew him well, has drawn this just portrayal of some features of his character which by permission we append:

"If thou findest in life anything better than justice, truth, and temperance, turn to it with all thy soul. But if thou findest everything else of less value than these, give place to nothing else. For it is not right that anything of any other kind, such as power or pleasure, should compete with that which is rationally good."

We know a little, believe much, imagine more. But whether we would or not, life has its stern realities that will not be dreamed away. It is the part of a reasonable man to see the truth as it is, or adequately to realize that he does not. Dr. Cochran was reasonable, in that he cared to know the truth; still more in that he had the noble mental temper which is patient with human weakness; tolerant of opinions that cross one's own. "There is a sense in which every soul

is involuntarily deprived of truth; so in the same way it is deprived of justice, temperance and benevolence. This it is needful to bear in mind; for thus we shall be more gentle towards all." Good and evil are the importunate facts of life; so strenuous, that men's hopes and fears concerning them, not resting at the grave, traverse eternity. If the intensity of conviction be not cooled and calmed by the gracious tolerance of reason, it may become a persecuting flame. Dr. Cochran was interested in everything that concerns the human race, in all the creeds and deeds that are determining its course. But while his heart was in his judgments, while he felt as well as thought; he was reasonable in his praise, considerate in his blame. His sympathies were wide and warm. He was touched with the feeling of man's inevitable pain; and the "gladness of the world" was the sweetest music breathed by the "choir invisible" to his hope.

"We are made for coöperation." Dr. Cochran was pre-eminently a social, a coöperative man. "He would not alone be saved, alone conquer and come to the goal." To feel himself in touch with others, to confer and coöperate with them, "to lend a hand," these were as native to him as the beating of his heart. "The things that relate to men were dear to him by reason of kinship." By reason of kinship, that is to say, kinship, for kindness is the feeling of kinship; a true, human word, the strength and tenderness of human ties wrought into speech. There is a sort of people who have their phases like the moon (only they are not orderly but erratic). You never know before you meet them whether they will be bright or dark, their greeting cordial or cold. Mr. Jarndyce had his "growlery" to which he considerably withdrew when the wind was east. Dr. Cochran may not have permitted himself even that innocent asylum for the recovery of his peace. "If stones wounded his feet in the paths of the world, if his spirit was tried by dejection and toil, of that we saw nothing. To us he was ever cheerful and firm."

"In the things which are held together by nature, there is

within and there abides in them the power that made them; wherefore the more is it fit to reverence this power."

The thrill of awe unmingled with fear is the best thing humanity has. Dr. Cochran was a reverent man. He had the "sense sublime of something deeply interfused in nature and in the mind of man;" the feeling of divine and of human worth. To be reasonable, to be social, to be reverent, is to possess the highest excellence. Whatever changes with widening knowledge may occur, the reasonable, social, reverent man will always have a place among the number of the best. And Dr. Cochran was not afraid to depart from life. He believed "we fall to rise, sleep to wake."

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### NOTES.

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THE semi-centennial celebration of the admission of Wisconsin to the Union as a State was held at Madison, the capital of the State, June 7th, 8th and 9th, 1898.

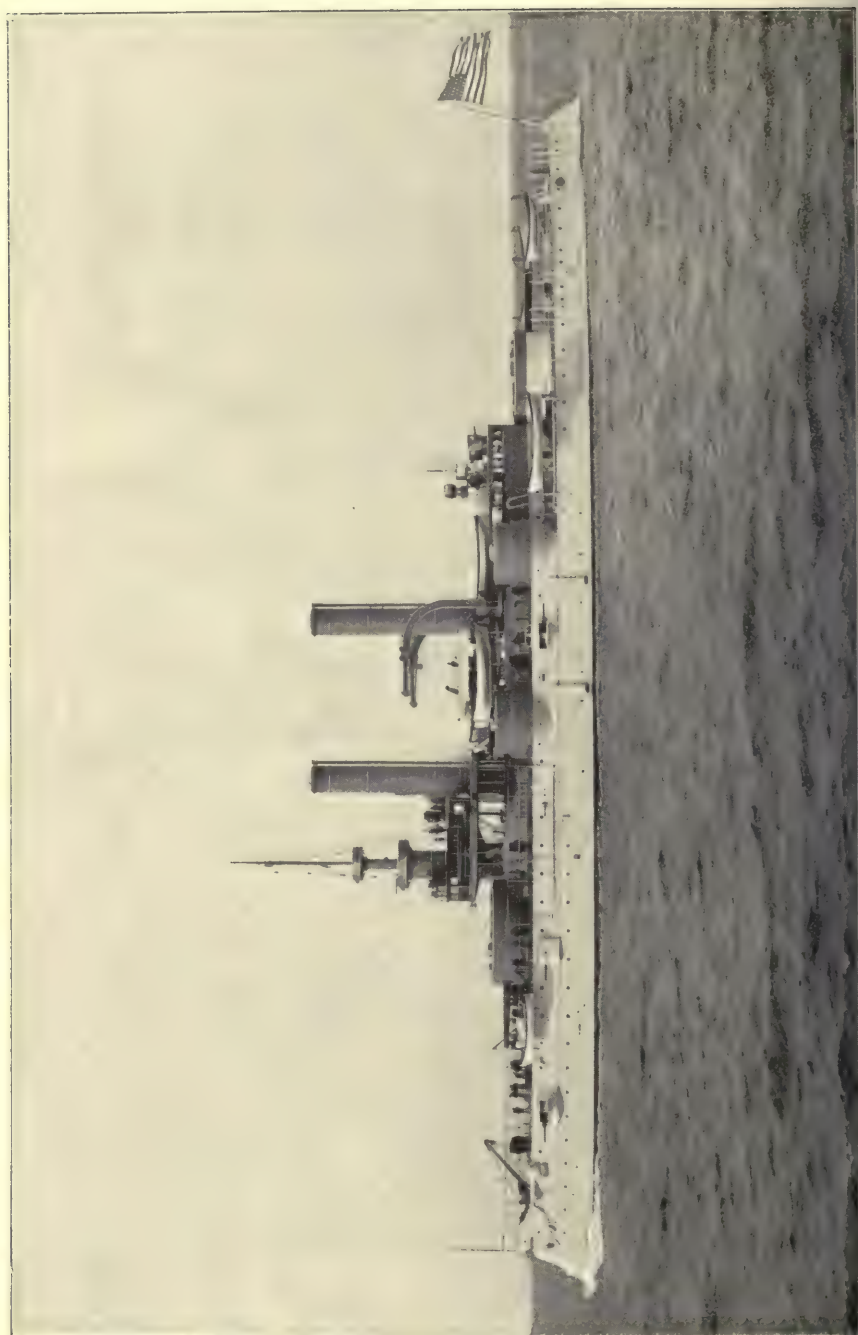
THE second annual reunion of the descendants of William Maxson and Ebenezer Gray, who settled in Iowa Township, Cedar County, in 1839, was held on Saturday, June 18, last, at the old Maxson homestead, now the property of William Gray, where stands the gravel house built fifty years ago—claimed to be the first gravel house built in Iowa—and made historic by having been for a time the home of John Brown and his patriot band, a short time before the Harper's Ferry raid.

THE transition from barbarism to civilization of the aboriginal inhabitants of what we may now call the old United States, before the expansion of our jurisdiction by conquest and annexation to the Caribbean Sea and far over the Pacific Ocean, is as noteworthy as that of any condition in the known annals of the red man. Next to subjugation by the military, the Indian school has been the force which has done the most to subdue the fierce instincts of our wild tribes and lead them to ways

of peace and industry. Some years ago THE RECORD published a chapter by Miss Mayo, delineating the routine working of an Indian school in Nebraska. More lately it gave place to a paper by Miss Dissette, illustrating the methods of a similar school in New Mexico. And now the hospital bids fair to be a valuable adjunct to the school in the education of the Indian, as shown by the sketch of the one at Fort Defiance, N. M. by Miss Winslow in this number.

THE late Stephen B. Gardner, having attained a footing as an official at the court house, became a power in the politics of Johnson County, before whom aspirants to office bent. He was blind in one eye and halt, but notwithstanding these bodily defects he bore himself with a dignity which impressed beholders, while his affability captivated the court house visitor. Moreover he was master of a judicious silence. Captain F. M. Irish was the first to detect his intelligence, and had given him aid and work when he first came to the county. After Gardner's exaltation, when Irish became a candidate for sheriff it was natural he should count on the moral support of his old dependent. Great was Irish's wrath when he learned of his own defeat through the desertion of Gardner, who had thrown the weight of his influence on the scale for Gilbert E. De Forrest, the Whig candidate. Irish was a person of great resources of language, and soon after went to Gardner to denounce his ingratitude. The case did not admit of denial. Gardner was penitent, craving pity and forgiveness. But he was in the midst of a storm center. Finally the last bolt seemed to have exploded, the Captain waiting for some attempt at explanation or defense. But Gardner sat with head bent, the tears coursing down the furrows of his cheeks, expecting another outburst; but seeing that it did not come immediately he at last said, in a repentant tone, "Captain, abuse me some more." Irish, who had a tender heart covered by the exterior of a rough manner, was disarmed by this exhibition of imperturbable demeanor and silently withdrew.





THE BATTLESHIP IOWA.

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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## THE *IOWA* AS A DEFENDER. WITH SKETCHES OF HER COMMANDERS.

BY A. N. HARBERT.



THE *Iowa* was with the North Atlantic fleet during the conflict between the United States and Spain, which was a favorable station for proving her efficiency in warfare. The first service rendered by her was in the blockade of Havana, which commenced April 22, and was continued by her until May 4, when Admiral Sampson, with seven of the war ships, went on a cruise, the object being to locate the Spanish fleet, whose whereabouts were clouded in mystery. The task of locating on the water, a swift-moving enemy, which was trying to be elusive, proved not to be an easy one, and it was decided to make San Juan, which was bombarded at daybreak, May 12, the objective point of attack.

The battleship *Iowa* was in the lead of the attacking column, and went directly under the walls of the fortifications, when suddenly her forward twelve-inch guns delivered a broadside which was continued for a period of fourteen minutes and was repeated in turn by each of the attacking ships.

The column passed in front of the forts three different times, pouring tons of steel into the defenses of the city. The

enemy's batteries replied to the attack, but their shots nearly all passed over the line of ships, owing to their disadvantage in elevation.

The *Iowa* was hit during the second round by an eight-inch shell, which passed through the superstructure over the after port eight-inch turret and finally ended its course in a one-inch plate of steel, where it exploded, scattering fragments in all directions, the flying splinters injuring three men. The shells made no impression on her armor.

The signal was given to retire, after three hours of destructive work had been done to the fortifications. No attempt was made to enter the city after the bombardment as they were in pursuit of the enemy's fleet.

The Spanish fleet still continued to be elusive and the prospect of an engagement caused less annoyance to Admiral Sampson than the fear that they would escape from him.

Commodore Schley's squadron sailed south May 13, in search of the enemy and through his strategy they were discovered and "bottled up" on the 24th, in one of their own harbors. The forces under Schley and Sampson were combined at Santiago with Admiral Sampson in command, and the blockade of the enemy's fleet in Santiago harbor was successfully accomplished, each battleship in turn lighting the channel at night with searchlights and exercising strict vigilance at all times. The fortifications of the harbor were reduced and the city was repeatedly bombarded.

Admiral Cervera's fleet made a desperate dash for liberty July 3, the result of which surpasses in tragic interest the fate that befell the Invincible Armada in 1588, and resulted in the destruction of the entire fleet with great loss of life.

The *Iowa* was the first battleship to discover the fleet coming out of the harbor and at 9:33 A. M. hoisted the signal "enemy's ships escaping" and fired a gun to attract the attention of the other vessels in the fleet.

Captain Evans' graphic description of the engagement, which relates to the part taken by the *Iowa*, is as follows: "At the

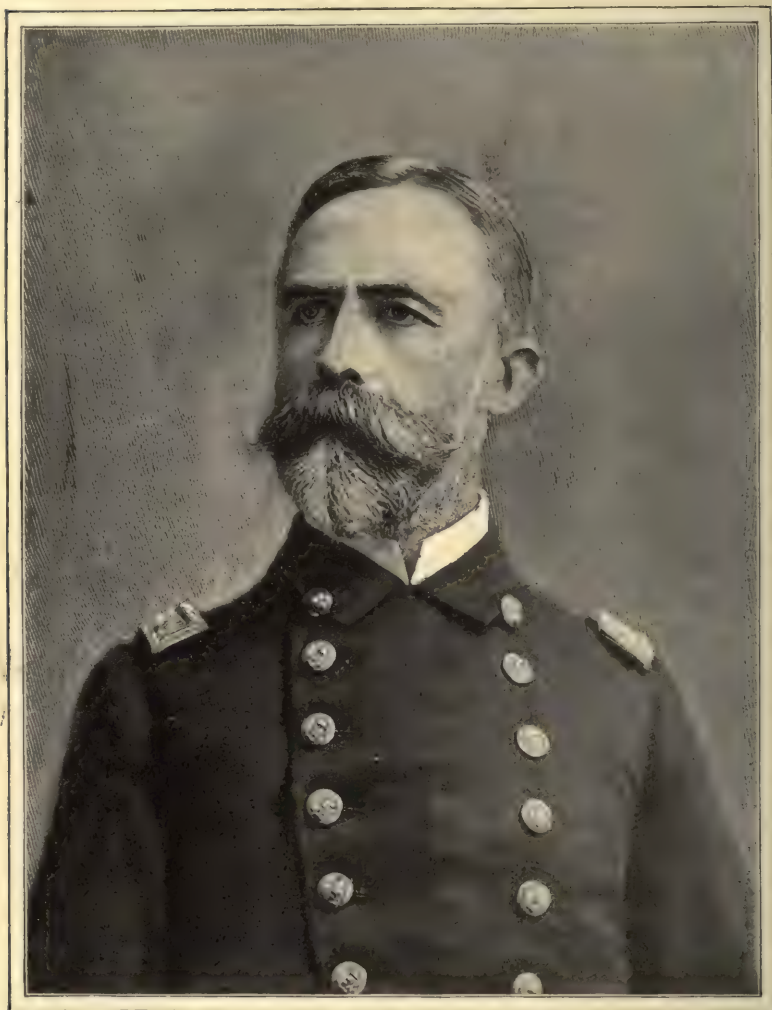
time general quarters was sounded the engine bell rang full speed ahead, and I put the helm to the starboard and the *Iowa* crossed the bows of the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the first ship out. As the Spanish Admiral swung to the westward the twelve-inch shells from the forward turret of the *Iowa* seemed to strike fair in the bow, and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb. The *Iowa* from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the *Infanta Maria Teresa* on her starboard bow and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. In the meantime the *Oregon*, *Indiana*, *Brooklyn* and *Texas* were doing excellent work with the heavy guns. \* \* \* The range at this time was 2,000 yards from the leading ship. The *Iowa's* helm was then put hard to the starboard and the entire starboard broadside was poured into the *Infanta Maria Teresa*. The helm was then quickly shifted to port, and the ship went across the stern of the *Teresa* in an effort to head off the *Oquendo*. All the time the engine was driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her. The *Cristobal Colon*, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the *Iowa*, the *Colon* placed two six-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck. The other passed through the side at the water line within the cofferdam, where it still remains. As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the *Iowa's* helm was put to the starboard and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the *Almirante Oquendo*, at a distance of 1,100 yards, the *Iowa's* entire battery, including the rapid fire guns, was opened on the *Oquendo*. The punishment was terrific. Many one, two and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of

her, and smoke came out through her hatches. Two twelve-inch shells from the *Iowa* pierced the *Almirante Oquendo* at the same moment, one fore and the other aft. The *Oquendo* seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually drew ahead of the *Iowa* and came under the terrific fire of the *Oregon* and *Texas*. At this moment the alarm of torpedo boats was sounded and two torpedo boat destroyers were seen on the starboard quarter at a distance of 4,000 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery, and a twelve-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As the shell struck the little torpedo boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head.

\* \* \* In the meantime the *Vizcaya* was slowly drawing abeam of the *Iowa* and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The *Vizcaya* fired rapidly, but wildly, while the shells of the *Iowa* were tearing great rents in her sides. As the latter passed ahead of the *Iowa* she came under the murderous fire of the *Oregon*. At this time the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and the *Almirante Oquendo* leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach, and in flames. The *Texas*, *Oregon* and *Iowa* pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks with their colors down, the *Teresa* flying a white flag at the fore.

\* \* \* Meanwhile the *Brooklyn* and the *Cristobal Colon* were exchanging compliments in lively fashion at apparently long range, and the *Oregon* with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on the *Colon*, also paying attention to the *Vizcaya*. The *Teresa* and *Oquendo* were in flames on the beach just two minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot the *Vizcaya* put her helm to port with a great burst of flames from the after part of the ship and headed slowly for the rocks at Aserraderos, where she found her last resting place. As it was apparent that the *Iowa* could not possibly catch the *Cristobal Colon*, and that

the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn* undoubtedly would, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the 1,200 or 1,500 Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors. I therefore headed for the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was as far as the depth of the water would admit I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens or roasting on the decks. \* \* \* My boats' crews worked manfully and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. \* \* \* The smaller magazines of the *Vizcaya* were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors on to the *Iowa's* quarter deck. \* \* \* As I knew the crew of the first two ships wrecked had not been visited by any of our vessels, I ran down to them. I found the *Gloucester* with Admiral Cervera and a number of his officers aboard, and in a frightfully mangled condition. \* \* \* Gradually the mangled bodies accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the *Iowa* as a United States battleship. Blood was all over her usually white quarter deck and two hundred and seventy-two naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid fire battery on them. Finally, came the boat with Captain Eulate, commander of the *Vizcaya*, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. As the chair was placed on deck the marines presented arms. He slowly raised himself on the chair, saluted me with great dignity, unbuckled his sword belt and, holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently with tears in his eyes and then surrendered it to me. Of course, I declined to receive his sword. As I started to take Captain Eulate into his cabin to let the surgeon examine his wounds, the magazine on board the *Vizcaya* exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hand, said: '*Adios*,



By courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

**REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.**

*Vizcaya*: there goes my beautiful ship, Captain.' \* \* \* The war had assumed another aspect. I took Admiral Cervera aboard the *Iowa* from the *Gloucester*, which had rescued him, and received him with a full admiral's guard. During the day he endeared himself to all."

The *Iowa* fired thirty-one twelve-inch, forty eight-inch, two hundred seventy four-inch, one thousand sixty six-pound and one hundred twenty one-pound shots during the engagement. Admiral Sampson in his official report credits the *Iowa* with having received greater injury than any other United States battleship, which is sufficient evidence of her having been in the heaviest of the engagement.

The victory was due to the efficiency of every officer and man that participated in the engagement. By their achievements the American navy has been crowned with victories unsurpassed in the annals of warfare—the *Virginia* and the *Maine* have had their just retribution.

After the destruction of Cervera's fleet, the Queen Regent realizing the hopelessness of Spain, asked in a message upon what terms the war could be brought to a close, and a protocol was signed August 12, which was the dawn of peace.

#### WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

William T. Sampson, the first commander of the *Iowa*, was born at Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, February 9, 1849. He is of Scotch-Irish ancestry, reared under strict Presbyterian doctrines.

His appointment to the Annapolis Naval Academy was not approved by his father, but his mother urged the matter and was victorious. He registered as a cadet September 24, 1857, and was graduated with high honors in 1860.

The first active service seen by him was on the frigate *Polomac*, and the second year he was promoted to a lieutenant and was then assigned to the monitor *Patapsco*, which was stationed in Charleston harbor, and on January 15, 1865, was ordered up the channel to drag for torpedoes and examine for



By courtesy of McClure's Magazine.

**CAPT. ROBLEY D. EVANS.**

any other obstructions that might be placed in the channel. They were slowly drifting up the harbor, Lieutenant Sampson being stationed on top of the turret, when a terrific explosion occurred, and those on deck were the only ones who escaped with their lives. The commanding officer reported that "the cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant Sampson deserves the highest praise."

He was advanced to rank of Captain in 1889, and resigned as chief of the bureau of ordnance for command of the battleship *Iowa*. He presided over the historical Court of Inquiry which investigated the *Maine* tragedy. He was advanced to rank of Commodore March 30, 1898, and was assigned to command the North Atlantic fleet, with rank and title of Rear Admiral, under provision of Section 1434, Revised Statutes. The victory at Santiago won him the appointment of Rear Admiral from August 10, 1898. The North Atlantic fleet was the largest and most formidable force ever commanded by an American Admiral.

Admiral Sampson is as unassuming as he is sagacious and is recognized as one of the most careful men in the navy.

#### ROBLEY D. EVANS.

Robley D. Evans was born August 18, 1846, in Floyd County, Virginia.

He was distinguished in early childhood for undaunted courage and decision, and was admitted to the Annapolis Naval Academy September 20, 1860, and graduated one year in advance of the regular course. His convictions led him to fight for the Union, which was against the protests of his own family.

During the attack on Fort Fisher, one hundred sailors and marines were selected for a storming party, and volunteers were asked to lead the charge they were about to make. Young Evans being among the few who volunteered, was selected for the perilous undertaking. He mounted the scaling ladder and had gained the parapet, when a ball struck his left

knee and he fell inside the confederate works, a wounded captive. The fort fell the following day and he was released.

He was subsequently placed on the retired list, but asked for active service. Congress came to his relief in passing a joint resolution, restoring him to the active list and exempting him from future physical examination as to disability.

While in command of the *Yorktown*, in 1892, he was ordered to Valparaiso to relieve the *Baltimore*, whose men had been assaulted by a Chilian mob. The Chilians continued to manifest an ill-will toward the Americans and while Captain Evans was ashore one day his small boat, which was in waiting for him at the landing place, was stoned by a mob. The captain called on the senior officer of the port, after learning of the assault, requesting him to notify the proper authorities that he demanded their protection, and should the offense be repeated, he would protect his men by force of arms. The *Yorktown* became an asylum for certain political refugees, whose surrender was demanded by the government. Captain Evans refused their release, and the commanding officer of the Chilian forces requested the admiral commanding one of the European squadrons on that station to inform him that unless those refugees were surrendered, they would follow his ship to sea, and when once outside the marine league they would heave him to and demand the surrender of the fugitives. Captain Evans replied in his characteristic way that the Chilian fleet might attack him and in that event his ship would be overpowered, but "she would make a hell of a lot of trouble while she was afloat." His cruiser steamed out of Valparaiso harbor the following day at noon, with all refugees on board and safely carried them to their destination as he had promised.

Captain Evans superintended the finishing touches of the *Indiana* at Cramp's ship yard, which was a pleasant diversion for him as he is a mechanical expert.

He was assigned to the command of the *Iowa*, March 30, 1898, and is just where he would have chosen to be if he was absolute dictator of the navy.

Captain Evans has been advanced five numbers for gallant conduct in the naval battle at Santiago. He is a man whose every action breathes with force and intrepidity, and is a fitting commander of the battleship in which all Iowa is interested.

LIST AND STATIONS OF THE COMMISSIONED  
AND WARRANT OFFICERS  
OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

APPOINTED FROM THE STATE OF IOWA.

TAKEN FROM OFFICIAL LIST, JULY 1, 1898.

NAMES.	PRESENT DUTY OR STATION.	DATE ENTRY IN SERVICE	DATE PRESENT COM'S'N
<i>Commodore—</i>			
George C. Remy	Commanding Naval Base Key West	20 Sept. 1855	19 June 1897
<i>Lieut.-Commanders—</i>			
William H. Reeder	Light-House Insp. 4th Dis.	20 Sept. 1862	4 Dec. 1892
Adolph Marix	Commanding Scorpion	26 Sept. 1864	9 May 1893
Gottfried Blocklinger	Charlestown	22 July 1863	21 May 1895
<i>Lieutenants—</i>			
Clayton S. Richman	Commanding Nahant	24 July 1865	26 Feb. 1878
Alexander McCrackin	Marietta	25 July 1866	13 Jan. 1879
Martin E. Hall	Commanding Catskill	19 Sept. 1865	1 Nov. 1879
Asher C. Baker,	Special Duty State Dep't	30 Sept. 1867	10 Jan. 1884
John M. Bowyer	Princeton	30 Sept. 1870	26 May 1887
Walter S. Hughes	Scorpion	26 Sept. 1870	15 Jan. 1889
Frank F. Fletcher	Ass't to Bureau of Ord'nce	23 Sept. 1870	19 Feb. 1889
George H. Stafford	Columbia	10 June 1874	7 Sept 1894
James H. Hetherington	Marietta	9 June 1874	9 Dec. 1894
Augustus N. Mayer	Commanding Buccaneers	24 June 1876	24 Feb. 1897
Albert M. Beecher	Bureau of Ordnance	11 June 1880	8 June 1898
<i>Lieutenants—</i>	(Junior Grade)		
Ford H. Brown	Philadelphia	17 May 1883	16 Sept. 1897
<i>Ensigns—</i>			
DeWitt Blamer	Training Ship Alliance		

NAMES	PRESENT DUTY OR STATION.	DATE ENTRY IN SERVICE	DATE PRESENT COM'S'N
<i>Naval Cadets—</i>	(Line Division)		
Harry E. Yarnell	Oregon	6 Sept. 1893	
Frederick R. Holman	Texas	19 May 1893	
Albert H. McCarthy	Massachusetts	6 Sept. 1893	
Arthur St. Clair Smith, Jr	Indiana	6 Sept. 1893	
<i>Passed Ass't Surgeon</i>			
Charles E. Riggs	Newport	13 April 1893	13 April 1896
<i>Paymasters—</i>			
Thomas J. Cowie	Training Ship and Station	16 June 1880	11 Sept. 1895
Willis B. Wilcox	Monadnock [Newport]	29 Oct. 1881	9 July 1897
<i>Passed Ass't Paymaster</i>			
Richard Hatton	Terror	2 Mar. 1895	26 Sept. 1897
<i>Chief Engineer—</i>			
George Cowie	Relative Rank of Lieut. Indiana	23 May 1864	12 Sept. 1893
<i>Passed Ass't Engineers</i>			
Milton E. Reed	Bureau of Steam Engin'g	5 Sept. 1877	29 July 1897
George W. Laws	Justin	21 May 1887	16 Feb. 1898
<i>Assistant Engineer—</i>			
Henry B. Price	Baltimore	20 May 1889	1 July 1895
<i>Naval Cadet—</i>			
William B. Wells	Engineer Division Brooklyn	19 May 1894	
<i>Gunner—</i>			
Arthur A. Phelps	Charleston	25 Feb. 1875	

## THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

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A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI, MAY 21, 1892.

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BY COLONEL CORNELIUS CADLE.

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THE most important enterprise ever projected in aid of American commerce is the Nicaragua canal.

That it will be built within a few years is beyond question, and were its feasibility of construction, and the benefits to arise from it, known and understood generally, it would speedily be an accomplished fact.

Three great vessel routes between the Atlantic and the Pacific have been projected—the Panama canal, the Tehauntepec ship railroad and the Nicaragua canal. The Panama canal is the tomb of \$400,000,000 of French money and the reputation of De Lesseps. That tomb is closed forever. The vitality of the Tehauntepec ship railroad expired with Eads, and is beyond resuscitation. The Nicaragua canal project has life, energy and practicability, and the work now commenced will be followed to completion, slowly, perhaps, for a time, but more rapidly as its merits become understood.

A natural means of water transit between the two great oceans at the narrows of our continent was sought for many years before it was concluded that it did not exist. The narrowness of the strip of land in Central America, separating the oceans, had been shown by the expeditions of Balboa and Cortes. Geographers could not believe that nature would leave a barrier between the oceans through the entire length of the great continent, and much maritime enterprise was expended in the search for a strait.

That there should be such a barrier, writers of that day said, “was repugnant to humanity,” and “the secret of the strait must be disclosed.” Humboldt said that “men could not accustom themselves to the idea that the continent extended uninter-

ruptedly from such high northern to such high southern latitudes."

Columbus, on his last voyage in 1502, sought for such a strait in Central America. Irving, in reference to this search, says: "He had been in pursuit of a chimera of a splendid imagination and penetrating judgment. If he was disappointed in finding a strait through the Isthmus of Darien it was because nature herself was disappointed. For she appears to have attempted to make one but attempted in vain." However, Columbus' judgment as to where the strait ought to be was correct. He looked for it at the point of least altitude between the Straits of Magellan and the northern boundary of the British possessions, a distance of over 9,000 miles. This altitude in Nicaragua is 148 feet above the sea level.

For many years after Columbus, navigators searched every inlet from New Foundland to Brazil for a strait, an opening between the seas. The Cabots explored the northern coast; De Avila, De Solis and Ponce De Leon, Mexico, Central America and far down the South American coast. In 1522 Cortes fitted out a small fleet for this purpose at Zacatula on the Pacific, which explored the Gulf of California, and sailed as far north as the present site of San Francisco. At the same time another of his fleet explored the Atlantic coast. Cortes wrote to the King of Spain: "Your majesty can be assured that, as I know how much you have at heart the discovery of this great secret of a strait, I shall postpone all interests and projects of my own, some of them of the highest moment, for the fulfillment of this great object." Not until the failure of these expeditions did the Spaniards abandon the idea of finding a natural communication between the seas.

But as late as 1607, Bancroft says, Virginia colonists were directed to seek communication with the South sea "by ascending some stream which flowed from the Northwest," and when Captain John Smith was captured by the Indians, and saved by Pocahontas, he was making his way up the Chickahominy river in accordance with these instructions.

When Spain gave up the chimerical idea she had so long held, the plan of overcoming the natural obstacles to the desired end was taken up.

In 1550 the Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvoa, proposed four routes for a canal to connect the oceans, one of which was by Lake Nicaragua and the San Juan river, and another through the Isthmus of Panama. In 1551 the Spanish historian, Gomora, proposed the construction of a canal, and urged Philip II. of Spain to attempt it by one of the three routes already mentioned. But Philip was a king without energy, and preferred a life of ease and prayer to one of works and enterprise, and took no action.

As the form of the isthmus became better known, confidence in the feasibility of canalization increased, and early in the present century, through the influence of Humboldt and the efforts of Central American republics, the question assumed a hopeful shape.

In 1825 the minister of foreign affairs of the republic of Nicaragua asked the United States to assist in the work of a canal, and speaking of his republic said: "Nothing would be more grateful to it than a coöperation by this generous nation, whose noble conduct has been a model and a protection to all the Americas; it would be highly satisfactory to have it as a participator, not only of the merits of the enterprise, but of the great advantages which that canal must produce by means of a treaty which would perpetually secure the possession of it to the two nations." Mr. Clay, then our Secretary of State, entered into consideration of the subject with much interest, and advised the government of Nicaragua that the United States Charge d'affaires to that country was instructed to investigate the matter, and make report thereon. It does not appear that this official did anything under these instructions. But shortly afterwards Mr. Clay, in a letter to the United States commissioners to a congress held at Panama, said, "A canal for navigation between the Atlantic and Pacific should form a proper subject of consideration at the congress. This vast

object, should it ever be accomplished, will be interesting to a greater or less degree to all parts of the world, but especially to this continent will accrue its greatest benefits, and to Colombia, Mexico, Central America, Peru and the United States more than any other of the American nations."

But all these projects were based upon theory, no surveys or practical reconnoissances having been made.

It was evident that the work would require a large amount of money, and it was not clear that the traffic through the canal would pay interest on the cost, and this lack of information left the project unattempted then, and for a long time thereafter.

When, following our war with Mexico, our boundary line was extended much farther south and gold was discovered in California, a strong impetus was given to the project. The first authentic survey made across the isthmus was for the Panama railroad, and this was built between 1850 and 1855 by an American company, under a concession granted by the republic of New Granada.

The Government of the United States, now seeing the importance of a water route, ordered a survey through Nicaragua and, by diplomatic negotiations with that State, encouraged the organization of the Atlantic and Pacific Canal company, which obtained from that republic the right to build the canal.

The first survey for the canal was made in 1850 by Colonel O. W. Childs, an able engineer, and the accuracy of his work has been confirmed by all subsequent surveys.

The Government of the United States has ever since 1825 taken great interest in the project for connecting the oceans, and the only complete surveys made for this purpose have been made either by our Government directly, or by its citizens.

About the time of the Childs survey, the British Government seized the country at the mouth of the San Juan river, the Atlantic end of the proposed canal. The British Government was desirous that we should not control the construction of the canal, and the American Government did not propose that any foreign power should get control by conquest or by other

means, of any of our sister republics, so the convention of 1850, known as the Clayton-Bulwer convention, was concluded, and the two governments agreed that neither of them would ever obtain for itself any exclusive control over the canal, "or colonize, or assume, or exercise, any domain over Nicaragua, Costa Rica or any part of Central America." It provided for the influence of the two governments in facilitating the work, and that after completion they should defend its neutrality; that no time should be lost in constructing the canal, and that they would give their support and encouragement to such persons or companies as might first offer to commence the same with the necessary capital, together with other provisions looking to its speedy construction. And after all these declarations, forty years went by before any further steps were taken.

In 1859 the British Government acquired by treaty with Guatemala a section of that country known as the Balize, and in 1868 it was declared a colony of the British crown. And this notwithstanding the declaration of 1850 that neither country should colonize or exercise any dominion over any part of Central America. In view of this action on the part of Great Britain, Congress in considering the question of incorporating the Maritime Canal company of Nicaragua, concluded that they were under no obligation to refrain from promoting, in any way deemed best for the interests of the country, the construction of the canal without regard to the convention of 1850, and that this Government was discharged from all of their declarations stated in that convention.

In view of some of the events following the convention of 1850, this Government entered into a treaty with the republic of Nicaragua in 1867, by which that republic granted to the United States for its citizens, the right of transit between the two oceans on any route that might be constructed to be used upon equal terms by the citizens of the two republics.

In 1887 the republic of Nicaragua made a concession of the right to build the canal to a private association of citizens of the United States known as the Nicaragua Canal Association.

The concession provided for the exclusive privilege to build and operate the canal for ninety-nine years. It provided that the concession might be taken by a company to be organized by the association, and that company is the Maritime Canal company, chartered under the act of Congress of February 20, 1889.

The usual terms, liberal in their nature, were made in the concession, and the republic of Costa Rica assented to the arrangements so far as her interests were concerned.

The Maritime Canal company has proceeded with the enterprise in conformity with the terms of the concession, and active work is now being carried on.

The canal has been located after long and careful examination with aid of the most skillful engineers in the world, and they were Americans, and it has features of great and peculiar advantage. It has for its crest line and reservoir the deep lake of Nicaragua that is fed, through a narrow outlet, by Lake Managua, to the northward, where the heavy torrents from the rainfall in the mountains are caught and impounded. Lake Nicaragua is a rock-bound basin with a single outlet, the San Juan river.

The distance from the Caribbean sea at Greytown to the Pacific ocean at Brito is 169 miles, all of which will be slack water navigation except twenty-seven miles, this being the total length of canalization, leaving 142 miles of free navigation. There is a clear surface level of 153 miles in the 169 miles between the two oceans, and this long distance of surface level is secured by the erection of two dams, one about sixteen miles from Greytown, and the other about four miles from the Pacific.

The surveys for all this work were made with the greatest care, and average about forty miles of preliminary lines to one mile of actual location, and every possible advantage that the topography of the country, and the easy and cheap control of the best material for construction affords have been secured.

A harbor has been secured at Greytown by extending a solid pier 1,000 feet into the sea. Pure cold water has been brought

to the coast in pipes from the hills ten miles distant. The dense forests have been cleared from the line of the canal. About sixteen miles of railroad have been built along the line. The largest dredges in the world are at work in excavation, some of them having been brought from the defunct Panama canal.

The first  $9\frac{3}{10}$  miles of canal will be at sea level, forming practically an extension of the harbor at Greytown. It will be 120 feet wide at the bottom, 288 feet wide at the top, with a minimum water depth of thirty feet; then come three locks within a distance of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, each 650 feet long and seventy feet wide. The combined lifts of these three locks is 106 feet. This level is then followed for 153 miles by the way of the San Juan river and Lake Nicaragua, when by three locks, similar to those near the Atlantic coast, the Pacific at Brito is reached. The engineers' estimates of quantities are as follows:

	Cubic Yards.
Earth dredging for canal below sea level.....	29,823,161
Earth excavation above the sea level.....	21,773,810
Rock excavation.....	13,452,938
Rock excavation under water.....	575,435
Total excavation.....	65,625,344

Of this excavation 10,000,000 yards of the rock and earth will be used for dams and fills.

The estimated cost of the canal, including twenty per cent. added for contingencies, is \$87,800,000, and this estimate has been concurred in by several boards of eminent engineers who have given the matter careful consideration.

The expected traffic through this canal has been divided into three classes.

First. That which will be entirely tributary to the canal. This includes the trade between Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States; trade of the Pacific ports with Europe, Cuba and Brazil, which includes the wheat export from San Francisco; trade of the Atlantic ports of the United States with

Asiatic and South American ports, the islands of the Pacific, and this entirely tributary trade in 1889 amounted to 5,332,415 tons.

The second class is that which is largely tributary, and this amounts to 2,526,542 tons, and from the third class, partially tributary, it is estimated that 262,136 tons will pass through the canal. The tonnage is based upon business done in 1889, and were the canal open to-day to traffic this total amount of 8,122,000 tons would undoubtedly be largely increased the first year.

The coal and iron fields of the Atlantic and Gulf States, and the forests of the Pacific slope, in the interchange of their products, a business now practically nothing, would give to this route millions of tons of traffic.

The charges through the Suez canal, a distance of ninety-three miles, are \$2.50 per ton. A charge on traffic through the Nicaragua canal of \$1 per ton would give an income on above estimated tonnage of over \$8,000,000. The estimated cost of administration and maintenance of the canal is \$1,500,000. The question of good return on the investment from the beginning is beyond doubt.

Lake Nicaragua is 100 miles long, and of an average width of forty-five miles, with a variable depth, reaching in some places to 150 feet. Its surface is 110 feet above sea level. Its western edge is within twelve miles of the Pacific coast. This large body of fresh water would hold the navies of the world.

With dock yards, store houses and coal depots on the borders of this lake, our navy could be stationed in a healthy climate, in water that would not only prevent fouling of vessels' hulls by barnacles and weeds, but would clean by natural means those coming in from the oceans; fleets could drill and maneuver at pleasure, and by cable communication with Washington, could be sent quickly to any port in the world. Our men-of-war could steam from this lake to Cuba or Jamaica in two and one-half days; to the mouth of the Mississippi or

Rio Grande or the Florida straits in five days, or in the other direction to the Gulf of California or the coast of Peru in five days.

With a strong naval force in this lake, one at Hampton Roads, and one at San Francisco, our naval strategic defense would be complete. Any one of these forces could within a reasonable time join or be joined by the others through the canal.

It would require two fleets separated by a sailing distance of 12,000 miles to blockade our fleet in Lake Nicaragua of power equal to either. Lake Nicaragua would be a point of more commanding power for protecting the coasts of this continent than Gibraltar in the Mediterranean sea is to England's possessions.

The distance saved to the commerce of the world by this canal is sufficient reason for its construction.

	MILES.
From New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn is.....	14,840
Via the Nicaragua canal.....	4,946
Distance saved.....	9,894
From New York to Hong Kong the distance saved is.....	4,163
To Yokohama the distance saved is .....	6,827
To Melbourne the distance saved is .....	3,290
To Valparaiso the distance saved is.....	5,062
From New Orleans to San Francisco the distance saved is.....	11,005
From Liverpool to San Francisco the distance saved is .....	6,996
From Liverpool to Yokohama the distance saved is .....	3,929
and in like proportion between all eastern and western ports.	
From New York to eastern entrance of canal it is .....	2,021
From Liverpool to eastern entrance of canal it is.....	4,769
From New Orleans to eastern entrance of canal it is.....	1,308

Louis Napoleon, in a pamphlet published by him in 1846, said: "The geographical position of Constantinople is such as rendered her the queen of the ancient world. The State of Nicaragua can become better than Constantinople, the necessary route of the great commerce of the world, and is destined to attain an extraordinary degree of grandeur."

A bill is now pending in Congress to amend the "Act incorporating the Maritime Canal company," which provides

practically that our Government under proper provisions shall guarantee \$100,000,000 of bonds of that company, these bonds to be issued to the constructing company as rapidly as required, on estimates made by United States engineers. The United States as security for this guarantee, is to hold in the Treasury \$70,000,000 of the stock of the company, the limit to which stock is \$100,000,000, and the Secretary of the Treasury is to have the right to vote this stock at any meeting of the stockholders, the Government reserving the right to purchase the stock at any time at its par value, and to apply on the purchase any moneys paid out on account of the guarantee.

No bonds of the company have yet been issued. The money so far expended has been realized from sales of stock to persons interested in the company. The time has come when money must be raised by sales of stock and bonds to the public, and the money must be raised in foreign or domestic markets. The Canal company in raising the money from the public must sell their securities at a heavy discount. As the company can earn no profits until the work is completed, these securities will not be taken by investors except at a heavy discount, and it is estimated that such losses and accruing interest will double the cost of the canal. Such enhancement of cost will compel a similar increase in tolls, and instead of the suggested toll of \$1 per ton it would be at least \$2. This increased tax on commerce can be saved to the people of the United States to an extent more than sufficient to pay the interest and the proposed guarantee.

It is the apparent duty of our Government to obtain direction of the affairs of the canal, so that its control shall not pass into the hands of any non-American power.

The Suez canal was so important a political power that England gladly seized the opportunity to purchase a controlling interest in it. That purchase has been profitable politically and financially. The Nicaragua canal is of as much political importance to this country as the Suez canal is to England, and its commercial importance is much greater.

The most earnest advocate of the bill now pending in Congress is Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama. In an address to the Senate a year ago he said: "The merits of this bill and all its surroundings and incidents will stand the closest scrutiny, and that is invited by the Committee on Foreign Relations. They have no doubt or apprehension that the stock of this company will be at par or above par the day the canal is completed. They believe that it will be constructed and in complete working order within six years from the date of the passage of this bill. They are satisfied that the whole expenditure of the construction of the canal will not exceed \$70,000,000, and that it will speedily acquire a business amounting to 7,000,000 tons of actual freight, and that, at one half the rate of charges exacted by the Suez canal, it will pay all operating expenses, and interest on its cost, and a dividend of eight or nine per cent. of the money invested in it. They conclude from the undisputed facts presented in their report that the Government of the United States will not lose any money by its indorsement of the bonds of the company, but will, if it chooses to do so, make large profits by converting the bonded indebtedness into the stock of the company. The Government having assisted trans-continental railroads by the loan of its credit and by immense grants of land, it is only just to the people that they should have the advantage of the fair competition between land and water routes of transportation for the interchange of trade between the Eastern States and those lying west of the Rocky mountains. The \$113,000,000 that the United States will be entitled to have refunded from the Union and Central Pacific Railroad companies about 1897 has been bread cast upon the waters in our splendid developments. It will all be paid in cash into the Treasury, but if it were all lost, the country has been benefited \$1,000,000,000 by its use. If any emergency in the finances of the country should make it convenient to apply that fund as it is paid into the Treasury to the construction of the Nicaraguan canal, it will be in easy reach of the power of the

Government for that purpose. What great sum of money, unless it was the \$15,000,000 paid to France for the Louisiana territory or the \$15,000,000 paid to Mexico for the Gadsden purchase, has ever accomplished so much for the country as this \$113,00,000 will do if it is employed in opening the canal through Nicaragua, after it has aided in building the pioneer lines of railway from the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean. The completion by the people of the United States, who are the Government, of this inexpressible blessing to mankind, will be the most impressive memorial of the genius, enterprise and good-will of our people that they can ever place on the records of their history outside of their own territorial limits."

The President of the United States, in his first message to the present Congress, called attention to the importance of Government control of the canal, and recommended the passage of the bill in question, making special reference to Senator Morgan's address and earnest work in this direction.

The Pacific coast needs everything made in this center of western manufactures, and this short water haul, with its resulting low freight rate, will enable us to compete successfully on that coast, both north and south of the canal, with similar products of the world.

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## THE FOUNDERS OF IOWA COLLEGE.

BY PROF. LEONARD F. PARKER, GRINNELL, IOWA.

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IN the march of Iowa College we pause to-day at its fiftieth milestone. A glance at the past may be an act of partial justice to some of its earliest friends and a helpful impulse to those who may come later. We will permit history to bear us back till we stand among College founders. They are close along the Mississippi. Little more than a fringe fifty miles deep in eastern Iowa is the area

of civilized life in the State, then less than two years old. Farther westward, scarcely more than a single white man, here and there, is the vidette of the coming army of occupation. Less than half a dozen years has he had the legal right to be there.

Iowa College classes were organized in 1848 when the entire State did not contain white residents enough to fill two towns like Des Moines to-day. They had come from the borders of the Ohio river, were then coming from Pennsylvania, and a few additions were being made from New York and New England. The in-pour from those more northern States began a few years later. The first demand of their circumstances was for a supply of the rudest physical necessities. They were clad in home-spun and sheltered in log cabins, their talk was of quarter sections and prairie breaking, as was demanded by the hour. Some three hundred school houses, so called, had been built in Iowa, chiefly of logs. The oldest frame school building was then in Muscatine and less than eight years old.

Out of that forbidding environment those college builders expected to gather a college supply! Was such audacity of hope ever equalled elsewhere?

But those who wrought for the original institution at Davenport, like those who originated college work at the fountain head of its affluent in Grinnell, were New England men, either directly or at a short remove. They were such New England men as those who founded Harvard while they were living within mud walls and who planted common schools while they clothed themselves with deer skins. Those old Puritans brought England's best thought across the Atlantic to expand into institutions which should enlighten the world; these later Puritans brought New England's best thought to Iowa to mold prairie States into still nobler service.

Iowa College was founded when James Jeremiah Hill laid his dollar on the table of the Congregational Association (the first dollar ever given for Iowa College) and said: "Now

appoint a committee to take care of it." That committee was the first Board of Trustees.

On that Board of fifteen, fifty-one years ago, was "Father Turner," as men learned to call him, the Congregational archbishop, a Lincoln in epigrammatic speech and captivating common sense. He had begun his thirty years' pastorate at Denmark when the "Territory of Iowa" was only a month old. At his side were Reuben Gaylord and Julius A. Reed, all three graduates of Yale. Mr. Gaylord made his name historic in two states by being the second Congregational pastor in Iowa and the first in Nebraska, and by doing memorable and remembered work in both. Mr. Reed, a man of rugged facts attractively uttered, became for a time a softened Stanton to our Lincoln, then a Secretary, a Treasurer, a teacher in College service. John C. Holbrook, too, was there, a man of large and varied business in the east, who had glided away to the west to continue a business life but had turned aside to the Christian ministry. There he became conspicuous as evangelist and pastor in Dubuque, and among the founders of Rockford Female Seminary, of Beloit College and of the Chicago Theological Seminary no less than among those of Iowa College.

Five of the Iowa Band of twelve formed on Andover Hill to preach the gospel in Iowa and to found a college here, were in that first Board of Trustees. They were Daniel Lane, the Apostle John of that body and of the first Faculty, Harvey Adams, the missionary to Abner Kneeland's once famous infidel settlement in southeastern Iowa, Alden B. Robbins, President of the Board during its first seventeen years and Congregational Episcopos of Muscatine three times as long. Ebenezer Alden Jr. was fourth in the list. He returned to the shadow of Plymouth Rock, to the pastorate at Marshfield where Daniel Webster was his parishioner and where he uttered the last words at the burial of that great man whose home was the entire nation. Last of all in that Andover list of Trustees of 1847 comes the name of the only one whose

connection with the Board has been unbroken till the present hour, the only one who can now say of the College, with most historic truth, and with perfect modesty, "*magna pars fui*," the name of Ephraim Adams. As we listen to his voice to-day we will remember his fruitful official life, his many special services and his original contributions to College history in his "Iowa Band," in the "News Letter" and in "Congregational Iowa." We will recall the fact, also, that the legend on the coat of arms of his medieval ancestors was "*Sub cruce salus*." That has been the ennobling motto of his own life. It was three years later when a sixth in that Andover group, William Salter, consented to add the duties of College Trustee to the work of the Burlington pastorate which has already stretched away into its fifty-fourth year. It is but a just recognition of his historical knowledge, his judicial poise and his literary taste that he was chosen to edit the contributions to the history of Iowa at its semi-centennial celebration, two years ago. That honor had been well earned by his biographies of James W. Pickett and of Governor James W. Grimes, and by his numerous historical articles in the HISTORICAL RECORD, the *Annals of Iowa*, and elsewhere.

The Board of Trustees was five years old when Oliver Emerson joined it, a dozen years after he began his career of self-sacrifice among poorest frontiersmen, and eight years after he refused money from the Home Missionary Society because it then aided churches which tolerated slaveholders in their membership. Paul would never have written to Oliver Emerson, "Think not of yourself more highly than you ought to think." He was in no danger of inordinate self-esteem, though his great heart and strong brain often burst through terms of ordinary speech into strains of charming eloquence. His self-denial was almost invariably excessive.

Today we need not pause on the spot where they dwelt to speak, at length, of the "founders of Grinnell University," as hope had named the institution they had in mind when they began to build on these grounds.

Here at last the College reached its predestined home, and received from the community a mother's welcome. It was the hour and the event of a gracious Providence for the College and for Grinnell. The College had been the idol of but few in Davenport, and those few had not been city officials. The town was quite willing that it should give place to an institution supported by a different denomination with larger apparent resources for immediate college use. Grinnell now surrendered her University to an apparently rival institution and gave her property worth some \$40,000. It was fortunate for Grinnell, for while in 1859 about thirty per cent. of the teachers in this county and others beyond its borders had been students in the Grinnell school, the last available University dollar had gone into its building while it was still incomplete, growing classes were demanding additional teachers, there was no college library or apparatus, and the town was feeling its first pinch of extreme poverty from the hard times of 1857 as they reached us a little later than that. In that emergency the older institution brought us a building-fund from the sale of its Davenport grounds, the formal nucleus of a library, a few pieces of antique apparatus, and \$9,000 of productive endowment.\* Its supreme gift, however, was the College Board of Trustees with their College, building experience and the support of a broader college constituency in central and eastern Iowa Congregationalism.

The Board of Trustees, indeed, furnished the only distinctly visible bond of union between Iowa College in Davenport and the institution bearing its name in Grinnell. No Professor moved westward with the property, and only a single Davenport student appeared in Grinnell and he only for a few hours to take his College diploma. In a very large and a very just sense we may deem the existing College a Grinnell institution, in a sense so large and so just, at least as to make a slight

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\*Dr. Julius A. Reed estimated the entire property brought from Davenport to Grinnell at about one-half the amount which Grinnell contributed to the combined institution. As a judge on that point Dr. Reed had no equal.

notice of some Grinnell people appropriate, even though they appear some years later than the Davenport beginnings.

Josiah Bushnell Grinnell, the leading founder of this town, Huguenot by descent and of New England birth, became a College Trustee in 1854, the year of his arrival here. Preacher and politician, land buyer and sheep culturist, always ready for a witty speech and a see-er of visions so bright as to become almost visionary, he was ubiquitous and an enthusiast in Grinnell interests. For him College and town were an inspired and an inspiring theme. He was the only unpaid agent always in the field, the only one we needed. Many a student and many a large donation came to us from his inspiration. His associate founders of the town were Homer Hamlin, Thomas Holyoke, and Henry M. Hamilton. With the limitations of an invalid Homer Hamlin had the theoretical aggressiveness of a reforming Samson. Over against his views was the moderate conservatism of Dr. Holyoke, a man true as steel to conviction and to friendship, to whom the new suggested caution rather than attraction, an excellent balance wheel for over-eager aggressives. Hamilton, essentially a business man, could not leap into an enterprise with the agility of some, but when a balance was struck at the end, his anticipations were largely realized. The College is stronger and the town richer for his suggestions. The two trustees chosen from Grinnell in 1860, on the full arrival of the College here, were Dr. Holyoke and Rev. S. L. Herrick. Mr. Herrick in coöperation with another had already given a year to teaching for the College and without expense to it. He devoted still another to that service, and all that was left of life to the trusteeship. His business discretion and judicious counsel made him memorable and useful.

The College had then become a town interest. It represented religion and education, the corner stones of Grinnell beginnings, the magnet of town aspirations. The census list of the town was the roll of earlier "University" builders, then equally absorbed in the new College enterprise. Conspicuous

among these were Samuel F. Cooper, later a College Trustee, always a liberal donor and active friend, the scholarly Gilmore, the calmly resolute Bixby,—but we must not pause to name all even of the old “University” Trustees.

Others, many others, here and elsewhere, rendered essential aid in College *origines*, men without whose helpful service Trustees and Faculties would have attempted in vain either to build or to teach. Women, too, there were, heroic women, among those now nameless founders, women whose husbands are honored for deeds originated by themselves, deeds which cost the “distaff” more than the “spear.” The names we use may seem singular and masculine, they are often, if not always, dual and common.

The flying moments forbid us to indulge in liberal personalities. In more general terms, we may remember that the College was founded by *young* men.

Young men in Yale and at Andover organized before graduation day to build a college in Iowa. When they arrived here they found that the institution had already preceded them in the minds of earlier pioneers, and pioneers are on the sunrise side of life. This had been well for the institution since so many who aided in laying its lowest foundation stones have directed its ascent foot by foot and story by story so nearly to the present time.

Of all the groups on the Board of Trustees the first nine (and they were ministers) were remarkable for their longevity and long connection with the College. The Hebrew Psalmist seems to have thought that it is not well for human life to stretch away beyond seventy years, for “labor and sorrow” lie beyond that line. But these men found life a joy and made it a blessing, on and on, till eighty-three was the average age of the six who have died, and is now the exact average of the three who still live. Probably no second fact of this sort can be discovered concerning any other such group of men in Iowa, few, if any, in the nation. Like Nestor in Homeric legend, they lived far into the third generation in eminent

honor and in distinguished service. One of these nine men left the State in 1849, others severed their connection with the Board after a few years, nevertheless their average College service has been nearly the full time of the usual human life.

It has been said that an institution is "the lengthened shadow of one man." Iowa College has been the composite of its Board of Trustees, especially of its long-lived Trustees.

Those earliest Trustees were not only long-lived, but also strong-minded, independent proprietors of their own souls and bodies, masters of their own tongues and pens, and they made good use of both. Frontier life is rugged, it offers slight temptation to men merely cartilaginous in mind or spinal column. It may tempt men of grace, but it is because they are also men of grit. The world's Andrew Jacksons and Samuel Houstons often gravitate to the frontiers and as naturally as John A. Logan and Benjamin F. Butler dashed into the Civil War, and as the Longstreets and the Schofields of the present hasten to enter the volunteer reserves against Spain. So those of whom we speak were Horatios of thought and Hamlets in action. They did not retire into solitude like the Hermits of the Thebaïd to nurse a fruitless introspection, nor did they withdraw from the touch of the world's busiest life to invent a Bellamy's Utopia. They chose to live in the world of reality, to touch living hands, to feel actual needs and to exalt the life of the hour into the better life of a possible tomorrow. They began with reforming their own towns and their own State that they might aid the better in reforming Chicago and the world.

There were no evasions in their thinking or in their doing. They had the courage of their convictions, and sought to express them with clearness and with candor. They never fell under the harsh charge which the gentle Phillips Brooks applied to those who "run with the mass" to avoid radicalism, or who rush here and there "to escape the stigma of conservatism." He forgot to be gentle when he declared that both these groups were "cowards." The epithet "progressive"

did not fascinate those Trustees; the appellation "conservative" did not terrify them. They feared falsehood, and that supremely.

Hence, they sought the truth in thinking, the best in action. They led the public in creating better schools, in suppressing disorder, in making good literature accessible to the young and even in building their towns' first sidewalks. True, their hands were often soiled and their muscles weary, but when they spoke of moral improvement their honest benevolence was so manifest that their words were far from idle. The temperance question then as now, and as it ever will be, was a vital one in the State. These men were at the head of every efficient movement in its favor, their influence was potent in developing self-restraint, in creating best laws and extracting from them a protective force.

They lived, too, when, in the south the spirit of Jefferson was shrinking into silence as to slavery and the voice of the later Calhoun was becoming masterful, when Calhoun did not seem to us to be growing wiser as he grew older. The negroes' unpaid toil was bringing larger gifts to the shrine of mammon south of the Potomac and even north of it. Possibilities of servile insurrection made the very rustle of leaves a nightly terror in Virginia. A rising abolitionism in the north brought visions of impending ruin to national profit and to national peace. Many began to cottonize.

But there was another side. Every Fourth of July the Declaration of Independence announced that all men are free by birth, and during all the year the old Liberty Bell in Independence Hall proclaimed "liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." Men reflected; conscience stirred; voices echoed the words of Wesley and of Wilberforce, of Washington and of Franklin. Mobs responded. Garrison resolved to be heard. Prison walls saved his life. Lovejoy spoke out, then died in defense of the right to utter anti-slavery thought.

Never did men in the nation need mental and moral balance

more than during the score of years before the Civil War. Never were patriots more imperatively called to be reformers, never more imperatively to halt at the border line of fanaticism. The moral and political agitation created a cyclone in Congress, a tornado in Kansas and a hurricane throughout the nation. By it most of the United States Supreme Court were carried off their feet and Webster was borne to his political and physical death. Church and state, college and society were convulsed by pro-slavery and by anti-slavery radicals. It was as easy for Congregationalists as for Quakers to be opposed to slavery. But with the Kansas struggle at their very doors, and with John Brown and trembling women in flight from Missouri's bondage to Canadian freedom in their houses, it was not so easy for the friends of Iowa College to obey the dictates of reason rather than the impulses of emotion. But they did. In sweeping generalizations Garrison and Phillips could denounce churches, and make the Fourth of July dismal by burning the United States constitution as a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." During that time Iowa Congregationalists were making their churches Uncle Tom's Cabins in influence, and Dr. Robbins' church became so in name as employed by many.

With such sympathies within and such propulsions from without, unbalanced men would have seized the banner of radical ultraism and rushed forward waving their "excelsior."

But we remember now with pleasure that not a single Trustee or Professor of the College, not a single student or contributor to College funds, at that time, is known to have been a Garrisonian of the fully developed type. Father Turner and his associates could lead anti-slavery legions in Iowa in stress and storm, without being disloyal to the Union or hostile to the great emancipator of a race.

It was but natural, too, that, like their Revolutionary ancestors they should have no fear of activity in politics. They took part in primaries, molded political conventions, and, possibly, at times, held the balance of power between great

parties. The platform which Father Turner wrote for one of these assemblies in 1854 is remarkable for its pith and point. It was as follows:

“Whereas, The Nebraska Bill is the great question in national politics, and

Whereas, The Maine Law is the great question of State politics, therefore

Resolved, That we will vote for James W. Grimes, of Des Moines County, for Governor.”

That platform was not obviously logical, but it was certainly triumphant. It revealed the crisp thought of its author, the politics of his associates.

During the same year, J. B. Grinnell settled this town and became a member of the Board of College Trustees. Two years later he wrote the address to the public for the first political State convention that he attended, and won praise for it from such men as Salmon P. Chase. He threw himself into campaigns with all his wit, his power of repartee, and his New Englandized Huguenot vigor.

Then too, College founders were chosen to civil office, to State and National Legislatures. The year 1858 is a red-letter period in Iowa educational history. The leader of that educational advance in the State Senate was J. B. Grinnell, and the chairman of the most important committee in the Board of Education (a supplementary Legislature) was Samuel F. Cooper, both at that time Trustees of the Grinnell “University,” and eventually Mr. Cooper joined Mr. Grinnell on the Board of College Trustees. John Meyer, also, was both legislator and College Trustee in those early days. Each of these carried the best thought of private life through all the sphere of public duty. Here we may well recall the fact that Mr. Grinnell’s two terms in Congress not only made his name national, but were also of highest value to the College. More than one of the Professorships here owes much or all of its endowment to that portion of his life. Doubtless, also, the reputation acquired there greatly enlarged his influence in

winning dollars from the poor, and in gaining thousands from the rich, when the tornado of 1882 desolated the campus and the town.

The politics of the College founders during the penumbra of the Civil War, made active sympathy with the government during its darkest shadows, both logical and necessary. Glowing words of appreciation uttered by alumni during these Semi-Centennial days have recalled the sacrifices of those who left College for camp. Those college boys were the loyal representatives of the college spirit everywhere. There was no taint of butternut or tinge of copper color on office or on pulpit occupied by friends of the College. All of these were stalwart in rebuke of secessionists, tropical in defense of the Union in most arctic hours, as was Dr. Salter on Thanksgiving day, 1863, at Burlington; all of them were recruiting agents for the Union army.

There were hours, also, in England, when our nation needed the conquering eloquence of a Beecher at Liverpool to arrest sympathy with disunion. In those hours the voice of this College was heard in English assemblies in the persuasive speech of its first President, in words that won respect for our nation.

College honor was resplendent, also, at the very front, in the historic courage of Col. S. F. Cooper, in Arkansas, and of Col. John Meyer in Louisiana, at Winchester, at Cedar Creek and on the ocean.

We have dedicated this hour to the College Founders, not so much to note what they did as what they thought, to recall acts that we may learn from them their ideals, especially their college ideal.

Evidently the College they planned to build was to be Christian. Their lives make that unmistakable; the legend, *Christo duce* on the college seal confirms it. In their thought this was to be the essential element from turret to foundation stone. They never planned or thought it would outgrow that characteristic. But it was to be liberally Christian, as liberal

as truth could make it or permit it to be, as liberal as the truth already apprehended by human thought, or that should "break out of God's word" in the future. They were as liberal religionists as the young preacher whom Frederika Bremer heard at Galena in 1851, whom she pronounced "a true disciple of the great West," whose evangelical consciousness was "as wide as the Western prairies." Eleven years after that eulogy was uttered that young man was chosen first President of Iowa College. That eulogy was fairly descriptive of the College itself.

But the founders were not so liberal as to be colorless; they were not so peculiarly liberal as to bear no distinctive characteristics. They had found in the universe a God more personal than mere force, in the Bible an inspiration unequalled in authority by any other volume, in Christ a leader more than human, in personal life here the seed time for a personal immortality of progress, and the opportunity for an influence for good as immortal as the human soul.

Their College was evangelically Congregational, also. The few of another denomination, who coöperated with them for a time, soon withdrew, and the Congregationalists alone controlled the development of the College. Most gifts flowed into its treasury because it was Christian and Congregational; all came to it with the full knowledge that it was so after the first few months. The donations which represented most of heart and most of sacrifice were turned to it, doubtless, because it seemed to be what it was intended to be, a fountain of religious influence, a mother of churches in the form and in the faith deemed by the donors most true and most useful.

But those founders and those donors were not so illiberal as to forbid all variety or all change of thought in the institution.

Within the limits of the college purpose, they must have desired that every professor should hold and courteously advocate any social, political, or religious principle which should seem to him most true. They would have been willing that he should be a free-trader or a protectionist, or believe that the book of Jonah is plain history or an allegory.

It was in their spirit to accept new truth however few its followers, and to cherish the old however many should abandon it. Within the limits named they must have desired that no professor should be constrained to speak or to be silent by the *ipse dixit* of any mere man. Such free speech, such freest speech, must have been their choice.

If, then, in the evolution of society, in the change of Congregational thought, they had anticipated that the College might drift into principles unlike theirs at that time, regret the possibility as they might, they would not have withheld their hands from the enterprise because of that contingency. But yet, on the other hand, they would have deemed a conscious, deliberate effort to Harvardize the College religiously a manifest breach of trust, a deed, morally, closely akin to the movement to heathenize the Japanese Doshisha.

We should remind ourselves to-day, also, that New England men have founded colleges, from their very earliest one in the eastern Newtown to the very last one in the western newest town, for the State as well as for the church. They have always planted churches and colleges to promote *better citizenship* and *better government*.

Just here we recall the fact that professional apostles of culture and, most of all, the chief apostle, Mathew Arnold, have complained that Americans generally, and such men as these Trustees, especially, Hebraize too much and Hellenize too little, that they place too great stress on "doing," too little on "knowing." Perhaps our American editor of the paper which has been called "The Weekly Day of Judgment" will agree with this English critic, for he has said that "College graduates are not, as a rule, remarkable for the amount of knowledge they bring away from the University."

It is very evident that these Iowa men did not go so far as Socrates in making knowledge a synonym of virtue, but they did agree with early New England in deeming "ignorance" largely an equivalent of "barbarism." They were altogether impatient with sciolists and pretenders, with builders of cos-

mopolitan theories on exceptional facts or on no facts at all. They made half-fledged reformers very uncomfortable in their time when those men made up in assumption what they lacked in knowledge. Nevertheless, their Gospel was preëminently one of work, one of help by intelligent influence.

But Matthew Arnold, even, did not always differ with them on this point. He could say sometimes, "Culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even yet greater—the passion for making them prevail." They agree, then, that it is a great thing to acquire the character element in culture, a greater to diffuse it. Even culture, then must not be self-centered and self-circumferenced.

Our own Lowell, in callow years or in a jocular mood, could say: "A University is a place where nothing useful is taught." In more serious phrase, or when riper grown he demanded of Harvard: "Give us science, too, but first of all the science that ennobles life and makes it generous."

When thinking of such work as that in the University of Lowell's earlier fancy, the illustrious Prof. Jowett could exclaim, "How I hate learning." It was a similar thought that led our Father Turner to say, "Some people are civilized to death." A fruitless culture brought no pleasure to Iowa leaders, none to our College founders.

Fifty years ago, in the chaotic conditions of pioneer life, the first Trustees of this College felt the need of granite foundations for social order and for political institutions in this new-born State. The first President of the Board charged the first President of the College that its great object was to help make men, indeed, they all joined the poet in the prayer:

"God give us men. A time like this demands,

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Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;

Men who have honor; men who will not lie;

Tall men; suncrowned men; men who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking."

In their own answer to that prayer they founded Iowa College. They intended that it should be a fountain of the world's

best culture, an echo of the heroism that made Plymouth Rock historic, a seminary of the great principles which the Pilgrims immortalized in the Mayflower compact.

Here and now let us especially remember that two of the names appended to that famous state paper were written by the ancestors of one-third of the first Board of Trustees of this institution. Two of those Trustees, Julius A. Reed and John C. Holbrook, were descendants of Governor William Bradford, and three of them, Daniel Lane, Ebenezer Alden and Alden B. Robbins, were the children of that manly John Alden whom the shrewd Huguenot maiden, Priscilla, encouraged to speak for himself. The ancestor of a sixth, Ephraim Adams, left Holland and joined that Plymouth Colony only a year later.\*

In the presence of such founders we stand to-day. On such foundations Iowa College rests. None have been made more sacred by loving sacrifice; none are bound by golden chains of memory to more momentous events; none demand a grander individual independence, a sincerer loyalty to God and man.

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

[The foregoing historical address was delivered at the Semi-Centennial of Iowa College, held at Grinnell, on June 22d, 1898.]

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\*Since the delivery of this address Mrs. D. O. Mears (nee Mary C. Grinnell) furnishes us with evidence that her father, J. B. Grinnell, was a descendant of John Alden. If so many of the influential founders of any other college in the world can trace their ancestry to the first settlers of Plymouth we do not know its name.

JOHN HUFF, THE FIRST WHITE SETTLER OF  
JEFFERSON COUNTY.

BY H. HEATON, GLENDALE, IOWA.



JOHN HUFF, the first white man to enter Jefferson County, Iowa, was lured, like Paul Hover, in Cooper's "Prairie," beyond the advance guard of civilization in search of wild honey.

The primeval forests, bordering on Skunk River, Cedar Creek, and smaller streams, were marvellously stored with honey, and in company with five other young men, early in 1835, Huff made his first acquaintance with these undisturbed riches. Returning to his home, near Beardstown, Illinois, he made a second venture into this paradise of the bee hunter, carrying with him a few rude tools with which to make casks for holding the honey as he should gather it.

The winds of November warned him to return to Illinois, and loading his venture, which was three barrels of honey, into a canoe, he began a journey down the tortuous Skunk River, to a market in Illinois. Unluckily his canoe capsized at a point on the river where Rome has since been built. His rifle, belt, with ammunition, and two casks of honey sank in water fifteen feet deep, the third cask not being entirely full, floated and was recovered. Several hundred Indians were camped near by, and Huff hired one of them to dive for his gun and ammunition, promising him a dollar if he succeeded in recovering them. After two or three ineffectual attempts and only succeeding in getting the belt and powder-horn he desisted on account of the coldness of the water. Huff proffered him the dollar, but he said it would not be honest to take pay for what he had failed to do and would only take half a dollar. Huff's intercourse with Indians proves the truthfulness of Cooper's descriptions of their character; when trusted as equals, they never failed in manliness. Having recovered the cask of

honey with a few branches off a tree, Huff started barefooted as he was, to walk to Burlington, fifty miles, to get grappling irons with which to recover his submerged treasure. On the way he overtook a man with an ox team and traveled with him two days; so slow were the oxen, and the nights were so cold that Huff would remain beside the camp-fire until the frost melted before starting.

At Burlington, Huff got a pair of shoes and other necessary supplies, and grappling irons of Mr. Sullivant Ross, who was engaged in a general merchandise business at that place, since 1833. In a former communication to the HISTORICAL RECORD I referred to Sullivant Ross' coming to Burlington with his father, William Ross, who served in the Royal Army of the Revolutionary War. Let anyone begin a history of a county and he will be struck with the recurrence of certain names, and will be dull indeed if he does not see a resemblance in such a narrative to the life of an individual. Ross knew nothing whatever of Huff, but he at once supplied all his wants. Such manly confidence in the barefooted youth, for he was but twenty years old, was held in grateful remembrance by Huff through all of his long life. Ross was born in Kentucky, and it might have had some weight with him, that Huff too, was from the same State, having been taken from Virginia when a boy. Huff's father was an itinerant wheelwright in Virginia, going from farm to farm to farm repairing carts and wagons, often taking his family with him.

On one of these journeys he was employed by Daniel Howell, of Montgomery County, where on May 11th, 1811, John Huff was born. Two sons of Daniel Howell found their way to Jefferson County, also, and a large number of their descendants are respected citizens of the county.

Early in the spring of 1836 John Huff returned to Jefferson County and pitched upon a tract of land for a home, built a cabin and went back to Illinois and was married. Bringing his young wife with him, he found, when he came to where his cabin should have been, that a fire that had probably been

kindled by Indians, had consumed it, and a man by the name of Lambrith had built his cabin on the same spot. Huff went on several miles farther and as he still had the whole land before him, he had no trouble in finding a satisfactory home. Summer was here before the rude cabin was completed and all the crop that it was possible to grow was a few vegetables and melons. Huff was compelled to subsist almost wholly on the chase, and his ammunition running short he traded water-melons to Indians for powder, but his chief reliance was upon honey, for which he found a market at Carthage, Illinois.

The writer has often heard Huff tell of one of his adventures in chopping a "bee tree;" as it introduces three other pioneers of the county it may be worth while to relate it. In the summer of 1837, Huff found a colony of bees in a tree, some miles from his home, and at once began to chop it. The ringing blows of his axe were heard by a man who had taken the land for his, on which the tree stood, named Schneringer. Schneringer was of German extraction, but having been conscripted when a mere boy, he served in the French army in Spain, and at the battle of Vittoria was made a prisoner with a great many more of Marshal Jordan's army, and of King Joseph Bonaparte's household, too; Joseph barely escaping, so complete was Wellington's victory. The English did not burden themselves long with guarding Schneringer as a prisoner, but compelled him to enter their ranks as a British soldier, and at the close of the war in Europe he was sent to Halifax, and while there, he succeeded in escaping into Maine, wandering many days almost without food, for several days living on a cat that he was lucky enough to find, and which he often declared to have been the sweetest food he ever ate. However, he reached an American settlement, and his forlorn condition won the pity of a widow named Simmons, whose pity warmed to love and she married him. With one of his step-sons, Nathaniel, he had found his way to Iowa, walking all the distance from St. Louis, and afterwards bringing his wife and other members of his family to the home found for

them in Iowa. Schneringer was a small man, of a lively disposition, and of an unusually quick temper. He was accompanied by the above named step-son, Nathaniel, and a boy named George Flanders, for whom Schneringer made a home. As soon as Schneringer came within hearing of Huff, he began assailing him with his broken "Dutch," for that is perhaps the best description of his speech, having forgotten his boyhood German, and not mastered the English. It is said that the 12th Illinois and 81st Ohio, at the battle of Atlanta, were at a critical moment beginning to show signs of running away, when General Mersey, a German, encouraged them so vigorously, that they not only held their ground, but contributed materially to winning the battle; afterwards a member of one of the regiments was asked why they recovered the line, and he said, the men felt that they would much rather face the enemy than hear Old Mersey's broken Dutch oaths. However, Huff was utterly indifferent to Schneringer's angry salute and went on with his chopping as if no one was near. Huff was a powerful man of upwards of six feet three inches in height, and while young Simmons was of equal, if not greater height, he was of much slighter build, and withal of a peaceable disposition. Young Flanders, who still lives at Lockridge, the only one of the four that survives, was always of a quiet, peaceable disposition. Finding that his attack was ineffectual Schneringer began a parley with Huff, and finally gave him a dollar and a half for the tree. It proved to be a very weak colony, the hollow being quite small.

The writer was well acquainted with all the parties in this episode, and, as above mentioned, George Flanders is the only one left to laugh over it. Schneringer and the good widow, Simmons, who married him, lie in the Lockridge Cemetery. He is no doubt the only man who served under both Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington, that found his way to Iowa. A grandson of his (though of a second marriage), Carl Schneringer, is now in the Philippines, a member of a Nebraska regiment. Simmons died a year ago, in Nebraska, having

become quite rich. Schneringer went to California, in 1850, accompanied by George Flanders, and he too acquired a large farm before he died.

After living more than sixty years in Jefferson County, Huff died in Fairfield, in October, 1896, upwards of eighty-four years of age, and lies buried in the Bethesda Cemetery.

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### PIONEER FAMILY LETTERS.

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BY REV. WM. SALTER, D. D.

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At the date of these letters Henry Dodge was Colonel of U. S. Dragoons. They were written to his daughters, Salena and Christiana, then at school in the Female Academy, Kaskaskia, Ill. [IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD, Vol. III, p. 386.]

FORT LEAVENWORTH, January 6th, 1835.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I have had the pleasure of receiving two letters from you since my arrival at this place, and deeply regret that you have reason to complain of my long silence which has been unavoidable. My household duties require my constant attention, and I have but little time to write letters; but you are never absent from my mind; the solicitude I feel for your health and advancement in your education causes me the greatest anxiety. Let me entreat you to be industrious and attentive to your studies, and improve the opportunity you have of receiving a good education from your amiable and accomplished teachers. Your future happiness and prosperity depends on the good use you now make of your time. To improve the advantages which you now possess is a duty which you owe to your parents, who love you so tenderly. May our fond hopes of seeing you much improved be realized!

I regret that it has not been in my power to comply with your request for cloaks and dresses. I have no opportunity of sending them from this place, but your father will remit you money by mail to supply your wants. When you write, let me know if you have received two pair of stockings and lace which I sent you from St. Louis. Your sisters, Nancy and Mary, send their love to you; Nancy would be delighted to receive a letter from you. Do write to all of your brothers and sisters; you must not wait for them to write first;

you know how affectionately they love you, and how much pleasure it will give them to hear from you frequently. Virginia sends a kiss to you, and may God bless you, my dear children, is the constant prayer of your mother.

C. DODGE.

Please present my respects to Mother Agnes, and say to her I feel grateful for the few lines which she addressed me.

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FORT LEAVENWORTH, March 4th, 1835.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I received my youngest daughter's letter dated on the 19th of January by the last mail. The mails have been very irregular at this post during the winter. Your mama as well as myself were exceedingly anxious to hear from you. I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Morrison, informing me of the progress my younger daughter was making in her education, which was a source of great gratification to her parents. On conversing with your mama, as well as the expressed desire of my youngest daughter, I concluded to permit you both to remain at school during the next summer. I have written Mr. Morrison by this mail to furnish you the necessary clothing that you may want, as well to pay your schooling for the quarter ending on the 11th of June, and that I would remit the amount to Mr. Collier, merchant at St. Louis, subject to his order.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you next season, and in the meantime it will be a gratification to your parents to receive letters from you frequently. I hope you are both deeply impressed with the importance of improving every hour to advantage; your future prospects and happiness will greatly depend upon the use you now make of your time, and be assured that although I am not with you I think of you daily and hope to see you learned and accomplished young ladies.

Present your mama's as well as my best respects to the Sisters who have charge of the Academy.

Affectionately, your father,

H. DODGE.

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## DEATHS.

ROBERT LYON, a native of Pennsylvania, died at Iowa City, June 28, 1898, in his seventy-fifth year. He was the grandson of Lieutenant Robert Lyon, who served in the revolutionary army under the immediate command of Washington. Mr. Lyon came to Iowa in 1839. His father having died in 1840, he entered land near Solon for his mother at the land office in

Dubuque, to which place he walked for this purpose from Solon, about seventy-five miles distant. In the lead mines of Wisconsin and the gold fields of California he sought to propitiate fortune, and was also employed in the government service in the western Territories. But after an intermissive absence of twenty years he was drawn back to the old homestead, near Solon, by the magnetism of early friendships and attachments, for here were his kin and the graves of his people who had departed. Mr. Lyon was never married. His surviving near relatives are two sisters, Miss Mary Lyon and Mrs. E. M. Adams, together with collateral kindred. He was a man to be remembered for his kindness and uprightness, never varying from the straight path of rectitude, whether among the good influences of home life or surrounded by the temptations of the camp or mine.

EZEKIEL CLARK died at his home in Iowa City, on Sunday, June 26, 1898, in his 81st year. He was born in Pennsylvania, but in early life removed to Ohio, and from thence in 1848 to Iowa City, and from that year on gave his great financial energy and business capacity to the "Old Capital and University City," and indeed to the whole State, and incidentally, at a critical period of the civil war, to the nation at large. Factories, banks, coal mines, public buildings, enterprises of every sort calculated to advance the growth of Iowa, were quickened into life at his touch. In the State Senate the breadth of his mind was measured with the best. The subtlety of his monetary inventive power imagined the "greenback" which was adopted by United States Secretary of the Treasury Chase as the best financial basis for carrying on the war for the suppression of the rebellion. No man in Johnson County labored harder for the enlistment of Iowa's quota of regiments for the war of 1861, setting example to others by the proffer of his own son, the gallant young Kirkwood Clark, who was also the adopted son of Governor Kirkwood, who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Arkansas Post, thus carrying bereavement into two patriotic families while adding lustre to

the glory of Iowa. His foibles, whatever they were, were more than counterbalanced by the warmth and endurance of his friendships and the enthusiastic cordiality of his manners. To endeavor to add dignity to such a name as is common by the attachment of a title would be futile. He was Ezekiel Clark—long to be remembered in Iowa.

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## NOTES.

WE are greatly indebted to the courteous liberality of the publishers of *McClure's Magazine* for the use of the finely executed portraits of Admiral Sampson and Captain Evans which illustrate Mr. Harbert's interesting and timely naval article appearing in this number of the HISTORICAL RECORD.

IN the HISTORICAL RECORD for April, 1889, appeared a sketch of Buren R. Sherman, the writing of which was improperly attributed. It was a truthful and well composed contribution, of the writing of which one might well be proud, but especially for this very reason, as he is not entitled to it, the editor takes this tardy occasion to disclaim its authorship.

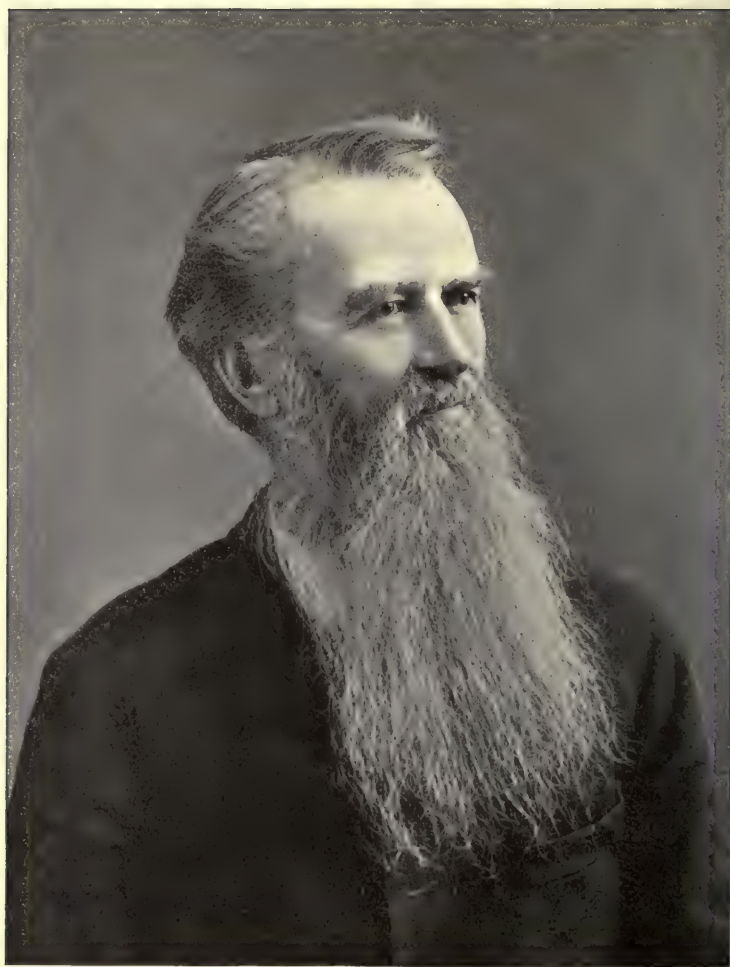
THROUGH inadvertence we omitted returning thanks in the last number for the use of the excellent plate of the portrait of Henry Dodge, accompanying the concluding biographical sketch by Dr. Salter, of that famous pioneer, which are due to Hon. Charles Aldrich, editor of the *Annals of Iowa*. This note would be incomplete did it fail to record our long-time appreciation of Dr. Salter's valuable contributions to the State Historical Society's publication, the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD.

DR. P. J. FARNSWORTH, of Clinton County, Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the State University, says that, in 1837, United States troops on

the march from Council Bluffs to Prairie du Chien, having encamped for the night a little distance west of the Mississippi river, were detained there two days on account of a large herd of buffaloes which was moving south across the line of march of the troops. The buffalo is now well nigh extinct and such interruption to travel can never occur again within the limits of the United States.

THE paper of Colonel Cadle on the proposed Nicaragua Canal, given in this number of the RECORD, is a concise history of projects to unite the two great oceans by an artificial strait. We find this address in a pamphlet of limited edition, published by Colonel Cadle himself, which contains some interesting afterthoughts. An old treaty between the United States and Hawaii, which the author calls the western terminus of the Nicaragua canal, provides that no part of the Sandwich Islands should be ceded, mortgaged, or otherwise disposed of without the consent of the United States. In a published letter of December 30, 1893, referring to his address, Cadle prophetically said, "the Nicaragua canal and Hawaii as a part of the United States will soon be accomplished facts, and for the interests of the whole country the sooner the better." Colonel Cadle was a pioneer of Muscatine, and private and adjutant of the 11th Iowa Infantry and afterwards was assigned Adjutant General on General McPherson's staff. With his sword and blood was written part of Iowa's illuminated page in the civil war. The making of the Nicaragua canal is a colossal undertaking in which Iowa, bordering on the two great rivers of the country to be turned into the Pacific by the canal, as Cadle says, has as much commercial interest as any part of the nation.





Yours  
Jas. E. Bennett

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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No. 1.

## CAPTAIN JAMES E. BENNETT.

"Sunset and evening star  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning at the bar  
When I put out to sea."



CAPTAIN JAMES ELLIS BENNETT was born November 27th, 1818, in Fairhaven (now a suburb of the city of New Bedford), Mass. He passed away the last hour of March 20th, 1898, in Warsaw, Ill., where he had lived a period of years.

Having been known in the north eastern part of Iowa, not only as a pioneer, but for thirty-five years of active life, during which time he served the public as justice of the peace, county supervisor, school director, and in lesser capacities as well, we are glad to give our readers a sketch of his career at once so varied and interesting. Doubtless more than one of those who glance at these pages, have heard him relate (in the words of the editor of the *Warsaw Record*) "hair breadth escapes, shipwrecks, thrilling events and marvelous scenes—of the seas he had sailed in youth and manhood, of how for years he would go forth in the early morning hours and stand and gaze on the rolling prairie overhung with fog and mist and imagine it was his old home the sea." Others again have heard him tell his experience as a pioneer in battling

with the elements, when perchance the mercury was frozen in the bulb. Of long trips at night through blockading snows, and later on of cyclones and their ruthless devastation. Such incidents, as related in his easy speech and earnest manner, made an impression not easily effaced. Mrs. Dr. H——— says of him: "I had always been eager to hear stories of the sea from an actual seaman. But not until knowing him was that wish so fully gratified. He was the first and only one who could, or would, easily and gladly tell of ocean life from personal knowledge. And now I feel it a loss indeed that he is gone and we can no longer share what he had so remarkably stored in memory."

His father before him had been in the whaling service at the time when that industry was a thriving one on the Brazil banks, and when a few months sufficed for a voyage—long before whale oil had been skimmed from all but distant seas. But his father's most trying and notable experience was the period of years he spent in enforced service in the British navy. In the year 1800 he and a companion were seized by a press gang in the streets of Liverpool, their passports torn up, and they hurried aboard a man of war. After two attempts to escape for which he had duly suffered the prescribed penalty, his third attempt was successful when he left for good the man of war N——— as she lay at Barcelona, Spain. (Thereby hangs a tale, which is related elsewhere.) In passing, we may state that John Bennett had the satisfaction later of doing duty against his oppressors in the war of 1812, but had also the misfortune to lose his right leg in an engagement with the enemy under Commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario. After this he married and settled in New Bedford, where was reared his family of one daughter and three sons, these sons being also in their turn sea-faring men.

When nine years of age the lad James E., realizing his father's disability, and wishing to lighten the family burden, partly earned his living working for a farmer a few miles away.

In school he was apt at figures, but grammar was not to his fancy, and so, on his way home from school one night, he tucked his Kirkham's grammar out of sight into a convenient crevice of a stone wall, where it was found long afterwards, mutely testifying in its dilapidated condition and loosened leaves to the small boy's opinion of that particular branch of learning.

Even after he reached his teens, James experienced in his bringing up whatever benefit comes from the parental use of the rod. On one occasion after some dispute with his brothers about carrying the dinner pail from school (the pail was left in the road), he told his father "there's the back, whip it as much as you like, for you'll never do it again." This incident perhaps stimulated his desire to go to sea, at any rate his parents not long after gave a reluctant consent to his request, one of them remarking, "there must be one black sheep in a flock."

So, in his fifteenth year, he embarked on the small schooner *Laurel* for a six months' trip to the Azores. On this trip he resolved during a heavy gale, that if ever he set foot on his native shore again he would not venture to sea in such a vessel as the *Laurel*. In battling with the elements he wanted the feel of heavier timbers under his feet. This short trip in the *Laurel* he did not dignify with the term voyage.

What he called his first voyage was in a full appointed ship, the *Phoenix*, which sailed from New Bedford early in the year 1835. This voyage of over forty-five months was spent in pursuit of sperm oil, of which they obtained 3100 barrels. In that time the lad had, as he averred, grown nine inches in stature and changed beyond recognition by his friends.

His second voyage on the bark *Vermont*, of Poughkeepsie, was in pursuit of right whales.

Before his third voyage, on the bark *Elizabeth*, he married an early school mate, Miss Mary Allen, of New Bedford, November, 15th, 1840.

In May, 1844, he sailed from New Bedford in the fine full rigged ship *Tacitus*, which was wrecked in March 1845. After six weeks' stay among the English missionaries on the

island of Raratonga, he returned with others of the castaways on a passing whaler of Nantucket, arriving home August 9th, 1845, in time to minister in various ways to the needs of his declining father.

In October of the same year, he sailed on the bark J. E. Donnell (two voyages in one), returning in the spring of 1849.

On that voyage the J. E. Donnell rescued the crew of the German whaler Mozart from the desolate coral shore of Christmas island (the story of which has been written out from the captain's dictation). The J. E. Donnell also rescued the same year the crew of the French whaler Valiant, wrecked on the coast of Lower California. In connection with the adjustment of the salvage of the Valiant in Honolulu, was a characteristic incident often referred to by Capt. Bennett's sons. The mate of the J. E. Donnell had offered and proved certain testimony from his log book to which some of the French officers had taken exception, and the bully of the Valiant took upon himself to champion their cause. To this end he came down to the wharf one day and challenged the mate (Mr. Bennett) to fight a duel. Being of course allowed choice of weapons, Mr. Bennett suggested fists, and was ready to proceed to fight at once. The Frenchman demurred, and would fight "like a gentleman." If seconds were what was wanted he was allowed his choice between cook and steward, and his opponent would take the other. That duel never came off.

Having mastered every station in his pursuit, now as *Captain*, Mr. Bennett sailed again on the J. E. Donnell, making the most successful voyage of any out of New Bedford for ten years, and was home again at the end of twenty-two months. His wife meanwhile had died suddenly of heart disease from which she had suffered many years.

Before sailing in the ship Massachusetts he had married in New York state Miss Maria D. Chase, a school teacher yet in her teens. This young lady most gladly accompanied her sailor husband around the world and from the tropics to sum-

mer cruises for whales in the Okhotsk Sea. On entering that sea the second season from home (1853) they were in much stress and peril in a gale which broke a mast and tore the sails to ribbons. The danger of being driven on shore was imminent, in which case not a soul of the forty-five on board could have survived five minutes.

On that second season's return to the Sandwich islands Mrs. B. gave birth to twins. ("No Kanakas born here," said the sailors as they ran up and set the stars and stripes on that occasion.)

A few days later this lady died in the harbor of Honolulu, having had the best possible medical attendance.

After one more season in northern whaling grounds while the children were left in Dr. Judd's family, Mr. B. left his ship in the fall of '54 and with his boys came home as passenger in the ship *South America*. (This ship by the way was afterward sunk in Charleston harbor in the civil war.)

In the spring of '55 he married the third time, spending a part of the following summer in prospecting for a home at a distance from the sea and from ship owners, who in New Bedford and elsewhere, were offering special inducements for him to sail for them. However the star of empire which guided that generation of home seekers, led him also to share in the development of the great west which, as his son C. F., expresses it, "was without a parallel even to astonishment—to a life which was as great as possible a contrast to his past."

He preëmpted land in township 99 north, and range 14 west, which he finally secured, at the land sale held in Osage, Mitchell County in the spring of 1857. At that sale, buyers were so eager in their quest for land that they stood in file before the doors of the office through nights of such severity that some took the precaution to pour alcohol into their boots to prevent their feet from freezing. The actual settlers were organized to forestall the swarms of speculators, and any settler who for a bribe would play into their hands, stood the chance of being summarily dealt with. One offender it is

stated, was lifted off his feet by the captain, placed upon a convenient wood pile and bidden remain there or suffer the consequences.

We find the following passage in "The History of James-town," published September 6th, 1877 in Howard County *Times* Iowa, L. E. Smith, editor:

James E. Bennett—for 21 years, a sea-faring man—came to Howard County November 25th, 1855. Preceding his party, (en route with a steam mill) he entered the township on section 13, passed the lone tree on section 5 (which has since disappeared), thence proceeding through Round Grove to Rice's, seeing by the way a number of herds of deer, but meeting no human being except the settlers at the Grove. Capt. Bennett still occupies his preemption, southwest quarter of section 27.

The mill was landed on the southeast quarter of section 28, a few rods south of the point where county road No. 1 crosses the Little Wapsie, this location having been selected for it months previously. It was thought that it would at this point be easily accessible to the whole circuit of timber which sweeps from two or three miles south, to the west and north. It was also supposed that people seeking homes would be attracted and possibly a town be developed there. The mill commenced operations in the course of the winter, and furnished lumber for a number of preemption houses, the first of which was put up in February, where it is still standing on section 27. This mill property proved a losing investment, and, for reasons which need not here be stated, its principal owner, who was on the ground, was left powerless to protect his interest in it; the mill was therefore sold at auction and taken to the Upper Iowa.

The first case tried in the courts of Howard County, Rice and Bradford vs. Cutting, grew out of this mill property.

A few rods northeast of the mill was a canvas cabin, which was put up for the mill hands. This was the scene of the family's first housekeeping early in '56, while the first framed house in the township was in course of construction. The cabin being 10 x 10 feet in size, there was no end of room—*outside*. There the prairie wolves were neighborly, so much so as to prowl about at their leisure and help themselves off from a dressed porker standing on its head in the snow. They also devoured soap grease and such like dainties kept in the same spacious store-room.

At Decorah (forty miles) was the nearest flour mill. From points many a mile west of Howard County settlers on their re-

turn from the nearest wheat market at McGregor, would tell around their camp fires how they were even at that distance from home already minus the price of the produce marketed; and of others who exasperated at the meagre price offered for their grain had dumped loads of it into the Mississippi.

In those days there was entertainment for man and beast on the premises of Capt. Bennett. His place was also a station for Walker's mail line of stages, and was temporarily the post-office as well. The first school in the township was in a room fitted up for the purpose in his barn. (This was in 1857, Miss Jane Chandler, teacher.)

Of his twin boys, one, William Seaborn, died of pneumonia in 1872. The other, James Seaborn, became a practical farmer and is now with his family on a farm in Omro, Wis.

Three sons and two daughters were born and reared on the home farm. The oldest, J. C.,—for recent years an attorney in Chicago—being among the first white children born in Howard County.

The fourth son, G. J. (who was named for Dr. Gerritt Judd, of Honolulu), is a physician in Denver, Iowa.

The fifth son, C. F., of Waterloo, Iowa, is well known as secretary of the Cedar Valley Telephone Company.

The two daughters graduated in medicine from the State University, the elder of whom, D. M., is practicing her profession, assisted by her sister, S. E., in Warsaw, Illinois, in the firm known as the Drs. Parker.

These children gratefully recognized the fact upon which their father prided himself—that at the cost of effort and self-denial, he sought for them all the best practical school advantages.

After thirty-five years' residence on the home farm, and a summer spent in his native state, Capt. Bennett made his home in Warsaw, Illinois.

In '93 he enjoyed the displays of the Columbian Exposition, more especially in ethnological, marine and mechanical lines. In the summer of '97 he again found much to interest him in a visit to his son in Chicago.

In the fall of '94 was his first serious attack of an apoplectic nature. At intervals thereafter his excellent constitution was gradually undermined by repeated attacks until the end.

March 20th. after an evening of usual converse with his daughter's family, he and his wife returned home. Shortly after retiring he called attention to his fluttering pulse. Dr. J. W. Parker being summoned found all efforts unavailing. After two hours of suffering from which it seemed to him he must get up and flee, the end came at 11:30.

In anticipation of the inevitable Mr. Bennett had often said, that having lived to a good old age he could not complain that he must share the common lot and pass away in his turn, but he dreaded the separation from family and friends.

His remains were accompanied by the widow and two sons to Waterloo, where in a cemetery (whose natural outline suggests its use as God's acre), between his former home on the north and his later and more distant home on the south, he reposes in the loved soil of Iowa.

We quote from the notice of his death in the *Warsaw Bulletin*: "Physically, Capt. Bennett was a tall man, standing 6 feet, 4 inches in height and weighed 200 pounds. He was seldom sick. Mentally, he possessed a wonderful memory of times and places, latitudes and longitudes, and the fact that he left school the age of 14 and became a practical and theoretical navigator evidences the ability he had, although circumstances worked together to prevent a perfect development of what might have been of still greater service to his fellow-men."

His son G. J., says of his father: "The most remarkable thing to me is, that thrown almost entirely at an early age among the whisky element, he kept so utterly clear from it." His daughter says: "I well remember that he would not employ hands on the farm who were habitually profane." His example served in more than one instance to help others discard the use of stimulants; as when early in June on the voyage home they were off Cape Horn, he asked Capt. Bigelow who

used the weed, "Why do you use the stuff?" "Do you never use tobacco?" "Never." "Then, I can do without it, too." Upon which Captain Bigelow threw his quid away, and never tasted another.

Uncompromisingly true to his convictions, especially in the matter of the liquor traffic he perhaps "failed in this" (in the words of his son J. C.), "that never having been accountable to any in matters of opinion on sea or land, to restrain the expression of his thoughts was a burden to him. In his home life he was 'of his own order,' being at the same time stern to impatience, and patient—in sickness or other extremity—to a fault. His children never thought to question as to whether or not his orders were *ex cathedra*, but felt that the heavens must fall if disobedience obtained. Upon deciding that a thing had best be done, nothing must stand in the way of its performance, and to those dependent on him, his magnanimity often overstepped his better judgment, causing him to do more than circumstances might justify. As has been said of another 'He was through all these vicissitudes the same stern, impatient, inflexible original, a man without a model and without a shadow.'"

He was a close and intelligent observer of natural phenomena concerning which he was ever ready to impart information to those who came in the attitude of learners.

Finally he had "an implicit trust in Providence intensified in his experience under circumstances of greatest peril" and a humble hope in the future through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life.

The following lines which appeared in the *Warsaw Record*, March 24th, may perhaps fittingly close our sketch.

VERNAL EQUINOX, 1898.

A seaman bold who sailed the mere,  
In every zone and clime,  
Guided by sun and moon and stars,  
Treading their rounds sublime,  
His voyages o'er, went inland far

From every port and shore,  
That beckoning sirens of the sea  
Might tempt him nevermore.

But oft from memory's records how  
With fervor he would tell,  
Of what in such a latitude  
And longitude befell.  
Would problem solve, or times denote,  
Or seaman's phrase define,  
Thus teaching us what he had taught  
A novice on the brine.

So many miles (at any date)  
The sun would make to-day;  
And why at solstices he seemed  
To turn upon his way;  
On right ascension, azimuth,  
And rising and decline,  
He dwelt till we would note the hour  
The sun must cross the line.

One day in March—a changeful day  
Of rumors near and far,  
He read; (with earnest thought and mien)  
And portents dire of war.  
Ere day was done he with the sun,  
Had reached his day's decline,  
And crossed the verge how near the hour  
The sun would cross the line.

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"Equal are days and nights," they say;  
But 'tis all night to me,  
Since one so many years my friend  
I may no longer see.  
But as "Hope smiles and lights her torch  
At nature's funeral pyre,"  
I light my hopes at promises,  
And at my heart's desire.

E. V. B.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA AND  
THE CIVIL WAR.

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MRS. ELLEN M. RICH.CLASS 1865.

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AMONG the warp of that wondrous fabric, the history of the Civil War, may be found woven threads of varying hue and texture. Fragments of local history reveal tints and shades of color found nowhere else and the narration of events in one place is seldom a repetition of those in another. The part taken by University students is unique. It is little which school boys in their teens can do toward putting down a great rebellion, but the spirit of patriotism and the enthusiasm of loyalty which they can display are capable of inspiring warlike valor. The shot fired at Sumter was heard upon the University campus. Its reverberations resounded through the old stone building and wakened from silent meditation the students of Euclid and Horace.

The first demonstration was not a boy's hurrah, but an exhibition of intense interest. There was no telegraph station nearer than Davenport, fifty-six miles away, therefore news traveled less readily than now. Although the garrison lowered its flag and marched out of Fort Sumter on the 14th of April, there was no great public demonstration in Iowa City until the 18th. By that time excitement had become intense. The streets were thronged with people discussing the merits and demerits of the policy of the Administration. The President had issued his call for seventy-five thousand men for three months. Little any one then knew of the terrible crisis impending, and great was the confidence that in a few months quiet would again be restored. Large union meetings were held upon the University campus and upon the corner of Clinton and Washington streets adjoining, the stile at that corner

being the platform from which many a stirring speech was made.

The University, like all similar institutions, was intensely loyal, while at the same time it contained a few whose sympathies were with the Southern States, and who at first found it difficult to suppress their confederate sentiments. Under the guidance of a wise and cautious Faculty their ideas lost prominence, for the Faculty at once forbade the wearing of badges of any character. The violation of this rule resulted in the suspension of only five or six students. This unpleasant incident was the only blot upon the escutcheon of the University. So great was the loyalty of all others that this is almost unworthy of mention, only that a truthful historian is compelled to state that copperhead pins and confederate flags have been worn in the University chapel and class room, and one, at least, of Jefferson Davis' fast days was observed by a few students.

After the lapse of a third of a century, memory fails to recall much which then seemed so vital, and it is now difficult to collect even a few strands of this local history. Were it not for the newspapers, the files of which are generally preserved, the gleaning of many facts would be well nigh impossible. To the newspapers of Iowa City and the Adjutant General's reports we are largely indebted for the substance of this article. It is therefore difficult to separate the history of the University during the Civil War from the history of Iowa City during the same period.

On Thursday evening, April 18th, 1861, the leading citizens and students met at the Court House. The presiding officer was Mayor Clark and the result of the meeting was that forty-three persons enrolled themselves, who, including the Washington Guards, made seventy-three, or within five of the number required for a company. About three thousand dollars were subscribed for the benefit of needy families of those enlisting. The Governor's proclamation was read by General Bowen. It, in brief, stated that the call from this State was for one regiment, but the Governor urged the formation of

companies to hold themselves in readiness for further orders. At this meeting speeches were made by many distinguished persons, and the young men of the town and of the University were in a fever of excitement.

On Saturday evening, April 20th, a meeting was held at Metropolitan Hall in order to raise another company of volunteers to hold themselves in readiness to be called into service. This was in a measure an adjourned meeting of the immense gathering upon the University Square during the afternoon of the same day. At the afternoon meeting the German Artillery and the Washington Guards were upon the ground in full uniform, and thirty-four rounds were fired in honor of the Union. Bryan Dennis, of Clear Creek, presided. Speeches were made by Governor Kirkwood, Mayor Clark, Reverend McLean, Reverend Powers, of Davenport, and many others. The prevailing sentiment was that party politics should be forgotten and the great cause of the Union should prevail. The urgent need was that the call of the Executive should meet with hearty response from every loyal citizen.

Sunday, April 28th, by special invitation of the Washington Guards (Captain Mahana's company), Reverend McLean preached a sermon to them from the steps of the University in the afternoon. Other pastors assisted in the service. It was the largest concourse of people ever gathered together in Iowa City on the Sabbath day. The "Guards" marched from their camp, the fair grounds, and returned in regular military style, with the exception of the drum and fife, which were omitted at the request of some of the church members.

The volunteers, who were to constitute Company B, First Iowa Regiment, went into camp at the fair grounds on Thursday, April 25th, 1861, though not supplied with blankets until the Monday following. They had three drills per day and the afternoon drill was largely attended by ladies. The cloth for their uniforms was received on Saturday, April 27th, Honorable Ezekiel Clark having made a trip to Chicago in order to purchase it. Sunday the ladies of Iowa City began the

work of making the cloth purchased into pants for the volunteers. This cloth was gray satinet, half cotton, half wool, suitable only for summer wear. Those interested in the history of the sewing machine should have seen the three used by the ladies in this work. They were of the kind first invented and were crude affairs, being single thread machines, the kind which affords ample opportunity for ripping if only a thread is left unfastened. This fact some of the soldiers soon ascertained, much to their dismay. The Iowa City papers state that the work of making uniforms began upon Monday morning. This was probably stated that the fastidious might not impugn the morals of Iowa City ladies. Valor and loyalty brooked no delay, the cause was a holy one and the Sabbath was not broken even though Metropolitan Hall resounded to the noise of labor. Before the following Sunday the uniforms were complete; they consisted of a hat, jacket, pants, two flannel shirts, socks and shoes. Other companies of this regiment were differently arrayed, some wearing caps and blouses, some hats and frock coats. They presented a motley appearance and, as their pants soon became ragged and their cheap shoes worn, General Lyon called them his "tatterdemalion gypsies." Afterward, when he perceived that they could out-march all his other troops, he re-christened them his "Iowa grey-hounds."

At the beginning of the war the Iowa troops were humiliated by their odd and unconventional outfit, but pride never stood in the way of patriotism. Although regiments from other states were better clad and equipped, none did more valiant service.

On Monday, May 6th, Company B, First Regiment Iowa Volunteers, under command of Captain Mahana, took its departure for Davenport, on its way to rendezvous at Keokuk. On Sunday previous, these troops attended the Methodist Church and were addressed by O. M. Spencer, D.D., President of the University. His remarks were inspiring and patriotic and helped to strengthen devotion to the cause in which they had enlisted. The day after their arrival at Dav-

enport the "boys" were placed on a steamboat and taken to Keokuk. After encamping the company sent a united message in the form of resolutions to the friends at home. The first of these resolutions reads:

*"Resolved, That the ladies of Iowa City and vicinity deserve our first consideration. Like true women the world over, they are ever foremost in all acts of benevolence, goodness and patriotism. In the many evidences of kindness received from them, both past and present, we recognize a devotion to the country, pure and steadfast, the same which actuated the women of '76. May God bless all such women! and in accordance with their undoubted wishes, may their sons, husbands, brothers, lovers, and friends return to them in due time with honor to themselves and their associates."*

The ladies of Keokuk honored the Company with a public dinner, after which the Company tendered these ladies a vote of thanks in the form of a set of resolutions expressive of their gratitude. These resolutions were signed by W. H. H. Judson, Abe Len. McPherson, and B. E. Langdon, all University boys.

As far as can now be ascertained, those who went from the University in the First Iowa Regiment, Company B, were the following: A. L. McPherson, McHenry Brooks, Wm. H. H. Judson, B. E. Langdon, George W. Smith, Wm. P. Schell. McPherson was wounded at Wilson's Creek. Schell reënlisted in the 22nd Iowa.

Company B, First Iowa, contained the first few of a long list of students, who saw service during the war; and its career during the three months of its service, may be summarized as follows; Left Iowa City, May 6th, 1861, mustered into service May 14th, at Keokuk. Left Keokuk, June 13th, arrived at Macon City, Missouri, via Hannibal, June 14th. Next day was detached to guard a bridge on Hannibal and St. Joe Railroad near Carbon. Remained here two days. Rejoined the regiment and was ordered to unite with General Lyon's command at Booneville. Arrived at Booneville, June 21st, where they encamped until July 3rd. Went to Springfield, Missouri to join General Sweeney's command. Assisted in the capture of Forsyth, was present at the action of Dug Springs, and,

although their term of enlistment had expired, they participated in the battle of Wilson's Creek, with the main body under General Lyon, and were in the hottest part of the action, when the enemy attempted to turn the left flank, which was the station of Company B. The men of this company, University men, Iowa City men, all displayed unflinching firmness and bravery. This company was in the retreat to Rolla, and was mustered out at St. Louis. After their return home, a formal reception was given them in which the people from the country united with those of the city. This was September 3rd, 1861. The company formed on College street, under escort of the Turner Rifles and Hohman's band, and marched through several streets to the University Square, where dinner was served, closing with toasts and responses. Another noteworthy demonstration by this company was on Washington's birthday, February 22nd, 1862, when the members, still residents of Iowa City, forty-two in all, marched through the mud and snow followed by a long procession of people from town and country, and assembled at the southeast corner of the campus to listen to the reading of Washington's Farewell Address and to conduct other appropriate exercises.

Much labor would be required to perfect even a brief history of the service rendered by University men, students and professors, during the four years of the war. Recruits were constantly called for and lists were kept at various places in town. Those who enlisted were usually quartered at the old Hutchinson House, formerly the old State House. There were few, if any, Iowa regiments, except the Greybeards, which did not contain some representatives from the University or men who later became connected with the University. Doubtless the Twenty-second regiment drew more heavily upon the University than any other except the Forty-fourth.

The professors and teachers of the University were active in many good works; though not the originators of philanthropic measures they were ever ready to follow where others led. When the Johnson County Soldiers' Relief Association

was perfected, May, 1862, Professor T. S. Parvin, of the University, was made president.

The Ladies Soldiers' Aid Society enrolled only the names of those who paid regular dues, but it called into its service many University girls, who attended their gatherings in order to scrape lint, prepare bandages, tie comforters, assist in soliciting donations and in conducting public entertainments for the purpose of raising funds.

In April, 1864, a number of patriotic citizens of the State associated themselves together for the purpose of providing a home and education for the orphans of soldiers. The committee consisted of Samuel J. Kirkwood, Wm. M. Stone, C. C. Cole, Annie Wittenmyer, Mary Kibben and N. H. Brainerd. An appeal for subscriptions was made throughout the State. The original subscription list, which was circulated among the University Faculty, has been preserved and is as follows:

The undersigned hereby agree to give the amounts set opposite their names respectively, to constitute the Faculty and Teachers of the State University of Iowa life members of the *State Orphans' Home*.

Iowa City, May 4th, 1864.

O. M. Spencer.....	\$3.50	Paid.
Jos. T. Robert .....	3.50	Paid.
T. S. Parvin.....	3.50	Paid.
D. Franklin Wells.....	3.50	Paid.
N. R. Leonard.....	3.50	Paid.
Gustavus Hinrichs .....	2.00	Paid.
O. C. Isbell.....	2.00	Paid.
Chas. E. Borland.....	2.00	Paid.
Thomas Culver.....	2.00	Paid.
Amelia R. Traer .....	1.00	Paid.
Louise Brainerd.....	.75	Paid.
Lavinia Davis.....	1.00	Paid.

Subscription to constitute the Faculty and Teachers of the State University life members of the *State Orphans' Home*.

The Board of Regents made what provision lay within their power to aid the good cause. They admitted to the University, free of tuition, all returned soldiers and all soldiers' widows.

The University campus was the scene of many gatherings for furthering the interests of the Union. One of the grand affairs was a dinner given April 25th, 1864, to the war veterans. The soldiers were received in the University Square, from there escorted to Metropolitan Hall and welcomed to a sumptuous feast spread by Iowa City ladies, the wives of the professors and the University girls assisting. It is said that to this menu the soldiers did credit, "charging upon the works before them in repeated attacks." Professor D. F. Wells and Professor T. S. Parvin, of the University, took prominent part in this banquet.

We find the following advertisement in the Iowa City papers:

"MILITARY BALL. Company H, Second Iowa Cavalry, will give a Military Ball in full dress at Metropolitan Hall next Monday evening (May 2nd, 1864). They invite all our citizens to unite with them in this entertainment. If they can dance themselves as well as they make the rebels dance, it will be worth witnessing. Tickets to the Hall only 50 cents."

Whether this ball was a grand affair we cannot say, for those were days when dancing by students was not approved by the faculty or by parents at home. It is important, however, historically, because it was coincident with another noteworthy event. It was at the close of the day which marks the beginning of Company D, Forty-fourth Iowa Infantry, the last and greatest demand made upon the University during the entire war. The formation of Company D was the result of the following proclamation by the Governor:

"Rally Around the Flag, Boys!"

WASHINGTON, April 25th, 1864.

To the People of Iowa:—The President has agreed to accept from the Northwestern States the service of one hundred thousand volunteers for a period of one hundred days from the time of their mustering into the service, for the purpose of enabling the veteran troops to be pushed forward and achieve decisive results over the enemy in the approaching campaign. With this augmentation to the army it is confidently believed that the rebellion can be substantially crushed during the present season. I have promised the President ten regiments of this new force, and earnestly call upon the patriotic people of Iowa to aid me by their active co-operation in redeeming this promise. We can thus render more essential service in saving our glorious Union and rescue our land from the horrors of fratricidal war. The period of service will be

short and I trust glorious in bringing with it the restoration of peace. Those who heretofore have been unable to participate in the stirring scenes of this war may now do so honorably and with little inconvenience to themselves—fresh laurels to be won and additional honors achieved for our State. Let us go to work in earnest in every county. Not a moment should be lost. Companies at the organization may choose their own officers, and great care will be observed in the selection of field officers for the same. The same pay and allowances as other troops. Companies must report to the Adjutant-General at Davenport as fast as they are filled. The entire number must be raised within twenty days, if possible. Let not brave young Iowa now jeopardize her fame by falling behind her sister States of the Northwest.

WM. M. STONE, Governor."

The students of the University, with Professor Culver at their head, commenced immediately to form a company. At their first meeting, Monday, May 2nd, they enrolled thirty-eight names of those ready to go if permitted by their parents. Professor Culver had charge of the military instruction at this time, and tutor Charles E. Borland, agreed to go with him. This first meeting was held upon the University steps (steps of the old Capitol building). The company was expected to man posts and forts and do guard duty. In eighteen days from the time of the first meeting the company left Iowa City for Davenport. It was composed of eighty-three men, several more to join before being mustered in. Of this number forty were from the University, twenty-five from Western College, and eighteen from Cornell College at Mt. Vernon. There were but two married men in the company. Those from Cornell and Western arrived on Thursday and were treated to a splendid picnic by the ladies of the University. They were entertained by householders of Iowa City during their stay. On Friday forenoon the company organized by the election of the following officers: Captain, Charles E. Borland; First Lieutenant, James L. Perry, of Western; Second Lieutenant, T. L. Stephens, of Mt. Vernon. Professor Culver was assigned to the office of Sergeant-major in the regiment.

At three o'clock Friday afternoon a beautiful flag of the finest silk, costing seventy dollars, was presented to the company by Miss May Parvin in behalf of the young ladies of the

University. Miss Parvin was eloquent in her presentation address, and Captain Borland responded with equal eloquence. President Spencer then made the parting address, after which the company marched to the railway station, followed by a much larger company of ladies. On their way, near the station, they partook of a bountiful supper, furnished by the Soldiers' Aid Society and served upon the lawn of Mrs. J. C. McConnell. At six o'clock they started for Davenport, waving hats and handkerchiefs until the train was out of sight. The members of this company were nearly all engaged in literary pursuits and were well prepared for the most fraternal relations. They were soldier students who went forth like a band of brothers. The following is a complete list of those from the University who enlisted at Iowa City:

Ira John Alder	Henry P. Farnsworth
James P. Arnold	Benjamin F. Fenstermaker
Joseph P. Bushnell	James O. Hawkins
Charles E. Borland	Benjamin M. Hemingway
Arthur A. Blumer	Charles M. Howe
Oscar E. Deeds	Louis Knoll
Samuel E. Allen	Eugene A. Lee
W. W. Baldwin	James T. Marsh
Levi F. Bowlsby	Hugh R. McClelland
Samuel M. Bowman	Henry J. Minthorn
Jeremiah V. Boone	Theodore Russell
Ross Calhoun	James P. Schell
Edwin J. Clark	Albert A. Stine
Andrew L. Clyde	Marcus H. White
Elisha D. Ely	James R. Wylie

Some others enlisted at Davenport, where all were mustered in at Camp Kinsman, by Captain Alex. Chambers, U. S. A.

We find this note in the *Iowa City Republican* of that time: "The State University has become almost a female institution since the young men left for their campaign south. The few remaining look lonesome and disconsolate. Some of them

were very anxious to go along, but Pa said 'no.' Some are in such a stage of their studies that they can not leave without great detriment. We hope the young ladies will treat them kindly and console them all they can."

The captain, Charles E. Borland, was presented with an elegant sword by the members of the faculty. The presentation was made at Davenport by Professor T. S. Parvin. It was much the finest sword in the regiment and is preserved in the Historical rooms at Iowa City. The flag was nearly consumed by the great fire which destroyed so many valuable things in the University library, June 19th, 1897, little except the spear head and ferule remaining.

Company D was occupied during most of its term of enlistment in guarding Sherman's rear lines, which extended from Louisville to near Atlanta, Georgia. Those who did not re-enlist were mustered out at Davenport.

There is probably no memento of their service which is so dearly prized as the following:

" EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON CITY, October 1st, 1864.

The term of 100 days, for which volunteers, from the States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, volunteered under the last call of their respective Governors in the months of May and June, to aid in the recent campaign of General Sherman, having expired, the President directs an official acknowledgment of their patriotic services. It was their good fortune to render efficient service in the brilliant operations in the southwest and to contribute to the victories of the National arms over the rebel forces in Georgia under command of Johnston and Hood. On all occasions and in every service to which they were assigned, their duty as patriotic volunteers was performed with alacrity and courage, for which they are entitled to, and are hereby tendered the National thanks through the Governors of their respective States.

The Secretary of War is directed to transmit a copy of this order to the Governors of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and to cause a certificate of their honorable services to be delivered to the officers and soldiers of the States above mentioned, who recently served in the military force of the United States as volunteers for one hundred days.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This order of the President was executed by the Secretary of War, and doubtless every soldier of Company D, Forty-fourth Iowa has treasured his certificate as a priceless relic.

The following names are given in addition to those given above as enlisting directly from the University. These had been students and enlisted in other companies in this or other States:

Bailey, T. S.	Keller, V. L.
Bane, C. H.	King, E. H.
Billings, J. L.	Lantz, W.
Bivins, B. F.	LaTourette, G.
Bonsall, Emmor	Lewis, M. M.
*Bowen, W. J.	Lownd, W. H.
Brownson, E. W.	Lucas, J.
Carleton, R. A.	Macomber, H. R.
Casebolt, D. D.	Martin, S. B.
Clark, A. R.	McClellan, J. A.
Clark, J. K.	McCormick, J. R.
*Clark, F. M.	McDowell, Arthur
Clark, W. A.	Meredith, Edward
Clearman, Lewis	*Messenger, Nicholas
Cochran, J. P.	Overman, Charles
Crane, J. F. C.	*Porter, John W.
Craven, A. F.	*Remley, George A.
Davis, D. J.	Rice, N. H.
Davis, J. N.	Ritter, I. M.
Duncan, J. K.	Roberts, D. H.
Ewing, J. S.	Roberts, James
Fearing, William G.	Robinson, H. P.
Ferguson, J.	Rutan, J. C.
Firth, E. A.	Sanford, J. P.
Free, A. J.	Sanford, C. C.
Free, T. S.	Schee, O. M.
Fry, W. A.	Sedgwick, Cullen
*Fuhrmeister, F. N.	Smith, C. R.
Geddes, William	Smith, J. A.
Golding, G. H.	Smock, D. D.

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\*Members of the 22nd Iowa.

Hall, W. F.	Stearns, LaMotte
Hall, William E.	Sublet, Z. P.
Handy, G. W.	Tolliver, G. S.
Hanna, J. T.	Tolliver, J. M.
Harman, C. R.	Trask, E. F.
Harrison, William E.	Trine, D. K.
*Hawkins, J. E.	Vandike, S. P.
Hawkins, W. H.	Waldron, William, O.
Heizer, S. B.	Warren, S. B.
Hemperly, H. C.	Whittaker, C. W.
Howell, S. S.	Williams, O. N.
Hoxie, R. L.	Wilson, Lemuel
*Hunter, George	*Wood, Bingham
James, Isaac	Wright, Thomas S.
James, Leicester	Wyers, T. C.
Jepson, Isaiah	Zimmerman, S. B.
Johnson, A. W.	

The number of enlisted men from Iowa was almost one-tenth of the entire population, which means that nearly all the young men of the State were at the front. Although the University suffered heavily, yet the time intervening between the last great demand and the close of the war was short and the following year marked the return of many. The acquisition of others, new to the University, was considerable. It could be truthfully said that now was "the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by these sons of Mars. The enrollment, as students, of so many returned soldiers was the beginning of a new era in University annals. These were men, not boys; men who had learned the need of education, and had come to learn; men who out of the savings from their monthly pittance had accumulated enough to carry them through a collegiate course of study; men who had demonstrated over and over again the problem of small economies; men who could prepare their meals and their lessons without

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\*Members of the 22nd Iowa.

the aid of a cook or a pony. Some wore the scars of battle, some had a maimed hand or foot and some carried an empty sleeve—the writer had seven one-armed men in her classes during the winter of 1865-6. These soldier students were all noblemen of the highest rank and they gave to the University a force and a dignity which it had never before attained. They are to-day its most ardent friends and supporters.

## IOWA COLLEGE IN THE WAR.

BY REV. JAMES L. HILL, D. D., OF SALEM, MASS.



LIKE the unfolding of a realistic panorama, the stirring scenes of the civil war have been passing before my quickened sight. As we recede farther away from the confusion, the gloom, the clouds and the later inbreaking sunshine of the contest for the preservation of the Union, certain clearly defined pictures rise before us, which are not taken from the chambers of imagery, but from the living fields of history. And yet those four years of strife do not even now seem to be United States annals, but a separate epoch, a gulf, a sacrifice, a conflagration. New reputations were abruptly hung like banners in our temples, men were changed to giants and names became famous and infamous as lastingly as Caesar and Cataline. Appoint to one of us then the theme, The College in the Civil War, and many a local event at once looms up on a dark background like a volcano in the night, by which, too, we see deeper meanings than its own salient fame. One vivid memory is the reception on this ground where now we are gathered of the news from Vicksburg at a commencement appointment in 1863. Loyal hearts had everywhere been depressed. Our disaster at Fredericksburg, followed by our rout at Chancellorsville, when not our

soldiers, but our generals had been defeated, as 22,000 of our men were not brought into action at all, had produced a condition of things that was little less than desperate. In some new quarters the success of secession began to be admitted as not impossible. Volunteering began to flag and drafts became the unpopular resort. Desertions became never so frequent. Our national currency, which is always quick to detect the feelings of the popular heart, sank to its nadir. The confederacy was growing daily more expectant of foreign recognition and the rebels, having been successful, were enthusiastic and presuming. Northern hearts were strained to a tension that was simply intolerable. It was the darkest hour of the rebellion. The new strategist from Galena, just coming into recognition, had defied the best known law of armies, not to cut themselves off from their base of supplies, and had put himself where, for some days, he was not to be heard from. The Fourth Iowa Cavalry, in which were fifteen of our choicest college spirits, was known to have been engaged. Throughout the vast audience, as it gathered here that night, was felt the very pain of intensity, the agony of suspense. The tidings produced an indescribable sensation. Jacob Butler, one of our trustees, whose law partner, O'Conner, it was thought by him, might have been slain, was put forward to voice the pent-up feelings of the crowd. His oratory rose to unapproached heights. As I stand here to-day I can still feel its thrill, its ardor, its pathos and its power. Since the morning stars sang together there had never been, in the whole world's history, so large a capture of generals, of whom there were fifteen, and of armament and men as General Grant made at Vicksburg. As our orator, having no mean gifts, rose to the elevation of his theme, his locks, which, after the more frequent customs of those days, were worn long, were thrown violently from shoulder to shoulder. Burning with the excitement of the occasion, his eloquence flamed to its utmost height, as he looked out upon the sea of upturned faces. The applause was tumultuous. A famous solo singer advanced across the

platform. The early hush of the eager, expectant audience was evidence of the depth of emotion. She took up nothing less than the Marseillaise, "Ye Sons of Freedom, Wake to Glory." Enthusiasms were without bounds. That song was a distinct event in my life. It is a great privation to any human soul never to have heard a great song on a great occasion. The land was passing from hurricane into calm. Our college boys had transformed themselves into heroes by

" Deeds of great hearts true and strong,  
Deeds eclipsing Marathon;  
Deeds deserving endless song,  
Deeds above Napoleon."

Never will the time come, unless there intervene some strange and unaccountable degeneracy of our people, when the uplifting force of the American idea shall fail which was projected first beneath oppression, then below slavery, and is now making itself felt under the despotism, cruelty and inhumanity of unprogressive Spain; for God, who has sown in our soil the seed of his millennial harvest, will not lay the sickle until his full and perfect day has come.

All the civilizations to-day existing were in their origins largely the result of great upheavals. Overcoming the strict conservatism of peace, like that in China and India, the redemption from kingcraft and oppression and despotism and cruelty has come not from evolution merely, but from revolution, which has proved not destructive only, but constructive. The light of that expanding miracle from Jamestown to Appomatox gilds to-day the names of Admiral Dewey, and Lieut. Hobson, and Osborne W. Deignan, of Stuart, Iowa, brave son of a not less heroic mother, living in a State where patriotism is indigenous and where heroes are grown as well as cattle and corn. Students here will search in vain the annals of the planet for another expensive war like that reluctantly begun by our noble President with a like unselfish, progressive, exalted motive. In the unfolding of nations the time had simply come for Spanish cruelty to cease. In the

murky waters of Havana's benighted bay, beneath the Maine a torpedo was placed. Cruel Spain touched the button and Uncle Sam will do the rest.

The next turn of the phonograph, on whose cylinder has been placed the foil of memory, enables us to listen to the public reading of a daily paper. On the arrival of the mail, part of the time by coach from the terminus of the railroad thirty miles east, the postmaster, well-remembered, would throw out through a side door, the Davenport Gazette, then our chief paper from our leading city, and some educated man, usually Mr. Quincy A. Gilmore, would stand up to read. Through his pronunciation I first gained familiarity with Antietam, Chickahominy, Chickamauga, Kenesaw, Murfreesboro and Paducah, and so on through the 2,261 battles for the Union, in which 500,000 soldiers were engaged from Manassas Junction to Appomatox. Individual families did not have a daily paper in those primitive days, and so you might see the crowd gather silently around the postoffice door, collecting from all quarters as if the birds of the air had spread the apprehension. Sometimes an individual man would be seen to stagger as if he had been hit, and sometimes a woman seemed attacked by faintness, as if it were herself and not her husband or son that was in danger of being struck down. As heard from that mournful paper, with what force came to our ears the reverberant tones of memory's bells, tolling bells. Shiloh losses, 13,500; Stone River, 11,578; seven days' retreat and Malvern Hill, 15,279; Wilderness, 37,737.

Familiar, at least with its street scenes, I am here to bear witness that no more patriotic or loyal place than our college town existed in this State or in any other. It was always brimming full of purest Americanism. This came in part from the presence of so many students from poor but ambitious homes. The material supplied the army by enlistments here was of a high character. No one considered what the pay would be, or the hardships, or the perils. Touched with generous impulses, fired with an uncalculating spirit, still the

college was represented in the war by mere boys. Major Rhea, past commander of the Grand Army, affirms that the average age of our soldiers at enlistment was but nineteen, and our Iowa College contingent was younger than the average. Iowa, a youthful State, while furnishing 84,017 soldiers, sent but one regiment of Silver Greys into the service and that was the 37th, average age 65 years, under a call from President Lincoln to do guard duty, but they had the proud distinction of having fifteen hundred sons in the war. Our students being so young, could not have been enticed into a military life by the hope of rank and preferment, yet we came to have a major, like Joseph Lyman, captains like Russell E. Jones and John W. Carr, lieutenants (12) like Cardell, Baker, Scott, Bailey, Daily, Anderson, Work, John W. Jones, Sanborn, Shanklin, Kelsey, and our learned and honored and popular Professor Leonard F. Parker; adjutants like Ela; sergeants like Hon. John M. Carney, Pruyn, Chapman and Hobart; clerks in the regimental service like Kierulff, Manatt and Herrick; and musicians like Quaife, Ford, and Dana H. Robbins. We must remember gratefully that every one of our student volunteers, though still living, counting life no longer dear to himself, offered it willingly upon the altar of his country, and forsook all that he had and followed the flag, willing to die beneath its starry folds. Those with us to-day came back as the waves come, which break and sink back into the sea when they reach the beach. A host of our surviving veterans have held positions of distinction as civilians, whom I have catalogued and would name, except that the noblest service has been often rendered with no sounding titles. Such men were the flower of the country. They had one common, enthusiastic, intelligent, life-losing, but heaven-inspired patriotism. The war, a rare testing time, checked for a period the conservatism of our civilization, made every man stand squarely upon both his feet with all the props and braces of home and society taken away. Some returned broken in health, like Kelsey, Ford, Scott and Chapman; others wounded, like Baker, Car-

dell, Bailey, Bishop, Austin and Carr, to receive the plaudits of their countrymen. To estimate the services of the 46th Regiment, in whose Company B the College had its largest representation, twenty-six men, we need to read it; in the devastation, 300 miles long and 60 broad, in 200 miles of railroad broken up and in a hundred million dollars of damage wrought to the confederacy by that romantic march to the sea, where sixty thousand men disappeared from sight for thirty-one days and emerged at last as if from a wilderness, with undiminished numbers, and resources and increased renown, which our boys in part made possible.

No one can fully understand the war of the rebellion, without getting hold of it on the northern side from the Kansas end. We were here granted particular insight into antecedent movements which precipitated the great rebellion. That day was a high day when that generous soul, nature's freeman, an ideal citizen, that friend of the town, church, College, and well-wisher of every young man or woman who, by reason of sacrifice at home came hither to study, Hon. J. B. Grinnell, sent over to our home for "one of our boys" to drive a covered wagon containing fugitives guilty of a skin not colored like our own, the journey to be chiefly by night, to the western terminus of the railroad that was making its way slowly up from Iowa City. We understood that John Brown, who still has a room named in honor of his occupancy here, did not expect to liberate all slaves, but by opening thoroughfares, to cause them to be held upon such an uncertain tenure, that they would become practically worthless as chattels. From his own handwriting I copy words revealing his idea. "I had flattered myself that without *very much bloodshed* it might be done." From my life here I imbibed a liking for that tall, lank figure, with the pompadour hair, and with much painstaking I have visited his haunts. I have acquired one of his rifles, and chiefly a John Brown pike, very rare and difficult to secure, manufactured by hand, on an anvil, still standing, with which to arm slaves at Harper's Ferry, which I shall ask

the College to accept. Our geographical position here contiguous to a slave State, occasioned the suspension of college studies, where we were called out at night to go into a region south of us to capture the bushwhackers who, obscure beside the road, at a spot forever etched upon my memory, shot the provost marshal from our college town who had gone down to arrest drafted men who had not reported, and were hence classed with deserters. Finding one of these assassins wounded, who persisted in being reticent about the shooting, one of our posse went into the stable and brought in the heavy rope of a halter, in which a noose was made, the other end thrown over a joist above in the unfinished room, and the man given two minutes in which to tell his story or to say his prayers, as he might elect. Vividly do I still see the group of prisoners first guarded on the lawn of Mr. Craver, father of Charles and Samuel and sainted Thomas, and last in the wool warehouse near the local Rock Island freight house.

I remember the part taken by students in the demonstration when our foremost citizen, Mr. Grinnell, was stricken, Sumner-like, in congress by that ruffian from Kentucky. I remember that when anything of serious importance occurred we would come together at the church in the evening, never seeming in those days to distinguish between our politics and our religion. I remember the Sunday morning audience, deeply affected by the news from Petersburg, when the minister said, "I cannot preach," thus dismissing us to roll bandages and pick lint for the wounded, to pack large boxes the size of an upright piano, and to reinforce the sanitary commission (served in the field by Hon. Robert M. Haines and Rev. Seth A. Arnold) that is estimated by Col. Benton to have saved 180,000 lives.

I remember the amazement of a distinguished visitor, who finding he was about to address here an audience alive with students, on a political theme, sat seeking to prime himself with a funny story with which to catch the crowd, when a professional, bookish-looking individual, with solemn bearing, advanced

ing to the front of the platform, said, "Let us pray." I remember the long procession of cavalry that passed the door of our solitary college building on its way, as it proved, to the battle fields, the cemeteries and the prison pens of the South. I remember that the students turned out to visit them at their encampment in the grove west of town, to see them tether their horses, cook their coffee, spread their blankets and light up their tents with candles held in an iron mould that was pushed into the ground. I remember how they sang, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," "John Brown's Body,"

"Oh, thus be it e'er when freedom shall stand,  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation.  
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land  
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

I remember the rank patriotism that pervaded our earliest college declamations. "Stand, the ground's your own, my braves." Patrick Henry being the favorite and Spartacus a close second. I remember the animating, thrilling music made here to incite enlistments, by simply a fife and drum, in affecting recollection of which I have secured a snare drum carried in the battle of Gettysburg, with an affidavit proving it, which I shall ask the College to accept. I remember the warmth of the meetings held in the old school house on this square, when the patriotism was generated that caused the many students of Company E of the 4th Iowa Cavalry to enlist. I remember their drills on these grounds about this church, and the pathetic scenes that attended their departure for the front.

I remember the exploits, too numerous to mention, of individual Iowa College men, who, for example, like Lieutenant Thomas T. Baker, now of Butte, Montana, on the day before Lee surrendered, marched on foot fifty-eight miles and during the summer before this marched eighteen hundred miles. I remember accompanying Co. B, of the 46th Regiment, eastward to witness in a sort of town meeting, its election of officers, with whom I thought the common soldiers were too

astonishingly familiar. I remember how these recruits, some of whom never had a gun in their hands before, who shut up their grammars and lexicons with a bang, carrying their extra clothing in a paper bundle, when togged out in the accoutrements, a complete set of which, tin dipper, canteen, knapsack, haversack, musket and bayonet carried throughout the war, having been at length secured, I shall ask the College to accept. I remember how the merest lads, left at home, first hung and then burned in the streets the effigy of that man whom I never attempt to classify, J. Davis, who betrayed the flag under which he learned to drill at his country's expense, who at length ran away with the money belonging to the soldiers and tried at last to be his own mother-in-law, and failed as usual. I remember how the war, forcing a condition of affairs never before known, opened wide the doors to woman, whose meritorious services in the south, as in the case of Mary E. Snell, no figures can estimate.

I remember the invalid days of those returning home to still look death steadily in the face, like Scott, with whom I once roomed, and Ford, whom I visited, but by whose pale lips no word of complaint was ever syllabled, nor of regret that they had served their country at such a frightful cost. At the head of the lake of the Forest Cantons, at the foot of a terraced garden, across a calm, leaf-shadowed pool, cut into the precipitous rock is the realization of Thorwaldsen's great thought, the dying Lion of Lucerne. Nothing can be more majestic than his attitude. He has exhausted his strength in battle. His body is pierced by a mortal arrow. There is something almost human in the face, in those eyes and the drooping mouth. Agony is expressed in every line of that sad strong face. Nothing in ancient sculpture, not even the Dying Gladiator, portrays more of mournful dignity in death. There is a soul in his look. Never was an act of courage more simply and yet more grandly set forth. This memorial commemorates the valor of the Swiss guards who were massacred in Paris during the first revolution. They were

sentinels about the person of Louis Sixteenth. A paw of the lion droops in such a way as to point to their immortal names. Great grief has few words, but they are these, "August 10th, and September 2nd and 3rd, 1792. These are the names of those who, not to be found wanting to the sacred faith of their oath, bravely fighting fell." Mourning her sons, whose gallant defense of our Union and our flag cost them their noble lives, Iowa College points to their names, inscribed upon the tablet at the entrance of Alumni Hall. Here is a monument that has not outlived its history, like those of the mound builders, containing unintelligible relics of a forgotten race, when even tradition supplies nothing for them to commemorate. Primeval forests have flourished above them and decayed. Who knows what secret of science, or religion, or astronomy, or numbers, or priest, or architect, or king, the pyramids of Egypt guard. In the distant quarries from which they and Memnon came single stones already cut, so vast that a hundred regiments could hardly move them, still wait as they have for forty centuries for workmen and for wains that never came to take them.

While building the monument of its heroes, the Nation has forgotten why those heroes died. This memorial of ours, however, seems instinct with a love that floods could not drown nor a hurricane efface. Like the old clock at Vicksburg, that continued its tick, tick, tick, when all the city beside was swept by Gen. Grant's cannon, so this tablet was saved as by a miracle when our college buildings were swept from the face of the earth by a cyclone's besom. Her feelings too, are those of sorrow, mingled with pride. She laments her unmeasured loss. She had fancied them shining resplendent in a constellation of letters. Their life closed at its climax. Others grow old, but these sons are endowed with immortal youth:—Jones, Loring, Shanklin, Cassady, Ellis, Craver, Dowd who was starved at Andersonville, Hobbs, Holland and Thompson. These all died from one cause. Let us believe with Socrates, as he listened to Timarchus, that the heroes

and sages and martyrs of the past are not indifferent in the present to the sacred objects and companions of their lives.

There is a beautiful fancy of Pagan mythology, which contends that soldiers who have been distinguished in battle are allowed to meet in the happy fields of Elysium and talk over the events of the contest in which they engaged. Can we not imagine that those who have gone down to their windowless homes, furloughed this week from their relentless bondage of the grave, are with us sympathetically and are aware of our presence upon these classic grounds which they once chose to tread, and hence know that we are here in part to commemorate their devotion. We have come to wipe away the dust from the earlier picture of our Alma Mater. To retouch it and reframe it and to hold it up to men, that they should admire her part in reuniting the nation and emancipating the slaves. Hail to a college that can boast such sons, and that in 1862 held back from her country's service no one male student who was fit by his years for military duty. Hail to the Collegians that took up the Ark of the Covenant and bore it forward, before whom God divided the waters, and set it beyond danger in peace, in security and in honor. Hail to the men that in the face of rebel obstruction cried, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and cleared the highway that the mighty pageant of a free people could pass on to its glory. Hail to the heroes that made a *United States* history, that will shine with increasing luster, the cynosure of the misruled, the persecuted and the oppressed. All honor to Levi C. Ela, who was the first from Iowa College to enlist, and to Norman F. Bates, who captured a rebel flag in that night attack at Columbus. All honor to the Fourth Iowa Cavalry, traveling 12,000 miles, becoming the first veteran volunteer regiment from Iowa, receiving a costly silk flag from the Loyal Woman's League, standing at length as victors, having captured the capital of Alabama, in the very audience chamber where the first organized secession movement began.

All honor to Lieutenant Thomas T. Baker, Iowa College's

Goliath of Gath, detailed April 9th, 1865, at Appomatox, as commander of one hundred men to assist at the surrender of General Lee to General Grant, in receiving the confederate arms, drawing up his line of provost guards when the confederate cavalry and infantry marched up and threw their arms in a long pile before him, and the great rebellion was over. Praise be to God that has given us a generation of national life bright with His light and better deserving study than a whole century of history in any other time or of any other people. All honor to our professors in those self-denying days, who communicated the spirit and set the step for our martial expressions. Hail to the brave, clean, beautiful town of Grinnell, friend of the student, field of his struggles, and the ideal of his later labors in temperance, good citizenship and in general helpfulness toward all those whose ambition exceeds their resources. Hail to the Alma Mater, nourisher of missionaries and patriots in commemoration of whose fiftieth birthday a multitude of her children have come together to do her honor and say "Thank you, Mother, Live Forever." Hail Iowa College, whose roots are gone down into the regions of perpetual spring, whose life is vital and whose future is assured.

"Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF DR. ELIZABETH HESS.

BY MRS. ROSE ANKENY LEWIS, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



SINCE first there was town and country, the city child has no doubt felt vastly superior to the little country cousin, and has made himself disagreeable and the little cousin correspondingly miserable by his various manifestations of the feeling. Poor city child!

His triumph is short and confined to the days of youth. The shy and awkward little country cousin fits readily into city ways, takes advantage of city opportunities, masters the elegancies of city living. Standing finally upon a plane of perfect equality with the city bred, he looks back with thankful heart upon that childhood spent in the country, and pities him among whose early recollections are to be found no such happy memories.

To those who knew intimately Elizabeth Hess, the woman, it will seem only right and proper to learn that the early years of her life were spent amidst the wholesome influences of the country. Out of her childish delight in the cool forests and sunny slopes of her Ohio home, grew that full and joyous appreciation of nature which made a ride with her through country lanes and by-ways, a treat to be long remembered. The practical features of farm life, too, made upon her young mind an impression which never faded, and it was no insignificant source of her wide-spread popularity, that she could speak understandingly and with interest, to one concerning some pet scheme of cultivation, to another concerning his horses, and to yet another of her butter-making and her poultry.

To the imaginative little girl the beauties of nature brought sweet poetic fancies, and her quaint expressions of them have survived the intervening years, and now remain at once a pleasure and a pain to the sensitive, tender mother who has treasured them up.

But, just as in the woman the poetic and fanciful was allowed only to temper and not over-ride the practical, so the mind of the child devoted to out-door life and her beloved pets, early conceived the idea that something must be made of it all, some practical good evolved.

In the spring of her eighth year her father gave her a lamb, and it is curious to hear of her firm resolve to make that sheep educate her. Her earnestness of purpose was fully attested in the way in which she cared for this pet, tended the twin

lambs which followed, and carefully looked after her flock until it comprised twenty sheep. The proceeds of her sheep sale really formed the nucleus of the fund necessary for her education. To this fund she yet further added by teaching district school, and one can readily imagine the satisfaction of such an ambitious spirit, when she was able to avail herself of the advantages for which she had so seriously planned as a child and so earnestly labored as time passed.

Her studies were interrupted by the removal of her family to Iowa City, but were resumed in the new home, and after her graduation from the Normal School in June, 1868, she began again her labors as a teacher, revolving in her mind, no doubt, new schemes for a plan which she eventually carried out.

Those early years of teaching and study, and planning, were full also of a continuous struggle against poor health, and her work in the grammar schools was interrupted by a year's illness.

A characteristic incident of that period of enforced idleness is related by the fond little mother. The doctor said Elizabeth must not tire herself, and must read either nothing at all, or something very light. Elizabeth herself readily assented and said she knew of something she would like very much, which was yet quite light. Then, in answer to the doctor's inquiry, she informed him that she wanted to study medicine.

The doctor laughed at the joke, which was by no means all joke, for then and there was commenced that course of study which finally led to the graduation, in 1876, from the Medical Department of the State University of Iowa, of Dr. Elizabeth Hess. Speaking of this beginning in her life work she always said she began at the wrong end for she started out with a study of "Theory and Practice."

Whatever may have been the disadvantages of those initial days of her professional career, they in no way affected the success of the years during which Dr. Elizabeth Hess made herself beloved and highly valued by the people of her city

and county. At the time she took her degree there were comparatively few women in the medical profession, and those scattered pioneers found no rose-strewn path either to popular favor or the good will of the fraternity. Dr. Hess has many times described her feelings during the season of her first practice. It was her desire to do her work as a man might do it, shirking no duties he would undertake. It was her wish to meet the men of her profession as a brother in the work, with no concessions because of her sex. This attitude toward the public figured largely, no doubt, in the establishment of a practice, both so extensive and so varied as to be rare among women in the profession.

Her brother doctors gave her the welcome her heart desired, and their unfailing courtesy through years of association was a constant source of gratification.

Dr. Elizabeth Hess was a wonderfully versatile, gifted woman, but she was, above all else, a physician. Her profession was her pride—her life. Worthy of admiration in so many ways, it was praise of her work which she valued most. In the pleasures of social life, in the intellectual work of the clubs she took only such part as did not interfere with the duties of her profession. Nature had blessed her with a contralto voice of unusual sweetness, and a sympathetic temperament which rendered her both congenial and helpful to the many really fine musicians who have moved in the cultured circles of Iowa City. But she kept music for her moments of leisure.

The poetic quality of her mind did not pass with childhood, but grew with the woman, and occasionally she gave expression to some quaint sweet fancy, which was carefully hid away and no hint of its existence given. It was only after several years of close acquaintance and friendship that she confessed to any such inspirations, and shyly brought out one or two poems upon the assurance that she would not be laughed at and thought foolish for writing them.

She found diversion in what some might consider the mo-

notony of her daily rounds. Her patients not only appealed to her professional skill, but came to her as character studies, and in each one, no matter how apparently hopeless the case, her clear instinct ferreted out what was best, and capable of being shown to advantage. She met each on his own particular grounds, and so found not only pleasure, but grew and grew into the broad, many-sided character whose loss is felt, one may truthfully say, by an entire community.

Yet in this wonderful adaptation of herself to many needs and many natures she never swerved from the line of right, never gave an inch of the high ground on which she took her stand. Where is to be found one whom she influenced for anything but the very best and highest possible? But many are those whom she has led through the darkness of sorrow and despair into the brightness of a life made worth living by better and purer effort.

Of the beauty of her home life but few of those who called themselves friends caught any glimpse. Those, however, who enjoyed the privilege of entering the Hess family circle, found in her ever the loving, attentive daughter and the fond, affectionate sister. She was the warm companion of that sturdy, upright father, who passed on before her, and a watchful guardian of the health of the fond, delicate mother, who can yet hardly believe that her daughter is no more.

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Enthusiastic and efficient in her work, Dr. Hess was blessed with an unusually cheerful presence, a hearty candor and good will—seemingly the embodiment of sunshine itself—to which, as well as to her knowledge and skill, her patients must have been greatly indebted.

I remember her well as a student in whom all the graces of attractive young womanhood were conjoined with a laudable ambition to be useful in the world. For this, her ambition, she put aside all coquetry and prudery, choosing to be simply a student and worker, and we, her fellow-students in the amphitheatre and dissecting room, accepted frankly as it was

offered the most delightful *camaraderie*, on a plane above sex, from which both rudeness and gallantry, as such, were excluded. It had not been thought possible that such a relation among youth could be maintained, but she and others like her, bright, fearless and pure, silenced all questioning tongues.

To the true womanliness and quiet courage of such pioneers as Dr. Hess the many able women physicians of to-day are largely indebted for the enjoyment of equal opportunities and equal honors with their professional brothers. She won the position for which she strove; we, her associates, were the gainers for her pure companionship; and the world—both her immediate circle and the world at large—was and is the better for her helpful life, alas! all too soon cut short.

C. H. PRESTON.

*Davenport, September 20, 1898.*

#### IN MEMORIAM—DR. ELIZABETH HESS.

Natus, March 23, 1845: Obiit, April 21, 1898.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

The members of the Johnson County Medical Society have for many years enjoyed the companionship of Dr. Elizabeth Hess. And from the beginning of her professional life, until the inevitable summons hence, she asked and was accorded a comradeship as a physician by all; demanding that, a woman, she should receive neither less nor more than the consideration accorded by the letter and spirit of our ethical code of honor. That which she asked as a right, was promptly given by all. And to us she was in all professional relations, simply and singly, Dr. Hess. But, however assiduously our lives are given to professional work, as a part of the great world we remain men and women, and in this sense, our dear sister was more than a colleague; she was known to us and loved as a most womanly woman.

To many of us come recollections of kindly ministrations in hours of anguish, and tender consolations in times of affliction;



and often have we known her as the bearer of the benign balm of sympathy to hearts sore crushed.

As a colleague, she has left a vacancy in our ranks that can only be filled when those of us, who bore the heat and burden of the day with her, have joined the "innumerable caravan," and as a dearly loved friend, her cherished memory will be enshrined in our hearts, to abide with us even into the dark waters, and beyond so far as it may be permitted that any shall carry the memory and affections of this life into that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler e'er returns."

It is not fitting that this memorial of a friend and colleague should be confined to mere personal expressions of our own loss. She occupied a wider sphere than the professional and social one of our comradeship. Like all of the busy workers

of life's great drama, the circle of her influence touched many external relations; some of these will have notice from other ties of companionship, many will be acknowledged in solitary lives, and among none more deeply felt, than by those whose tale will encumber no ear, and whose silence will conceal what many words could never express. But, after the habit of our craft, sparing in eulogy, even as she would desire, justice demands the expression of one tribute, which many of her sex, far scattered, will acknowledge.

Upon the young women gathered from all parts of the State and country, into the new and sometimes trying relations of University life, she has, for a quarter of a century, been a mentor, a companion, a guide and a friend, whose wholesome influence will extend past her life into generations yet unborn; an influence for good that none but a woman, generous and self-sacrificing, a physician skilled and living in the higher atmosphere of professional obligation to her kind, could possibly have exerted. This work was to her an ever present duty, which public recognition would have rendered futile and applause have chilled.

She knew and we knew, and the recipients of her kindly interest will sometime know, that the reward of the conscientious servant of fellow men was with her. And that this good work was done, that her colleagues knew of it, gratified her only worldly ambition.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,  
Now the hidden things are clear;  
Now the work of life is tried  
By a juster judge than here.  
Father, in thy gracious keeping,  
Leave we now, Thy servant sleeping."

E. F. CLAPP, M. D.,  
C. M. HOBBY, M. D.,  
L. W. LITTIG, M. D.,

*Committee.*

## DR. CHARLES A. SCHAEFFER.

JUST as our October number had gone to press, death claimed a victim in the man who stood at the head of the educational forces of the State. After eleven years of tireless labor in behalf of the State University of Iowa, the fruits of which he saw ripening into an abundant harvest, his heart throbbing with glad anticipation, suddenly ceased to beat. Of his life and work a sketch will appear in our April number.

## DEATHS.

DR. MOSES J. MORSMAN died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Louisa A. Porter, on Bloomington Street, Iowa City, Monday evening, September 12, 1898, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

He had been a resident of Johnson County for more than half a century, and since his wife died, eighteen years ago, has made his home with Mrs. Porter.

The doctor came of an old and long-lived family. His grandfather, Oliver, was born in Princeton, Mass., January 19, 1760, of parents who had immigrated to the colonies from Aberdeen, Scotland. Oliver served all through the struggle for independence, was wounded at Bunker Hill, received a sergeant's pension and afterwards, in 1817, wrote a pamphlet entitled, "A History of Breed's (commonly called Bunker's Hill) battle, fought between provincial troops and the forces of George III."

One of Oliver's brothers remained steadfast to the crown and suffered all the obloquy attached to the term "Tory."

The doctor's father, Martin, served in the war of 1812 and received a pension. He made his home near Sackett's Harbor, N. Y. In one of the sudden attacks of the enemy, on that point the mother hurried away on horseback carrying her child in her arms. As he was that baby it was one of the

doctor's jokes in after life to declare that he was one of the mounted men of the war of 1812.

Martin died May 17, 1897, lacking but two weeks of reaching the advanced age of ninety-four years. An old biography reads: "Almost to the last his senses, judgment and memory were as keen and sound as in his prime," his mind was "as fresh, as buoyant and joyful as that of a boy."

This Martin left two sons, the elder, Ephriam P., still lives at the old home near Sackett's Harbor, and in the ninetieth year of his age has good use of his faculties; the younger was the doctor, now deceased, at the age of eighty-six.

The doctor was born near Sackett's Harbor, May 20, 1812. By hard work and determination he secured a place in the medical profession and practiced in the region around the Thousand Isles, then a border land occupied by the rugged men who form the pioneer lines of settlement.

In 1834 the young doctor started west on horseback, and in 1835 came to Castalia, Ohio. Here he met Miss Mary M. Hubbard and within a year she became his wife—May 22, 1836. She proved to be a help-meet indeed. Her children cannot say enough of her ability and goodness. Mrs. Col. Hepburn says, "she seemed to have all the feminine graces."

She was also a fine but quiet manager. Miss Hubbard also belonged to an old family. Her great-grandfather Hubbard was a captain of minute men in the Revolution and gave his life for liberty. Her grandfather lived to be eighty years old and her father died in Iowa City in 1880 at the age of eighty-three. The mother was a Falley, a cousin of ex-President Grover Cleveland, and both were descendants of Lieutenant Richard Falley, famous in the old French and Indian war and also in the later Revolutionary struggle. The old Falley homestead still stands near Westfield, Mass.

Twelve children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Morsman; four died in infancy, and eight, six sons and two daughters, are still living.

In 1846 Iowa contained something over 100,000 people.

The Territory had been created in 1838. Statehood was conferred December, 1846. Glowing accounts of the new region across the Mississippi reached Ohio and Dr. Morsman, gathering his family and movables together, joined the emigrant train to this land of promise. He reached Iowa City six months before Iowa was admitted to the Union. The pioneers were well-fixed for that day; it required three wagons to transport the family and the possessions.

For twelve years the doctor practiced his profession and helped advance the interests of the community.

He was a director of the first railroad organization, was president of the board of supervisors, trustee of the University, appraiser of the seventy odd sections of land set apart for its endowment, was Mayor of the city and a good one, a bank president and in every way a useful and influential citizen.

He was strictly temperate, never drank, never smoked, loved a good horse, severe in manner, but at heart kind and sympathetic especially to the poor. He was a close observer, had remarkable self control and scorned a lie.

Through all the hardships of frontier life, with a large family to maintain, he never would spend all his income; he always had something reserved. This is a secret of his financial success.

He had a firm and reliable memory, was a prodigious reader, had an unusually active and vigorous mind, wrought out his own conclusions and stood by them with the utmost firmness.

A strong will went hand in hand with strong convictions and all these qualities made him a leader and when allied with the mother's gentleness and affection, endowed the children with the qualities that have made them so remarkably successful.

The eldest, Melvina A., married Hon. Wm. P. Hepburn, of State and national fame; Edgar M., has filled the offices of general manager, treasurer and president of the Pacific Express Company; Louisa A., married John W. Porter, one of the most highly esteemed men in the community. The whole

city felt bereaved when he died in 1880. Capt. Westel W., is one of the prominent lawyers of Omaha, and did valiant service in the war of the sixties; Harley, Albert, Herman and Dorman, are all successful, prosperous and honorable men. There could be no nobler monument to Dr. Morsman and his faithful wife than the marked success of their children and grand children.

Dr. Morsman gave up the practice of medicine on account of his failing health more than thirty years ago. His wife died in 1880 and the fine old Morsman home on the hill was broken up. His health improved until the past few years of pain and suffering. He was surrounded to the last with every care that love and resources could command. He was anxious for the end. Death came as a friend and deliverer.

The funeral services were held at the Porter home, Thursday, September 15. Rev. T. J. Dow was assisted by ex-President Pickard and Chancellor Craig of Drake University, the latter as an old friend of the family giving the address.

Ex-President Pickard, Dean Currier, Dr. Barrett, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Brainerd and Mr. McChesney were honorary pall bearers. The casket was borne by the sons. All the children were present except Harley and Albert.

Iowa City has enrolled the name of many citizens on its honor roll because they were gifted beyond ordinary men. Dr. Morsman belongs among them. They are the men that make a country great.\*

A. B. C.

ALEXANDER McMILLAN, a native of Maryland, but a citizen of Iowa since 1893, died at Sioux City, September 19, 1898, at the extreme age of one hundred and three years.

FRANCIS SPRINGER, widely known as the President of the Convention which framed the present Constitution of Iowa, in 1857, died at his home in Columbus Junction on Sunday, October 4, 1898, in his eighty-eighth year. A portrait and

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\*Reprinted from the *Iowa City Republican*.

sketch of Judge Springer, the latter by Prof. Parvin. appeared in a recent number of the HISTORICAL RECORD. He was a native of Portland, Maine, but came to Iowa in her territorial days. Among the public stations he held were member of the Territorial and of the State Legislatures, and President of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, County and District Judge, and Internal Revenue Collector under President Grant. He was married in 1842 to Miss Nancy Coleman, who died in 1874. Four of their seven children are living, and have important positions in life. At the time of his death Judge Springer was a member of the State Senate for Louisa and Washington counties.

DR. WILMOT H. DICKINSON, who died at his home in Des Moines, October 26, 1898, was born in the province of Quebec, Canada, September 19, 1828, and was graduated in medicine at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1858, and in New York City in 1865. Shortly after his graduation he came to Iowa and located in Des Moines, and has lived there continually ever since, being the pioneer homœopathic physician of Polk county. Some years ago he wrote a work on "Practice" which has become a standard text book. He also wrote a part of another book upon a medical question and has been the author of several pamphlets. His connection with the University began in 1876, when he was elected to fill the Chair of Theory and Practice and which position he held at the time of his death, and in 1892 became Dean of the Faculty. He has twice been President of the State Hahnemann Association of Iowa, and also President of the Polk County Society. He was appointed by Governor Gear a member of the State Board of Health, re-appointed by Governor Sherman and by Governor Boies to fill a vacancy, serving ten years on the board. His has been an active, busy and useful life. He was for years an active member of the Baptist church, and a true, upright, Christian gentleman. Mrs. Dickinson and three sons, now all grown to manhood, survive him. The oldest, D. W. Dick-

inson, is a practicing physician, the second, Robert Dickinson, is a real estate dealer, while the third, Warren, is a civil engineer, all three residing in Des Moines.

The announcement of his death at the classes in the Homœopathic Medical Department was received with a manifestation of much grief. The different classes held meetings and appointed committees to draft resolutions, and the faculty dismissed the school for the remainder of the week. The building was fittingly draped in black mourning and all business was dispensed with.

The members of the faculty decided to attend the funeral in a body. The entire senior class was also present while the lower classes sent a number of students as a representation of their classes. Dr. George Royal, who has known Dr. Dickinson for years, speaks of his fine executive ability and rare medical training in glowing terms and pays a fitting tribute to his fellow professor.\*

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#### NOTES.

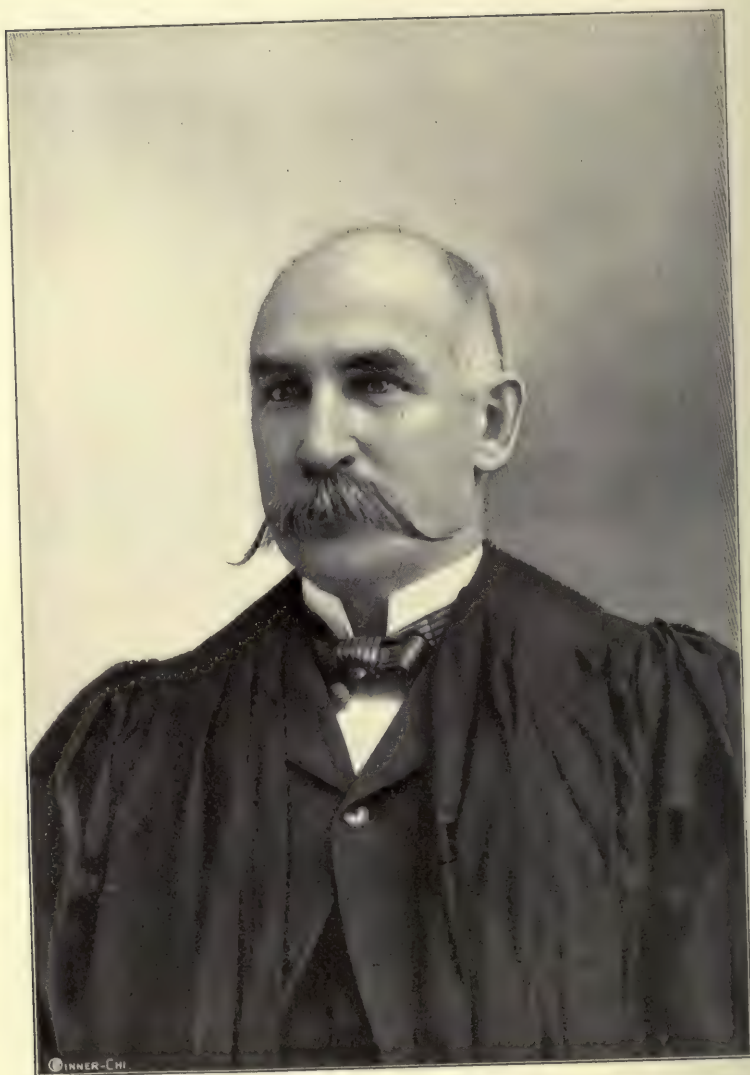
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W. J. Ross, of Pretty Prairie, Kansas, is the son of S. S. Ross, who removed with his family to Burlington, Iowa, November 30, 1833. The younger Ross remained a resident of Iowa, until 1873, living in Jefferson and Wapello counties. So are the old timers scattered.

REFERRING now to another Ross, it is in order to say that General L. F. Ross, a resident of Johnson County for about ten years, who is a veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, and now lives at Lewistown, Illinois, lately delivered a stirring address to members of the G. A. R. in his present home county, promotive of a project to erect a unique monument to four of Illinois' greatest sons now departed—depicting in his oration the grand characters of Lincoln, Douglas, Shields and Baker.

\*Reprinted from the *Iowa City State Press*.





CHARLES ASHMEAD SCHAEFFER.

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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CHARLES ASHMEAD SCHAEFFER.

PRESIDENT OF IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY, 1887-1898.

BY JOHN SPRINGER.



CHARLES ASHMEAD SCHAEFFER was the descendant of families that through many years held high position in American progress and filled a large place in American history. That of his father was for more than a century distinguished for its scholarship and influence upon the thought and life of the United States. His mother was an Ashmead, of Philadelphia, whose ancestors had come to Pennsylvania with William Penn in 1682, and had for nearly two centuries held the same family home in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia.

His great grandfather, David Frederick Schaeffer, came to the American Colonies in company with his uncle, from Frankfort, Germany, in 1776, when he was sixteen years old. The death of this uncle and the opening of the Revolutionary War left him friendless and penniless in a strange land. He had been well educated, and turned his knowledge to account as a school teacher, studied theology and became a Lutheran minister, and at the time of his death, in 1836, was ranked among the first Hebrew and classical scholars of the new world. His son, Frederick Solomon, was an eminent Lutheran

minister and filled high positions in the church of eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland. His son, Charles William (father of President Schaeffer), was perhaps the best known and the most widely honored of this distinguished family. He was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1813, and died in Philadelphia in 1896—a long life, full of public honors and gracious work. He was especially prominent in educational lines and in religious and doctrinal authorship, and his labors were of inestimable value to the Lutheran church of America. He was the author of a "History of the Lutheran Church of America," and of many other works, and for more than thirty years was professor of ecclesiastical history in the Philadelphia Theological Seminary, and for some time its president.

During his pastorate at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania (1841-1849), was born on August 14th, 1843, his son, Charles Ashmead Schaeffer. The early education of this son was very thorough. He was fitted for college at the Germantown Academy where his father and two grandfathers had preceded him as students. That his progress was very rapid and his attainments thorough is evidenced by the fact that in 1861, when not yet eighteen years old, he was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His uncle, Dr. William Ashmead, wished him to study medicine, and he entered a pharmacy and began a laboratory course in Philadelphia, and later at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1862 he became private secretary to his uncle, General Herman Haupt, then stationed in Virginia, but sickness compelled his return home. The following year he volunteered as a member of Landis's Philadelphia Light Battery, made up mostly of young men from prominent Philadelphia families. He was engaged in a skirmish at Carlisle, just preceding Gettysburg, where he was promoted and specially commended for gallant conduct in battle.

In 1863 he left the army, and having manifested a decided favor for scientific study he entered the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University, where he remained two years,

his remarkable progress attracting the favorable notice of Professor Wolcott Gibbs and securing to him the personal friendship of that distinguished scientist. Before completing the course at Harvard, he went to Union College, Schenectady, New York, ("Old Union") where for two years he was instructor in chemistry, and for a time thereafter chemist in an Albany paper manufactory.

In the early part of 1867 he resigned this position, and went abroad for opportunities in the study of advanced chemistry, not then attainable in America, and during two years was the student of the distinguished Professor Wöhler, at Göttingen, where in 1868 he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. For a year succeeding he studied metallurgy at the Berlin School of Mines, and completed his foreign studies by a course of six months in Paris.

While studying at Paris he was elected by the trustees of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, to the chair of General and Analytical Chemistry and Mineralogy. At this time he was not yet twenty-six years of age, and the election of one so young to so important a position in that great institution, is sufficient testimony to his intellectual endowment and the reputation he had gained as teacher and student.

Upon his coming to Cornell the chemical department was broadened and entirely reorganized, two professors having before conducted the work, and he being added to the staff, with assistants, of course. He, as the youngest professor, and perhaps the most ambitious, endeavored to accomplish the greatest amount of work, and it was quite usual for him to sacrifice his luncheon hour to the preparation or illustration of a lecture. His well balanced mind, his deliberate methods, and immense capacity for work were very early observed and he had abundant opportunity in service on faculty committees, which probably gave him more work than any other member of the faculty. Professor Schaeffer was, for the last year of his term at Cornell, Dean of the Faculty. In the absence of the President (Andrew D. White), he was usually called to

the chair and the service he rendered in that trying position was very acceptable to his fellow professors. Cornell University, as one of the first schools of the East, was kept fully abreast of modern thought and progress, and Professor Schaeffer grew with the school, his tireless energy, his excellent methods of instruction and his prompt appreciation of all new discoveries in the world of science and investigation giving him a standing and name that was of honor to that institution.

While in this school, though he never in any way posed as "the students' friend," he was always liked by them, because they knew him to be wholly honest and perfectly fair in his treatment of each. He was not a good professor to "play tricks on," and this was soon found out, and gained him additional respect. The lecture room, in the temporary laboratory, during the earlier years of his professorship, was pretty cold on severe days in winter, and when the thermometer in the room indicated quite near the freezing point, it was the custom to dismiss the class. On one occasion the mercury pointed to the indicated degree, but his quick eye detected the wet spot on the floor caused by the melting of the snow that had been placed upon the thermometer bulb to bring the mercury down, and his smile, as he began on his lecture told the class that he understood the cause; uproarious applause greeted his action, and the students testified in more ways than one that they liked him the better.

He was always willing to respond to an appeal from his fraternity by spending an evening at the chapter house and giving "the boys" a good stiff exercise in chemistry.

Dr. Schaeffer remained at Cornell University nineteen years, exercising a large and important influence in its educational growth. From the time of entering upon his studies until the day of his death he was not only a student, but more, he was an investigator. To no man was the motto "*laissez faire*" more repugnant; action and advance were the lines upon which he worked and lived. His nineteen years at Ithaca were on the whole congenial and profitable. He was associated with

a faculty of scholarly and able men, who were engaged in giving form and distinction to one of the greatest of modern Universities, and into this work he entered with an earnestness characteristic of his thoroughness.

Dr. Schaeffer became during his stay the head of the very important chemical department of Cornell, and when with the growth of the school, the business of the president's office became so large as to require the assistance of a Dean, he was selected by the trustees as obviously the man for the place. Here his impartiality, his fairness and manly sympathy in dealing with students, especially in cases of difficulty, secured their confidence and respect, and made him one of the best liked as well as the best known members of the faculty. A year of double work, as professor and Dean had borne heavily upon him, when very unexpectedly he was invited to consider the presidency of the Iowa State University.

In January 1887, Dr. Josiah L. Pickard, who had for nine years been at the head of the State University, privately notified the regents of his intention to resign the presidency, to take effect that summer, and this intention was made public in March. The resignation, very unexpectedly to the regents, of Dr. Pickard, and the necessity of selecting a new president, was perhaps a determining influence in bringing about a reorganization of the collegiate faculty of the University, which resulted in calling for the resignations of Dr. S. N. Fellows, Profs. L. F. Parker, and N. R. Leonard, and the entire abolition of another chair. These changes were, of course, in no wise connected with the choice of a new president.

There was, perhaps, something incongruous and a trifle undignified in a portion of the proceedings in the choosing of a president. A number of gentlemen were invited to come to Iowa City, bringing with them any references or recommendations they might deem proper, and meet the Board of Regents. Here they were taken before the board, at first "en masse," then one by one, and "examined" as delicately and courteously as possible, and an estimate made by the board as to how

each would serve. President Pickard, with the tact and "old school" kindliness, of which he is so excellent an exponent, gathered the gentlemen, made "candidates" in this manner, at a dinner party at his home, and put them at ease with each other and in better harmony with this somewhat peculiar situation. One who knows Dr. Schaeffer well writes of this:

"There came a letter from D. N. Richardson, asking Prof. Schaeffer if he would be willing to become a candidate for the presidency of the State University of Iowa. His growing feeling that perhaps he might find his best scope in executive work made him somewhat inclined to look favorably on the idea, and yet he did not care enough to make any very strong effort, and he wrote Mr. Richardson that he was unwilling to enter into any competitive struggle for the place. He was willing to go out to Iowa, as much to see as to be seen. He was utterly taken by surprise when he found himself one of six or eight men, who were all ranged before the Regents for examination. The situation appealed to his sense of humor, and he felt indifferent to the result. It was a grey, slushy day at the end of March, and he was homesick and willing to turn his back on the University of Iowa and go contentedly back to Cornell. However, he had his say when his time came."

When the gentlemen, thus made "candidates" for the executive headship of Iowa's greatest educational institution had been interviewed by the Regents, their choice rested between Dr. Schaeffer, and Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, of the chair of mathematics at Dartmouth, and David Starr Jordan of the University of Indiana. Mr. Richardson visited these gentlemen's homes and the choice of Professor Schaeffer, made by the Regents, was at once confirmed on the report sent from the east by Mr. Richardson.

His only executive experience had been in the position of Dean of Cornell's faculty. It is interesting to note how entirely he fulfilled the predictions made of him in 1887; the two first letters being from gentlemen in Ithaca, the one, as I recall from Henry W. Sage, one of the trustees of the University, the other from Dr. Andrew D. White, and the third from Dr. Angell, of Michigan University. The letters were published in 1887 in an Iowa City paper, being printed from the originals with the authors' names omitted at Mr. Richardson's request.

"His tastes and abilities are rather on the executive than on the professorial side. This has long been recognized at Cornell, by the Faculty, by ex-president Andrew D. White and by his successor Dr. C. K. Adams. During the absence of President White the faculty was accustomed to elect him to the chair at their faculty meetings, and during all that executive's administration he was selected for such executive work as Dr. White could not do himself. Since the coming of Dr. Adams there has been devised for Professor Schaeffer the office of Dean of the Faculty, in order to enable him to share regularly the work of administration. He has systemized the work, and under the new system it has been carried on more easily and smoothly with over eight hundred students than under the old system it used to be with four hundred. He certainly has a decided gift, both as a presiding officer, as manager within the University, and in maintaining friendly relations with parties outside with whom he has to do. Prof. Schaeffer is a man of fine presence and pleasing address. He is generally liked by the faculty, and students and the public."

"There is no doubt in my mind as to the eminent fitness of Prof. Schaeffer for the presidency of the State University of Iowa. He comes of a scholarly family, and has had advantages in his education that few can lay claim to. First, a regular classical course in the University of Pennsylvania; then a scientific training in the Lawrence scientific school under Wolcott Gibbs, and in Göttingen under Wöhler; and, subsequently a long and successful career as teacher in Cornell. These facts are, I dare say, known to you, but I mention them as matters of my personal knowledge upon which I base (in part) my opinion of Prof. Schaeffer's qualifications for the position in question. He has, further, the dignity, enthusiasm, geniality, and firmness, which are necessary for the presidency of an institution of learning. His associates have always had the kindest affection for him, and his students are enthusiastic in his praise. I know very well that the necessary qualifications for a successful college president, who shall worthily represent the college to the outside world, as well as efficiently conduct the work within its walls, are very difficult to find in one person; but I feel sure that I can safely say that Prof. Schaeffer has the learning, the experience, the judgment, and the tact that would serve him in good stead if he were put in charge of your University.

"The Dean is really the executive officer of the faculty, and has to do with students in their relation with the government of the University. He has been firm and wise in all his work. His relations with members of the faculty have always been agreeable. He has in an unusual degree the happy faculty of getting on well with them."

Dr. Schaeffer was inaugurated as president of the State University on June 22nd, 1887, though he did not assume the duties of the position until the following September. It was a ceremonial of great and unusual dignity. The formal commencement oration was delivered by United States Senator William B. Allison, whose presidential aspirations, supported

heartily by Iowa with a large following in other states, made him one of the most conspicuous figures in public life in the United States, and lent to his presence on the platform a notable importance; Governor William Larrabee represented the State; George J. Boal spoke for the people of Iowa City; Professor Thomas H. Macbride for the University faculty, in a beautiful little address that rings as true to-day as then with sincerity, loyalty, and manly affection; Professor Albert Loughridge, then just home from missionary work in India, for the alumni; and Mr. William H. Stutsman, of Burlington, for the undergraduate students. For the last time Dr. J. L. Pickard spoke in public meeting as the official head of the University in welcoming his successor, in words that moved every heart and brought before all the nobility of his manhood and the deep affection he possessed for the University when he voluntarily put off the crown of its headship that it might be placed upon one younger in years and greater in physical strength.

Dr. Schaeffer in his inaugural address dwelt upon "The Development of the University," and from this an extract is selected as outlining in a measure his ideal for the institution.

"May not we who are responsible for the success of the University hope that the time will soon come when we shall be able to show to the citizens of the State and to the world at large that we aim at making it an institution where the best instruction is given in all the higher branches of learning—an institution where not only the best general education may be obtained, but where ample facilities are offered for the numerous lines of work which are so loudly demanded by the spirit of the age?

"Taking it for granted then, that we have the first requisite, the faculty, let us see what we can do to render their efforts most successful. We should supply them freely with the numerous accessories which the modern methods of education require. Laboratories must be built and thoroughly equipped with the best and most recent apparatus and appliances; the library must be supplied with the books and journals which are so vitally necessary to the student in every department; charts and models must be provided for instruction in all branches of science; and additions must be made to the various collections so well begun in our museum.

"Then, too, we must not forget that it is our duty to train the body as well as the mind. Let me complete the list of our wants by mentioning the gymnasium. Time was when the college authorities gave no thought to the sub-

ject of physical culture. The cultivation of the mind alone was regarded as their legitimate field of labor and all attempts to interest them in the physical development of the students committed to their care were obstinately resisted. To-day, however, we look at the matter from a more enlightened standpoint, and the foremost colleges of the land are without exception provided with gymnasiums and all the necessary apparatus. This I regard as a matter of great importance.

"Hitherto the State has with a generous hand contributed all that seemed for the time to be necessary. But can we not by the results accomplished convince the people of the State that we deserve still further aid and encouragement? Can we not prove to them that every contribution with which they entrust us will be well spent, and that every dollar which they invest in this institution will be made to yield a tenfold profit? Are not the citizens of Iowa ambitious in the matter of the higher education to use every endeavor to place their State University on an even footing with the best colleges and universities of the land? For my part, I come animated by the highest hopes for the future. While fully appreciating the magnitude of the work already accomplished, while freely admitting the high position already attained, while admiring the industry, the courage, the enthusiasm of the men who have spent the best years of their lives in working out the problems connected with the foundation and development of the University, I nevertheless realize that the world is not standing still, that progress is the order of the day, that the goal is still further on. I believe that it is the sincere desire of the people of the State, that this University should be enabled to enlarge its field of influence, to perfect its methods, to increase its facilities, to take the high rank that it deserves, and so to return more value to the State. And therefore I am confident that the State, whose ward it is, will not suffer it to languish for want of means, but will, as occasion requires, come nobly to its support.

"But, let me ask, is the State the only source to which we may look for aid? Are not the men and women of this State as generous as those of any other State in the Union? May we then not confidently hope for substantial aid and comfort from our fellow-citizens? When we study the history of the higher educational institutions of this country, we find that with few exceptions they have been founded and are supported by the contributions of private individuals. In the past quarter of a century so many and large have been the gifts to colleges and universities by citizens of this Republic as to excite the admiration of the whole civilized world. Were I to attempt to enumerate the names merely of those who have given their hundreds of thousands or their millions, I should weary you with the length of the list. But their names are well known, not only in their own country, but wherever the American scholar is found in the wide world."

Dr. Schaeffer's induction into the presidency of the University fell upon troublous times. Only the day preceding his inauguration, the enforced resignation of three members of the Collegiate faculty and the removal of another had set in

motion a resentful feeling that eventuated one year later in the useless and fruitless "investigation" by a legislative committee, whose colorless report and voluminous records are already lodged in the oblivion of the capital vaults with other as useless and fruitless legislative inquiries. But the action of the Regents, taken in the sincere belief that it was best for the University, stirred a sentiment of opposition and criticism that inspired to some extent press, and pulpit, and home. It was not of hostility to the President, nor to the faculty, but rather toward the Regents, yet Dr. Schaeffer felt its breath in a manifestation of coldness and standing aloof. A near friend of his in speaking of it, uses this phrasing: "When one goes to a new place one knows that there must be some disappointment, but when he came to the presidency of the University the wholly unexpected quarter from which disappointment came was the students. He had for nineteen years maintained so close relations with the young people at Cornell that this attitude of Iowa students harassed and saddened him not a little; but it did not last long, and he soon came into the closest and most friendly relations with them," and was to all the young men and women a counselor and friend. It was his purpose to be a friend in the broadest sense to every young man and young woman in the institution, and to this end he labored constantly. There was no enterprise of the students, no project that had for its end the building up and broadening the social life and power of the University that did not receive his prompt and liberal support.

No student came to or left the University, more particularly in the Collegiate Department, whose moral, religious and material welfare was not close to Dr. Schaeffer's heart. To him they were his boys and his girls, and he charged himself in what now seems undue measure with the responsibility of their welfare. Only a few intimate friends knew the wounds upon his great heart in some cases, or how he labored when others had ceased to hope.

Entering upon the University work he voluntarily (for he

had not expected to either teach or lecture) took for his duty in the class room the instruction in chemistry of the medical and dental students, and later added lectures upon medical jurisprudence. Here, in the class and lecture room, his ready sympathy in their studies and his patient willingness to offer explanation at once made him a favorite. But this he was soon obliged to give up, for he had before him a task that had presented itself even before his entering upon the presidency;—a task that had grown upon Dr. Pickard and had many times sorely tried him to devise expedients to meet the demands made upon an insufficiently supported institution.

Aside from its small endowment fund, that yields but a little portion of its income, the University was obliged to depend upon appropriations by the Legislature. These appropriations had never met the measure that faculty and officers and Regents knew to be absolutely requisite to enable the institution to hold its own with other schools that were in keen competition with it. Dr. Pickard had laid a broad and generous foundation in this effort, and the alumni of the school had nobly answered his call for aid in bringing its needs before the people and the Legislature.

The members of the Board of Regents, who had discerned in Dr. Schaeffer the noble and tireless qualities that fitted him for the presidency of the University at this critical time, found in him the man fitted for the place and qualified for the highest educational office of the State. Coming to Iowa as a stranger, he was not long in demonstrating by his signal ability as the leader of a strong, united and devoted faculty, and as an organizer of public sentiment throughout the State that he sought the greatest things for the University, not for his own, or its faculty's, nor indeed for the institution's glory, but for the good of the State in the broader, liberal education of its people. His masterful, conservative leadership was deeply impressed upon the alumni and through them upon the people of Iowa. When he had filled the presidency but two years he began his work to secure for the institution a permanent tax, thus

placing it above dependence upon biennial appropriations and upon a solid footing of assured income.

Though this effort failed in 1892 and in 1894, the work done bore fruit two years later, when a tax for buildings was secured, and though all too small for the growing institution, it was a beginning, where a few years before there was scarce more than hope.

He did not underrate the disfavor with which the word "tax" was received, but he knew the necessity for a tax. He was aware of the antagonism aroused, but he relaxed no effort, and when in 1896 the tax was carried in the Legislature he said "At last the corner is turned—the future is secure."

This was not done without work, and in that work President Schaeffer was a host. Throughout the State he urged the interest and needs of the University with a confidence and courage that commanded unqualified respect and sincere support.

Others might become discouraged with the unequal contest, but he never ceased to labor, never lost faith that in the end the work of alumni and friends of higher education would secure for the institution buildings, equipment, and means commensurate with the educational needs of the State, putting it upon an equal footing with the greatest and most advanced schools of the west. And this faith inspired others, so that the effort kept on, and if one laid it down he found two to take it up and press on.

The growth of the University kept pace with his work. In his report to the Regents, made over one year ago, for presentation to the General Assembly, he reviewed ten years of his presidency. In 1887, there were 571 students, in 1897, 1,334; in 1897 the collegiate students (644) outnumbered the entire enrollment of ten years earlier; then the number of instructors was 48, in 1897, 101. In 1887, the income from fees and tuition was but \$17,768.23; in 1897, it had more than trebled, being, \$54,783.61, but the total income had not doubled, for while it was \$95,254.11 in 1887, it had but reached \$146,-

799.59 at the time of his report. The library had grown from 18,000 volumes to 43,000. From 113 courses of study the curriculum had broadened to 237. In those ten years there had been erected by the State, the Chemical Laboratory, the Dental Building, the Homœopathic Building, and the Medical Hospital—at a cost of about \$150,000, and Close Hall had been erected by private subscription. The first graduate was sent out in 1858. In June, 1887, the total number of graduates was but 2,643; when he wrote in 1897, it had risen to 4,752; and to these are to be added the graduates of 1898, 287, making a total of 5,039 of whom 2,396 received their degrees under Dr. Schaeffer's presidency and from his hands.

In these eleven years of work he was encouraged and assisted by faculties working together for the institution. He was the head, but without their united assistance he could not have led in so grand results. It was one of the strongest points of his masterful character that he could command the undivided support of the broadest educators, as well as of the specialists whose field of work was centered in a single department. His relations with all the members of the faculties were always harmonious and personally pleasant.

It had been said during his life-time, that he leaned to the scientific rather than to the literary development of the University. He did not do so intentionally. It was rather that the popular demand augmented the more rapid development of the scientific, or practical, side of the institution. Old alumni will recall when (Rev.) Robert C. Glass, on graduation, delivered a Latin oration, the last given in the University perhaps. The State gave money for the building of the Medical, the Science, the Chemical, Dental and Homœopathic buildings, but it was not until the Regents were given the control of the funds secured by the tax levy that the Collegiate building was obtained and they have designed it to be the greatest of the University buildings. Dr. Schaeffer did not overestimate the value of results—of tangible returns. A man of literary as well as scientific education, he sought to

hold the literary side of the University equal to the physical. When his only son was a student in the institution he guided him to a literary course, and he was one of the graduates of 1897 who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts as his father had thirty-seven years before. He was too broad-minded to be narrow in any matter. He had had experience in the world of education to know how futile the attempt to drive men where one can not lead.

The magnificent new Collegiate building, now in course of erection, interested him greatly. He had urged delay in this work until funds were secured to make it the grandest building of the institution. He turned the first sod when its site was staked, and on September 5th was photographed for the last time in a group picture when the oldest oak on the campus was removed to make way for the Collegiate hall.

To the students he was more than president; he was a leader in all that went to strengthening and unifying into an university fellowship the entire student body. His presence, his work, and his purse were at the call of every enterprise that tended to the advantage of students, nor was he chary in any-one of these particulars.

He carried his burdens lightly. With the perfection of physical manhood and well trained habits of mind, he was never so busy but that he had time to do more, and it was simply characteristic of his industry that during his last vacation he took up the study of the Dutch language, and in that very brief time had acquired a fair reading acquaintance with it. Iowa City knew him as one of its broadest minded, most liberal citizens. During his eleven years of residence there was no movement for the expansion and building of the city's interests in which he was not a worker. And in the social and religious activities of the town he bore a most prominent part; and when sometimes told that he was doing too much he had the genial answer that he was young and strong and it would be time enough to rest when he grew old.

In all his intercourse with his fellow men whether as Presi-

dent of the State's first institution of learning, or as a citizen, he was genial, unaffected and courteous. Very, very slow to anger, quick to commend, he made friends at sight. Through many years he had given special attention to strengthening the University's relations with the high schools and academies of the State, and in that purpose was present at many of the teachers' meetings as well as those of the State Teachers' Association. While he was not an eloquent public speaker, he made such a lucid and earnest presentation of any subject upon which he spoke as to command the deepest attention and seldom failed to carry the point aimed at in his argument.

In 1871 Dr. Schaeffer married at Ithaca, New York, Miss Evelyn Schuyler, daughter of Hon. George W. Schuyler, Treasurer of State and later Superintendent of Banks. (Her brother, the late Eugene Schuyler filled many diplomatic offices,—Minister to Greece, Consul General at Constantinople, and Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. He is well known in literature as the author of an esteemed life of Peter the Great.) Four children were born to them—Elizabeth, wife of T. J. D. Fuller, of Washington, D. C.; George Schuyler, instructor in military science and tactics at the University, and Gertrude survive him. One son died in early childhood. Mrs. Schaeffer, the son and younger daughter make their home in Iowa City.

He was a member of S. J. Kirkwood Post, No. 8, Grand Army of the Republic and took a deep interest in its patriotic and charitable work. He was a member of Trinity Episcopal church, one of the vestry, frequently a delegate to its State Conventions, a member of the standing committee of its diocese and a trustee of Griswold College and St. Katherine's School of Davenport. He had been for several years a director of the Citizen's Savings and Trust Co., of Iowa City.

His death was sudden. Of powerful physique and splendid manhood, sickness was the last thing in his mind. At the meeting of the Board of Regents in August he asked for a two week's vacation partly on account of his health, though

he disclaimed being sick, and that he might attend the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Washington, D. C., to which he had been chosen delegate. Permission was, of course, granted.

September 13th, 1898, the opening day of the fall term of the University, he was at his desk, but he was not well,—it was his last day's work. The next day he was sick. One week later a consultation of the most eminent specialists in the west pronounced his disease a malignant and incurable form of gastritis;—and at dawn Friday morning he passed away.

The funeral was held on Sunday. It was decided by the family that as his work had been in Iowa the burial should be here. It was the largest funeral cortege ever witnessed in Iowa City. It was the first time, in the history of the University that its faculties and students had been brought together in one public ceremonial and as such it gave a most distinct idea of the greatness of the institution that had been upon his heart for eleven years and of which he was the first official to die in office.

It is not needed to testify to the knowledge of his worth, the sense of the loss that fell upon State and University and friends in his death, that resolutions be presented. There were many—from the Regents, faculties, associations, students, churches and societies. The words of one who knew him, and loved him, speak for Iowa. Henry Sabin wrote:

"I think his strongest point was in his remarkable executive ability. He had all departments of the institution well in hand, and was conversant with its present and prospective wants. He had the ability of bringing things to pass nearly as he wanted them. He also had a broad education, which enabled him to judge with a good degree of accuracy of the work done in the different schools. I think his administration has been successful in a remarkable degree. The standard of work throughout the institution has been raised, new buildings have been erected, and the number of students has been doubled. The University stands better to-day with the people of the State than ever, and it has a closer relation to the high schools in our towns and cities."

## CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF IOWA.

BY FRANK E. HORACK.

## INTRODUCTION.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

**B**Y THE principles of general law, the right of a people to recast their political institutions cannot be denied.<sup>1</sup> In America this truth was definitely formulated as a fundamental political principle as early as 1776 in the Virginia Bill of Rights and in the Declaration of Independence. The Virginia Bill of Rights asserts that "When any government shall be found inadequate or contrary to these its purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal."<sup>2</sup> But the classical formula of this principle of political change or right of revolution is found in the Declaration of Independence in these words: "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." Revolutionary as all this may be, the principle therein contained has, nevertheless, more than once been confirmed by the Supreme Court of a commonwealth.<sup>3</sup>

Constitutions are established by the sovereign people, i. e., the State. And constitutional limitations upon the State are

<sup>1</sup> Jameson, *Constitutional Conventions*, p. 546.

<sup>2</sup> Virginia Bill of Rights, of June 12, 1776, Art. III. See Poore's *Charters and Constitutions*, Vol. II., p. 1909.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *Wells v. Bain*, 75 Pennsylvania St., 39. *Stowe, J., Wood's Appeal*, 75 Pennsylvania St., 49. *Collier v. Ferguson*, 24 Alabama, 108.

in no sense absolute: they are formal. For "the same power that has decreed them still has the power to alter or abolish them, though this alteration or abolishment must be done in the formal legal way. An unalterable law is a legal impossibility."<sup>1</sup> An unalterable constitution is a political impossibility. This is true, moreover, of a written constitution even though it contains no provision for amendment. Here the power to amend is necessarily implied. Now the fundamental principle here involved is, that since the State is sovereign it cannot be limited or controlled, not even by constitutional law. "Somewhere within its power must lie the legal competence to express a will that is sovereign and therefore without limitation."<sup>2</sup>

In general two methods have been followed in the United States in the amending of constitutions. Constitutions have been amended (1) by the agency of a constituent assembly or a constitutional convention, or (2) by the agency of the legislature. In both cases the amendments have as a rule been ratified by a direct vote of the people.<sup>3</sup> Which of these two methods is the best is a question to be determined largely by their tendency, respectively, to avoid or prevent the great evils

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<sup>1</sup> Willoughby, *The Nature of the State*, p. 214.

<sup>2</sup> Willoughby, *The Nature of the State*, p. 219. Cf. also Jameson, *Constitutional Conventions*, p. 548. The first constitution of Massachusetts contained no provision for amendments. "The doctrine of the Revolution, that governments were founded by the people, and could be amended by them as they should think fit, was erroneously understood to warrant tumultuous assemblages of citizens, without legal authority, to dictate to the government not only its current policy, but amendments of the fundamental law. Shay's Rebellion was the natural outgrowth of such views."

Again, Burgess, in his work on *Political Science and Comparative Constitutional Law*, Vol. I., Part II., Bk. I., p. 137, declares that the amending clause is the most important part of a constitution.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Jameson, *Constitutional Conventions*, p. 550. It must, however, be remembered that there are many exceptions in our history to this general rule. Many of the earlier State constitutions were simply promulgated by the State legislature. Constitutional conventions also have promulgated constitutions, even quite recently, without submitting them to the people for ratification.

or dangers of trifling with fundamental and more or less permanent principles of government; namely, "hasty legislation, excessive legislation, and partisan legislation."<sup>1</sup>

In politics the best results are not usually accomplished by extreme measures. Thus the framers of the Constitution of the United States while seeking to avoid the evils of too frequent changes in the fundamental law unquestionably made that instrument too difficult of amendment.

While each of the methods thus far devised for constitutional amendment has its advantages, either one alone may work hardship to the state. Amendment by convention is an expensive and difficult process, and is seldom employed except where a general revision of the constitution is found absolutely necessary. Nor will amendment by convention alone meet the exigencies of progressive society. In the growth of a State new conditions or changed circumstances frequently make necessary certain minor changes in, or additions to, the constitution. These are changes which no convention could possibly anticipate. And yet such slight alterations will hardly warrant the putting into operation of the expensive and cumbersome process of amendment by convention.

Nor will the legislative method alone be found more satisfactory in practice. For this method, being easy and inexpensive, naturally invites the incorporation of partisan and temporary measures into the fundamental law. Thus each political party as it comes into power will proceed to make permanent its political creed by incorporating it into the constitution in the form of amendments.

Now some of the evils arising out of the exclusive use of one or the other of the methods named may undoubtedly be avoided by providing for both methods in the amending clause or article of the constitution. This, however, is by no means a new idea. It is already embodied in most of our State constitutions. In this way minor changes in the fundamental law

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Jameson, *Constitutional Conventions*, p. 552.

are made possible without the expense of a convention. And yet when it is necessary or expedient to make a general revision of the constitution the people have recourse to a convention. Still it is evident that evils will arise even where both methods are provided for.

Thus it appears that the subject of constitutional amendment is one of the large problems of constitutional law for which the best solution has not yet been found. It remains for the students of politics to devise a more perfect method by which to effect constitutional amendments—one difficult enough not only to avoid, but also to prevent hasty legislation, excessive legislation, and partisan legislation, and at the same time easy enough to make possible those changes that are demanded by progressive society. The solution of the problem is not in any sense the object of this essay.

Herein it is proposed simply to state and explain the methods of amendment provided for in the several constitutions of Iowa, with some mention of where these methods have worked satisfactorily and where they have worked evil.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CONSTITUTIONS OF IOWA.

The political division of American territory known as Iowa was originally a part of the so-called Louisiana Purchase. The early history of Iowa, therefore, is in a sense the history of the Province of Louisiana. Explored and settled by the French, this vast and vaguely defined area was ceded to Spain in 1762. Thirty-eight years later it was ceded back to France, under whose dominion it remained for three years when it was sold by Napoleon to the United States.

By an act of Congress, March 26th, 1804, this Louisiana Purchase was divided into two territories—The Territory of Orleans and the District of Louisiana.<sup>1</sup>

Orleans was fully organized into a separate territory, while the District was placed under the jurisdiction of the governor

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 19.

and judges of the Territory of Indiana. But the inhabitants of the District of Louisiana were greatly dissatisfied with the provisions of the act of Congress, and through their representatives assembled in convention at St. Louis, September 29th, 1804, they drew up a violent remonstrance,<sup>1</sup> and earnestly prayed for the repeal of the act. In March of the year next following, Congress provided for the erection of the District of Louisiana into the independent Territory of Louisiana.<sup>2</sup>

An act of Congress approved June 4th, 1812, reorganized the Territory of Louisiana under the name of the Territory of Missouri.<sup>3</sup>

In 1819 all that part of the Territory of Missouri which lay "south of a line beginning on the Mississippi river at thirty-six degrees north latitude, running thence west to the river St. Francois, thence up the same to thirty-six degrees thirty minutes north latitude and thence west to the western territorial boundary line," was erected into the Territory of Arkansas.<sup>4</sup>

In 1821 Missouri was admitted as a State, but no provisions were made for the remaining territory which lay to the north and west of Missouri. Nor was it provided with any local government whatever until 1834, when "for the purpose of temporary government it was attached to, and made a part of the Territory of Michigan."<sup>5</sup>

The Territory of Wisconsin was established July 4th, 1836. Iowa was included in this territory and remained a part thereof for two years. In 1838 the country west of the Mississippi was erected into the separate Territory of Iowa.<sup>6</sup> In 1844 Iowa sought admission into the Union as a State. But owing to a dispute between Congress and the people of the

<sup>1</sup> American State Papers, Miscellaneous, Vol. I., p. 400.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 27.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid, p. 30.

<sup>4</sup> U. S. Stat. at Large, Vol. III., p. 493.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 76.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid, p. 102.

Territory over the boundaries of the proposed State, Iowa was not admitted until December 28th, 1846.

*The Organic Act.*

The act of Congress of June 12th, 1838, establishing the Territory of Iowa, constituted the organic law,<sup>1</sup> i. e., the constitution of the Territory of Iowa. This constitution, however, differed from all succeeding ones in that it was imposed upon the people of the Territory by an act of Congress without being in any way submitted to the people for their approval. The first constitution of Iowa did not emanate from the people.

*The Constitution of 1844.*

The first formal expression of the people of Iowa for commonwealth organization came in July, 1840, through the Legislative Assembly in an act entitled: "An act to provide for the expression of the opinion of the people of the Territory of Iowa as to taking preparatory steps for their admission into the Union."<sup>2</sup> This act called for a vote of the people on the question of a constitutional convention. In August, 1840, the vote was taken. The proposed convention was defeated by a large majority. Two years later the question of convention was again submitted to a vote of the people. The proposition was again defeated by a majority in every county. On February 12th, 1844, the Legislative Assembly again approved an act to submit the question of convention to a vote of the people. The question was voted upon in April, 1844, and this time received a majority in favor of State government of nearly three thousand votes.<sup>3</sup>

Each time that the question of a convention was submitted to a vote, the leading argument against State organization was

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<sup>1</sup> U. S. Stat. at Large, Vol. V., p. 235. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> Laws of the Territory of Iowa, 1840, (extra session), Ch. 33, p. 46. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 135.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., pp. 148, 149.

that, if Iowa were admitted to the Union, the entire support of the new government would fall upon the people of the Territory and thus greatly increase the burden of taxation.

Finally, as stated above, the question of a convention having received a majority of the votes cast in the Territory, delegates were elected to the first constitutional convention, which met at Iowa City, October 7th, 1844. The constitution drafted by this convention, the so-called "Constitution of 1844," was submitted to the people of the Territory in April 1845. Meanwhile Congress had passed an act for the admission of Iowa into the Union.<sup>1</sup> But the boundaries of the State as defined by Congress in this act did not coincide with the boundaries prescribed in the first article of the constitution.<sup>2</sup> Much dissatisfaction was manifested by the people of the Territory with the conditions imposed by Congress. The boundary question became the vital issue in the campaign. Upon it depended in a great measure the acceptance or rejection of the constitution. Thus the disapproval of the boundaries set by Congress led the people to reject the labors of the constitutional convention. But at the summer session of the Legislative Assembly, those most interested in State organization secured the passage of an act re-submitting the constitution "as it came from the hands of the late convention." This act also provided that the ratification of the constitution "shall not be construed as an acceptance of the boundaries fixed by Congress in the late act of admission, and the admission shall not be deemed complete until whatever conditions may be imposed by Congress shall be ratified by the people."<sup>3</sup>

In August, 1845, the constitution was submitted to the people a second time. The boundary question was again made a

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<sup>1</sup> U. S. Stat. at Large, Vol. V., p. 789. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 125.

<sup>2</sup> Constitution of 1844, Art. I. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 150.

<sup>3</sup> Laws of the Territory of Iowa, 1845, Ch. 13, p. 31. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 180.

vital issue. But by this time the matter had become somewhat complicated, or confused to say the least. And so the people of the Territory again rejected the Constitution of 1844. Thus the Constitution of 1844 never became a law.

*The Constitution of 1846.*

The Legislative Assembly met in regular session in December, 1845. Twice had the calling of a constitutional convention been vetoed by the people. Twice had the constitution framed by the first convention been rejected. Yet there were many who looked and hoped for a speedy admission of the Territory into the Union. The Governor in his message deplored the rejection of the constitution. The assembly was in harmony with him, and soon passed an act (approved January 17th, 1846) which provided for the election of delegates to a convention to form a new constitution. Delegates were elected according to the provisions of the act, and the second constitutional convention met at Iowa City, May 4th, 1846. This convention drafted the "Constitution of 1846,"<sup>1</sup> which was ratified by the people of the Territory, August 3d, 1846, by a majority of 456 votes. On the 4th of August, 1846, the act of Congress defining the boundaries of Iowa was approved by the President.<sup>2</sup> And finally on the 28th day of December, 1846, Iowa was formally "admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States."<sup>3</sup>

*The Constitution of 1857.*

The Constitution of 1846 did not long remain the fundamental law. In January, 1855, an act was approved by the General Assembly submitting to the people a proposition for the calling of a constitutional convention to "revise or amend"

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<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 190.

<sup>2</sup> U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. IX., p. 52. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 128.

<sup>3</sup> U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. IX., p. 117. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 130.

the State constitution, i. e., the Constitution of 1846. At the election in August this proposition was sanctioned by a majority of 628 votes.

Article IX., Sec. 1, of the Constitution of 1846 reads: "No corporate body shall hereafter be created, renewed, or extended, with the privilege of making, issuing, or putting in circulation, any bill, check, ticket, certificate, promissory note, or other paper, or the paper of any bank, to circulate as money. The General Assembly of this State shall prohibit, by law, any person or persons, association, company or corporation, from exercising the privileges of banking, or creating paper to circulate as money." This provision aimed to insure the people against the evils of "wild cat" banking which were so common at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of 1846. The effect, however, of such a prohibition was to deprive the people of the benefits of banks without preventing the evils and abuses which pervaded American banking operations. The State was flooded with bank notes and paper from the neighboring States. In this anti-bank provision may be seen the cause of the early revision of the Constitution of 1846; for in the debates of the convention of 1857 it is easy to see that the avowed object of revision was to remove this unsatisfactory prohibition.

The manner of amendment also caused much dissatisfaction. It was claimed by the Whigs that the bank issue was a party issue, and that the Democrats had made amendment difficult in order to make the prohibition permanent in the fundamental law.

The convention called "to revise or amend" the Constitution of 1846 met at Iowa City from January 19th to March 5th, 1857. The constitution submitted by this convention, called the "Constitution of 1857,"<sup>1</sup> was ratified by the people of the State in August of the same year. A proposition was made at the same time to strike out the word "white" in the article on the "Right of Suffrage." This proposition, how-

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<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I., p. 222.

ever, was defeated. The Constitution of 1857 went into effect September 3d, 1857.

The Constitution of 1857 is still in force. Nor have the people since its adoption favored the calling of another constitutional convention. The Constitution of 1857 has, however, been amended at four different times. These amendments will be considered in another part of this essay.

The last three amendments to the Federal Constitution were ratified by the General Assembly in 1866, 1868, and 1870 respectively. Broadly construed these amendments may in a sense be viewed as modifications of the Constitution of 1857. This is true in so far as they modified the suffrage and the general status of the government of the State.

#### MANNER OF AMENDING THE CONSTITUTIONS OF IOWA.

##### *Manner of Amending the Organic Act.*

The act of Congress of June 12th, 1838, may, and as we have above observed,<sup>1</sup> should be considered as the first constitution of Iowa. In this case an ordinary statute is the fundamental law. Now a constitution thus framed, enacted, and promulgated by a legislative assembly according to the ordinary processes of legislation may undoubtedly be amended, revised, repealed or abolished by the same process. This is strictly in accordance with the well known principle of constitutional law; namely, that no legislature is competent to enact an irrepealable law. We must, therefore, conclude that although the Organic Act of 1838 contained no provision for its own alteration or amendment Congress, and Congress only, could change its provisions.

##### *Manner of Amending the Constitution of 1844.*

Although the Constitution of 1844 was rejected by the people its article on amendments is nevertheless interesting in this connection. It reads as follows:

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<sup>1</sup> Page 454.

“1. Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in the Senate or House of Representatives, and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each of the two houses, such proposed amendments shall be entered on their journals, with the yeas and nays thereon, and referred to the General Assembly then next to be chosen, and shall be published for three months, previous to the time of making such choice; and, if, in the General Assembly then next chosen as aforesaid, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to by a majority of all the members elected to each house, then it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people in such manner and at such time as the General Assembly shall prescribe, and if the people shall approve and ratify such amendment or amendments by a majority of all the qualified electors of the State voting for and against said amendment or amendments voting in their favor, such amendment or amendments shall become part of this constitution. When any amendment or amendments to this constitution shall be proposed in pursuance of the foregoing provisions the same shall, at each of the said sessions, be read three several days in each house. The General Assembly shall not propose the same amendments to this constitution oftener than once in six years.

“2. And if at any time, two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives shall think it necessary to revise or change this Constitution, they shall recommend to the electors at the next election for members of the Legislature to vote for or against a Convention, and if it shall appear that a majority of the electors voting at such election have voted in favor of calling a Convention, the Legislature shall, at its next session, provide by law for calling a Convention, to be holden within six months after the passage of such law, and such Convention shall consist of a number of members not less than of both branches of the Legislature.”

From the above article it will be seen that the Convention

which drafted the Constitution of 1844 comprehended both methods of constitutional amendment.<sup>1</sup>

Each has its advantages, but neither one alone is adequate to the exigencies of changing conditions. It is a significant fact that the members of the convention of 1844 recognized this truth and embodied it in the amending clause of the Constitution of 1844.

It is to be noted, furthermore, that a distinction is here made between "amendment" and "revision or change." Each required a separate and distinct procedure. The first could be effected by the legislative mode, the latter by a convention only. In the first case the proposition for amendment comes through a majority in each house of the legislature. Now, according to this plan, if in a given instance a particular political party should have a majority in both houses of the legislature, a purely party measure might be made a proposition for amendment. But the next General Assembly is supposed to be elected on the amendatory issue, and if the particular party returns with a majority in both houses this is *prima facie* evidence that the people favor the proposition for amendment. The measure is then promptly passed by a majority of each house a second time, and submitted to the people for ratification. When so approved and ratified it then becomes a part of the constitution.

In the second place two-thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives may place before the electors the proposition of a convention "to revise or change" the constitution. In case the proposition should receive a majority of the votes cast the legislature was obliged to provide for calling a convention.

Would the conclusions of the convention have been final? Would the legislature have to approve and ratify the product of the labors of such convention? Or would it have been submitted to the electors for adoption and ratification? These are questions upon which the Constitution of 1844 is silent.

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<sup>1</sup> See above page 450.

*Manner of Amending the Constitution of 1846.*

The eleventh article of the Constitution of 1846 has for its subject the "Amendments of the Constitution." It reads as follows:

"1. If at any time, the General Assembly shall think it necessary to revise or amend this constitution, they shall provide by law for a vote of the people for or against a convention, at the next ensuing election for members of the General Assembly, in case a majority of the people vote in favor of a convention, said General Assembly shall provide for an election of Delegates to a convention, to be held within six months after the vote of the people in favor thereof."

Here the provisions are brief, providing for but one method of amendment, that is, by a convention. The same procedure applies to both revision and amendment. We are again confronted with the same queries that were raised under the consideration of the second part of the article on amendments in the Constitution of 1844. Did the members of the convention suppose that the act providing for a future convention to revise or amend the constitution would place the same limitations upon that convention that the act providing for the calling of the convention of which they were members placed upon them?<sup>1</sup> Since this question was left for the legislature to settle, the real intention of the framers of the constitution might have been defeated. The unsatisfactory provisions of the amending clause of the Constitution of 1846 was one of the reasons afterwards urged for its revision. The Whigs urged the same argument against the adoption of the constitution itself.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Article five of the act authorizing the calling of the convention which framed the Constitution of 1846 provided that the convention should publish the results of its labors, and at the next general election submit the same to the qualified electors of the Territory for adoption or rejection. The provisions of this act were only statutory and not fundamental.

<sup>2</sup> See above page 457.

*Manner of Amending the Constitution of 1857.*

Article X. of the Constitution of 1857 contains three sections on "Amendments to the Constitution." They read as follows:

"Section 1. Any amendment or amendments to this constitution may be proposed in either House of the General Assembly; and if the same shall be agreed to by a majority of the members elected to each of the two Houses, such proposed amendment shall be entered on their journals, with the yeas and nays taken thereon, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election, and shall be published, as provided by law, for three months previous to the time of making such choice; and if, in the General Assembly so next chosen as aforesaid, such proposed amendment or amendments shall be agreed to, by a majority of all the members elected to each House, then it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to submit such proposed amendment or amendments to the people, in such manner, and at such time as the General Assembly shall provide; and if the people shall approve and ratify such amendment or amendments, by a majority of the electors qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly, voting thereon, such amendment or amendments shall become a part of the Constitution of this State.

"Sec. 2. If two or more amendments shall be submitted at the same time, they shall be submitted in such manner that the electors shall vote for or against each of such amendments separately.

"Sec. 3. At the general election to be held in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy, and in each tenth year thereafter, and also at such times as the General Assembly may, by law, provide, the question, 'Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution, and amend the same?' shall be decided by the electors, qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly; and in case a majority of the electors so qualified, voting at such election, for and against such proposition, shall decide in favor of a Convention for such purpose,

the General Assembly, at its next session, shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such Convention."

A close comparison of section 1 of this article with section 1 of the article on amendments in the Constitution of 1844, reveals a striking identity, even in the wording. The Constitution of 1844, however, has two additional clauses; namely, "When any amendment or amendments to this Constitution shall be proposed in pursuance of the foregoing provisions, the same shall, at each of the said sessions, be read three several days in each house," and "The General Assembly shall not propose the same amendments to this Constitution oftener than once in six years."

In neither of the other constitutions (of 1844 and 1846) do we find any thing to correspond to the second section of article ten of the Constitution of 1857, i. e., to the clause providing that where two or more amendments are submitted at the same time each shall be voted for or against separately.

The second section of the twelfth article of the Constitution of 1844, provides for "revision or change" by a convention. The eleventh article of the Constitution of 1846 provides for "revision or amendment" by a convention. And lastly, the third section of the tenth article of the Constitution of 1857 provides that a proposition for revision and amendment be submitted to the people every tenth year.<sup>1</sup> In no case is the method of procedure outlined beyond the choosing of the delegates. May the convention refuse to submit the product of its labors to the legislature? May the legislature accept or

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<sup>1</sup> "The provision of the Constitution of New York, that the people be consulted every twenty years upon the question of calling a constitutional convention, has been reproduced only in Ohio, Maryland and Virginia. The clause of the Michigan constitution, made in imitation, fixed the period at sixteen years, while in Iowa, the periodical popular vote has likewise been adopted, but with an interval of ten years. The plan has been rejected by all the other constitutions. The aim of those who advocate it is to give the people an opportunity to take a direct part in exercising the initiative in constitutional reforms without the intermediate step of an election of representatives who shall decide whether revision shall or shall not be undertaken."—Borgeaud, *Adoption and Amendment of Constitutions*, p. 182.

refuse to submit it to the people? While these are questions which readily suggest themselves, they have never threatened the welfare of the State. For, since 1857, as I have already stated, the people have at no time favored the calling of a constitutional convention. And while four amendments have been made to the constitution since 1857, these have all been passed by the legislative mode. And the General Assembly has pretty well covered the omissions in the constitution as to publication and submission of such proposed amendments by statutory provisions.<sup>1</sup> Amendment is at best a rather slow and difficult process. The amendments to the several constitutions of Iowa will now be considered.

#### AMENDMENTS TO THE SEVERAL CONSTITUTIONS OF IOWA.

##### *Amendments to the Organic Act.*

Having ascertained the manner in which the organic act could be amended, one is naturally confronted with these questions. Was the organic act ever amended? If so, what were the amendments? What causes led to such amendments? To the consideration of these points I now turn.

In the journal of the House of Representatives of the Territorial legislature can be found many resolutions requesting Congress to amend the organic law. It would be interesting to compare all the amendments that were proposed to the several Iowa constitutions with those that were actually adopted, but the limits of this essay will not permit of such study. Herein I will confine my observations largely to those amendments which were actually adopted.

The first Territorial legislature came into conflict with the Governor over the interpretation of the second section of the organic law as prescribed by Congress. Now this section, among other things, provided that the Governor "shall approve of all laws passed by the Legislative Assembly before they shall take effect." The interpretation of this clause gave rise

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. Code of Iowa, §§ 55-58, p. 127.

to bitter and hostile relations between the Governor and the assembly. The Governor interpreted the words: "shall approve of all laws passed by the Legislative Assembly before they shall take effect," as giving to the executive an absolute veto upon all territorial legislation. The Legislative Assembly, however, advanced a different view; namely, the words "shall approve all laws" meant *must* approve all laws passed by the Legislative Assembly. That is, the assembly held that the approval of laws was a ministerial duty in the performance of which the Governor could exercise no discretion. Nor did the Governor hesitate to use the power of absolute veto which he claimed for himself. From the very beginning of the first session of the Legislative Assembly he proceeded to annul all of the acts of the legislature that did not meet with his personal approval or were not in his judgment clothed in the best language.

A memorial to Congress was quickly drawn praying that body to amend the organic law so as to make legislation possible over the Governor's veto. This memorial reads as follows:

"To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled.

"Your memorialists, the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Iowa, respectfully represent, that in the second section of the Organic Law of the Territory of Iowa, we find that the Governor of the Territory, has an absolute veto on all laws, which may be enacted by the representatives of the people of this Territory.

"Your memorialists would also represent, that a power thus given to an Executive, is, in their opinion, incompatible with the free institutions and government under which it is their pride and boast to live; a law which invests any officer under our general government with such unlimited powers might (when used without due deliberation on the part of an Executive) lead to unpleasant results, and embarrass the operations of

the different branches of our territorial government, and create disagreement where none should exist.

"We, your memorialists, would therefore respectfully request, that the Organic Law of this Territory may be so amended that any bill which may be returned to the Council or House of Representatives, by the Governor of this Territory with objections, and his disapproval, can be again taken up and passed by a majority of two-thirds of all members present in each House, and that said passage shall have the effect to make any such law as good and valid as it would' have been if approved of by the Executive.

"All of which is respectfully submitted to your honorable body."

Governor Lucas did not heed the memorial, but continued to veto bills and resolutions right and left. The assembly were becoming desperate. On January 4th, 1839, a standing committee on vetoes was appointed in the House of Representatives to examine into the grounds upon which his vetoes were based.<sup>1</sup> In their report<sup>2</sup> the chairman says that in vain have the committee tried to ascertain where the Governor got this unconditional veto power. In their interpretation of the organic law no such power is delegated, nor do they believe it to be there implied. In their opinion it is "imperative and obligatory upon the Governor to approve all laws" passed by the assembly. It is the executive's duty only to advise the assembly and sign the bills passed by it. The committee with seeming plausibility assert that "the Congress of the United States has a restraining and annulling power over the acts of this legislature and it certainly could not have been intended that there should be more than one 'vetoing' power suspended over our heads." The veto power is a despotic privilege; the wishes of the people should be regarded and not the wishes of the federal government or a federal officer.

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<sup>1</sup> Journal of the House, p. 177.

<sup>2</sup> Journal of the House, p. 186.

The struggle between the legislature and the Governor grew more intense. On January 15th, 1839, a resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives to memorialize the President to remove Governor Lucas. The preamble sets forth the reasons for drawing such a resolution, viz., writing notes and explanations upon laws passed by both houses. These notes were relative to the judicial construction of such laws. Such notes and explanations were considered an insult to the legislature, and an unwarrantable encroachment upon the judicial department of the territorial government. Governor Lucas was accused of trying to unite in himself the legislative, executive, and judicial departments. It was therefore,

“Resolved, That Robert Lucas is ‘unfit to be the ruler of a free people,’ and that a select committee be appointed to prepare and report a memorial to the President of the United States, setting forth the leading facts upon which the Legislative Assembly found and establish their objections to the continuance of Robert Lucas as Governor of this Territory, and praying in strong terms for his immediate removal.”<sup>1</sup>

This resolution was passed on January 15th, 1839. The committee appointed made their report<sup>2</sup> in a memorial to President Van Buren setting forth their complaints of the unjust and arbitrary acts of Governor Lucas, and asking for his removal as the only means of establishing present peace and future prosperity in the Territory. This memorial was concurred in by a large majority of both houses and presented to the President: nor was it without effect. On March 3rd, 1839, the President approved two important amendments to the organic law of the Territory. These amendments, covering the points upon which the Governor and the legislature were at variance, helped much to reconcile the two, and were productive of good legislative work thereafter. In his message

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<sup>1</sup> Journal of the House, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid, p. 257.

to the legislature, November 5th, 1839, Governor Lucas expressed his great joy that the duties of the executive in his relation to the assembly were now clearly defined, and hoped that legislation might no longer be impeded by doubtful or double interpretation of the organic law. But the people never forgot his former actions, for after Iowa was admitted into the Union he became a candidate for Governor and was defeated.

The following is the amendment to the organic law which stripped the Governor of his absolute veto:

“Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That every bill which shall have passed the Council and House of Representatives of the Territories of Iowa and Wisconsin shall, before it become a law, be presented to the Governor of the Territory; if he approve he shall sign it, but if not he shall return it, with his objections, to that House in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that House shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other House, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered; and if approved by two-thirds of that House it shall become a law. But, in all such cases, the votes of both Houses shall be determined by yeas and nays; and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill shall be entered on the journal of each House respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the Governor within three days (Sunday excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Assembly by adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

“Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall not be so construed as to deprive Congress of the right to disapprove of any law passed by the said Legislative Assembly, or in any way to impair or alter the power of Congress over laws passed by said Assembly.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> United Statues Stat. at Large, Vol. V., p. 356.

Nor was the Governor's veto power the only source of dissatisfaction. The large appointing power conferred upon him by the organic law gave him too great an influence among office seekers. Even before the legislature had memorialized Congress in regard to the veto power of the Governor, it had presented to Congress a memorial asking that the organic law be so amended as to make the offices of sheriff and justice of the peace elective by the people of the Territory. The reasons for such a request were, that by appointment many individuals who are not the people's choice will be called to office; that the official intercourse between these officers and the people is so frequent that the utmost confidence should be placed in them by the people; and that under executive appointment improper persons will often be selected because of the ease with which petitions can be gotten up and presented to the executive, etc.

This memorial was answered by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1839, entitled "An act to authorize the election or appointment of certain officers in the Territory of Iowa, and for other purposes." The provisions relating to the subject under discussion read as follows:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Iowa shall be, and are hereby, authorized to provide by law for the election or appointment of sheriffs, judges of probate, justices of the peace, and county surveyors, within the said Territory, in such way or manner, and at such times and places as to them may seem proper; and after a law shall have been passed by the Legislative Assembly for that purpose, all elections or appointments of the above-named officers thereafter to be had or made shall be in pursuance of such law."<sup>1</sup>

*Amendments to the Constitution of 1846.*

The Constitution of 1846 met with much opposition even

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<sup>1</sup> U. S. Statutes at Large, Vol. V., p. 357. Reprinted in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I, p. 118.

before it was adopted. The small majority of 456 by which it was carried gives some idea of the bitter opposition made to it by the Whigs. The same arguments were urged against it before its adoption<sup>1</sup> as were urged afterwards for the calling of another convention; namely, that the framers had incorporated partisan measures into the constitution and in order to render them permanent had made amendment impossible except by a convention. Convention is an expensive and slow method of amending a constitution; therefore the people resort to calling one only as a last resort.

In an article in the *Iowa Standard* of July 22nd, 1846, Wm. Penn Clarke says: " \* \* \* \* \* In order to establish a partisan creed, and render it permanent, even at the expense of the people's prosperity and happiness, this article on Amendments was inserted." The partisan creed here referred to is the absolute prohibition on banks found in Article IX.<sup>2</sup> That it was a partisan creed there can be no doubt, for the period between the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 and the calling of the constitutional convention to amend it, is known in history as "The Democratic Period of State Control."<sup>3</sup> In nearly every General Assembly after the adoption of the Constitution of 1846 until 1855 propositions were made to submit to the people the question of calling a convention to revise the constitution. These propositions were always defeated by the Democrats.

From the printed debates it is clear that the ostensible purpose of the convention which met January 19th, 1857, was to remove the prohibition on banks contained in the Constitution of 1846.

The convention however did not content themselves with removing the obnoxious bank clause, but submitted to the people an entire new draft of the constitution in which there was

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Iowa Standard* of July 8, 1846 and July 22, 1846.

<sup>2</sup> See above p. 457, this essay.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. *History and Government of Iowa*, by Seerley and Parish, p. 63.

a number of changes. Many of these are only slight changes in wording, while others are quite important.<sup>1</sup>

One change, however, they hardly dared to incorporate into the instrument lest the products of their labors should be rejected. This proposed change was, therefore, submitted separately. Sec. 14 of Art. XII reads: "At the same election that this Constitution is submitted to the people for its adoption or rejection, a proposition to amend the same by striking out the word 'white' from the article on the Right of Suffrage, shall be separately submitted to the electors of this State for adoption or rejection \* \* \*."

All through Iowa's early history there was a general sentiment against negro suffrage,<sup>2</sup> and this proposition was defeated by a very large majority. The revised constitution however was carried by a vote of 40,311 for and 38,681 against.

<sup>1</sup> The following are some of the important changes made in the constitution, not in the order of their importance, but in the order of their position in the constitution.

The period of taking the census was extended from every two years to every ten years. Cf. Art. 3, Sec. 33.

It shortened the Governor's term of office to two years. Cf. Art. 4, Sec. 2.

It provided for a Lieutenant Governor who was to be *ex officio* president of the Senate, and to succeed the Governor in case of his death, resignation or disability to serve. Cf. Art. 4, Secs. 3, 17, 18.

It made the judges of the Supreme Court elective by the people. Art. 5, Sec. 3.

It provided for an Attorney General and District Attorney to be elected by the people. Cf. Art. 5, Secs. 12, 13.

The limitation of State indebtedness was increased. Art. 7, Sec. 2.

A permanent school fund was insured. Art. 7, Sec. 3.

It authorized the General Assembly to organize a State Bank on an actual specie basis, and provided for a general banking law. Cf. Art. 8, Secs. 7, 8.

It organized a State Board of Education. Cf. Art. 9, Sec. 1.

It made amendment possible either through the agency of the legislature, or a convention. The question of a convention being put before the people every ten years. Cf. Art. 10.

It located the Capitol at Des Moines and the State University at Iowa City. Cf. Art. 11, Sec. 8.

Cf. Debates of the convention, comparison of old and new constitutions. Vol. II., p. 1,066, et. seq.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Shambaugh's monograph on Iowa City, p. 94.

*Amendments to the Constitution of 1857.*

The Constitution of 1857 is still in force in Iowa, though it has been amended four times. These amendments have all been passed by the legislative mode, i. e., proposed by the General Assembly and submitted to the people at the general election.

The first amendments proposed to the new constitution were approved of April 2nd, 1866, by the Eleventh General Assembly and March 31st, 1868, by the twelfth General Assembly. These amendments were as follows:

1st. Strike the word "white" from section 1 of Article II thereof. By this amendment the negro was given the right of suffrage.

2nd. Strike the word "white" from section 33 of Article III thereof.

By this amendment the negroes were enumerated in the census of the state.

3rd. Strike the word "white" from section 34 of Article III thereof:

4th. Strike the word "white" from section 35 of Article III thereof.

By the 3rd and 4th amendments the negro was included in the basis of representation for the election of Senators and Representatives to the General Assembly.

5th. Strike the word "white" from section 1 of Article VI thereof. By this amendment the negro was included in the the State militia. This turn of legislation in favor of the negro was due entirely to the outcome of the civil war, but the negro did not yet have equal rights with the whites in Iowa. The words "Free White" were still to be found in one place in the constitution. Section 4 of Article III still read: "No person shall be a member of the House of Representatives who shall not have attained the age of twenty-one years, be a free white male citizen of the United States \* \* \*." The wording of this section excluded the negro from both houses of the legislature, as section 5 of the same article says that

Senators shall possess the qualifications of Representatives as to residence and citizenship.

In 1880 an amendment was passed to "Strike out the words, 'free white' from the third line of section four (4,) of article three (3,) of said constitution, relating to the legislative department." With this amendment the last political inequality between whites and blacks in the State of Iowa was removed.

The Constitution of 1857 was again amended in 1882. This was the famous prohibitory amendment, which was added as section 26 to Article I and reads as follows:

"Section 26. No person shall manufacture for sale, or sell or keep for sale as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer.

"The general assembly shall by law prescribe regulations for the enforcement of the prohibition herein contained, and shall thereby provide suitable penalties for the violation of the provisions hereof."

This being a question of much importance a special election was held to present the amendment to the people. The election was held the twenty-seventh day of June, 1882, and 155,436 votes were cast in favor of the amendment, and 125,677 votes were cast against it, and 36 votes were "scattering."<sup>1</sup>

The Supreme Court of the State declared the amendment invalid<sup>2</sup> on the following grounds. The Constitution requires the action of two successive General Assemblies, to be followed by a vote of the people. The 18th General Assembly adopted an amendment, but in the course of its transmission to the 19th General Assembly the tenor and effect of the amendment were changed somewhat, so that the two General Assemblies had not passed upon the same amendment. Thus the will of the majority was defeated. But the Republican party did not lose faith, for they soon enacted the same provision as statute law that they had tried to make fundamental. The history of the

<sup>1</sup> Certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, printed from the original manuscript in Shambaugh's Documentary History of Iowa, Vol. I, p. 276.

<sup>2</sup> Case of Koehler v. Lange 60 Iowa R., 543.

prohibitory law is an interesting chapter in the history of Iowa, but does not come within the limits of this essay.

The last amendments so far adopted to the Constitution of 1857 were made fundamental law November 4th, 1884, when ratified by a large majority of the people. These amendments came through the General Assembly in the form of a joint resolution, proposing amendments to the constitution and providing for their reference and publication, in the following words:

"Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, That the following amendments to the constitution of the state be and the same are hereby proposed:

"Amendment 1. The general election for the state, district, county and township officers shall be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November.

"Amendment 2. At any regular session of the general assembly the state may be divided into the necessary judicial districts for district court purposes, or the said districts may be reorganized and the number of the districts and the judges of said courts increased or diminished; but no reorganization of the districts or diminution of the judges shall have the effect of removing a judge from office.

"Amendment 3. The grand jury may consist of any number of members not less than five, nor more than fifteen, as the general assembly may by law provide, or the general assembly may provide for holding persons to answer for any criminal offense without the intervention of a grand jury.

"Amendment 4. That section 13 of Article 5 of the constitution be stricken therefrom, and the following adopted as such section:

"Section 13. The qualified electors of each county shall, at the general election in the year 1886, and every two years thereafter elect a county attorney, who shall be a resident of the county for which he is elected, and who shall hold his office for two years, and until his successor shall have been elected and qualified."

The amendments here noted are not by any means the only ones that have been proposed to the constitution, for scarcely a session of the General Assembly passes, but some amendment or amendments are proposed to the constitution, but our legislatures are conservative and the people are loath to make many changes in the fundamental law.

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## JEFFERSON COUNTY PIONEERS.

[CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER, 1898.]

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BY H. HEATON, GLENDALE, IOWA.

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ANY effort to reproduce events "of long ago" meets with great difficulties; either the present generation is unacquainted with conditions that surrounded that former day, or the occurrences are so meager that the coloring is vague and imperfect.

While Sullifand Ross came in contact with all of the pioneers of Jefferson County, very few of these pioneers remain to this day to tell of their acquaintance with him, and very few of the happenings of those early days were committed to writing or to the "art preservative."

Some mention has been made of the marriage of Dr. Wm. R. Ross, at Burlington in 1833, and of the interest felt by the entire community in that wedding. No less interest was felt by the neighbors of Isaac Blakely and Nellie Lanman, who were the first to wed in Jefferson County, in 1837, at the home of the bride's parents, who lived where Wm. Case, of Round Prairie township, now lives.

Mrs. W. W. Stewart, of Glasgow, then a young girl, was at the wedding, her father, Alfred Wright, taking his family on a sled, although the ground was bare of snow. An incident in preparing the feast was that there were no preserves

or sweetmeats in the community, and it was felt to be a reproach on the housekeepers who had the dinner in charge; and to meet the want, wild crab apples were hastily preserved in a tin coffee pot. So early in the history of the county had the settlers acquired a love of good living.

Since that day no housekeeper feels contented with her lot if she is unable to place at least two kinds of preserves or sweetmeats before a guest. No doubt a love of a full board was introduced by the Virginians and Kentuckians; and it has been a subject of remark that the original inhabitants of a country give customs and characteristics that subsequent years seldom obliterate.

The first white inhabitants came to Iowa before the machinery of laws could be set up, and for a while there was absolutely a state of anarchy existing, every man doing that which seemed good in his own eyes. In an address before the Old Settlers' association of Jefferson County, Judge C. D. Leggett eulogized the men who, without laws, were a law unto themselves, so much so that at no subsequent time have life and property been more respected.

The people who took possession of the lands before the legal authorities were prepared to give titles were called "squatters," and no doubt it was largely due to their comparatively small number that there was so little violence and dishonesty to trouble them. But at Burlington, in 1834, there was already a considerable population, and it was very evident to many persons that anarchy would not do, and Sullifand Ross was asked to draw up a set of provisional laws, or perhaps it would be more correct to call them "by laws," for the orderly conduct of life until a settled state of affairs could take their place. This he did, and Mr. Ross's laws were not only respected as if they had authority, but they met all the needs of a community.

That this want of settled laws was not a light matter, may be inferred from the trouble that was met by this first couple that was married. Blakely got a license to wed in Des Moines

County, but fearing that there was some illegality in it, they were soon after re-married, and even then, lest there were some informality in the marriage, they were married a third time. By this time the first territorial legislature had met at Burlington, and it legalized all marriages preceding its assembling.

In the second territorial legislature Dr. Wm. R. Ross was a member for Des Moines County.

One cannot go far in the history of Iowa without meeting with mention of the "Black Hawk Purchase." This is the title that was given to a strip of land on the west side of the Mississippi river, fifty miles wide, that was purchased of an Indian chief named Black Hawk.

This Indian chief had been much wronged by the white inhabitants of Illinois, and like the worm that is trodden on and turns, so he at length turned on his persecutors and began a war, in which a number of white men were killed. At the time of this Indian outbreak John Huff was chopping cordwood on Spoon river, in Fulton County, Illinois, and rafting it down to the Illinois river; and he saw hundreds of terror-stricken inhabitants of the country from about Rock Island fleeing for safety from the bloody Indians.

It is safe to say that if men like Mr. Ross had dealt with Black Hawk, there would have been no outbreak, for savage as were the Indians, many of them, particularly their chiefs, were men of honor and of great breadth of character. The white man wanted the lands of the Indian, and it seemed more honest to call it a purchase by which he came into possession of the lands than to call the transaction by any other name.

To prove how hopeless it was for the Indian to resist the wishes of the white man, Black Hawk and a number of Indians were taken from city to city, by President Van Buren's direction, that they might be able to judge of the overwhelming number of white men there were to contend with.

The late James A. McKemey, of Fairfield, saw this company of Indians at Washington, Pennsylvania, in 1837.

Mr. McKemey was looking at the stage coach that was coming into the town very heavily laden. There were eleven Indians in the stage, and an interpreter, who was riding by the side of the driver. Mr. McKemey's attention was given to the strange conduct of the driver. In 1837 the brake-lock to wagons had not been invented, and it was necessary to stop and chain a wheel before descending a hill. Stage coaches seldom stopped to chain a wheel, but trusted to the strength of the breast straps of the wheel horses to control the speed in descending a hill. In this instance the strap on one of the horses had broken, and the street being very steep the driver endeavored to control the speed by cramping the wheels, and thus breaking the descent, just the reverse of what a ship does when tacking against the wind. Mr. McKemey saw that the driver would be unable to carry out his intentions and that the coach must upset, and sure enough just as it came opposite him, it lost its balance and emptied its load of Indians, driver and interpreter at Mr. McKemey's feet. One of the Indians leaped to his feet and in an excited manner exclaimed, "This breaks the contract, this breaks the contract." He was Black Hawk.

In 1839 Mr. McKemey was at the Indian village opposite Iowaville, and the interpreter introduced him to young Black Hawk. The young chief could not converse in English, but when he learned that Mr. McKemey had seen the accident to the stage coach, of which he had heard, he became very friendly and affable. His demeanor was that of a refined and polished gentleman.

Black Hawk died in 1838, and his people buried him fully equipped for the warpath, in a sitting posture. A certain Dr. Turner of Keokuk, conceived the detestable scheme of stealing the chief's body and of obtaining money by exhibiting it. After exhuming the body he boxed it and hired Robert Moore, now a well-to-do farmer of Glasgow, but then a young man living at Lexington, on the Des Moines river, to take the box to Keokuk for him. Moore was going with an empty

wagon, to procure a load of merchandise for a man named Sinnard, and took the box to Keokuk, entirely ignorant of what it contained. When Turner reached St. Louis with his ghoulish capital, he found himself despised by all classes. The Indians grieved so much over the loss of their great father that the government officials interested themselves in recovering the remains, with the intention of restoring them to the Indians, but they were committed to the keeping of a doctor in Quincy, Ill., who forwarded them to J. C. Hall of Burlington, who placed the box in the care of Dr. Hicox, but they were unfortunately consumed in a fire that burned the office, and of course could not be returned to the Indians.

This entire transaction is of a piece with much of the dealings of the white man with the Indian.

It is not an easy task to describe the shifts which the pioneers practiced to supply themselves with sawed boards. To build a house without a solitary piece of its material receiving shape but from the woodman's ax would seem a task for Robinson Crusoe, but it was the first labor that confronted the pioneers. Logs were hewed and joined from the ground to the top of the gable; poles, that served for rafters were built into the gable ends on which were laid the clapboards, that were again held in place by other poles weighing them down, and the floor made of puncheons, that is of planks hewn out of a tree that had been split across, and one side smoothed with the ax. When one takes into account all of this labor, and the very moderate result, in many instances, he cannot but understand what a relief was felt, when the saw-mill made it possible to supplement much of this rough workmanship by the use of boards at the gables of the houses, of sawed flooring, doors, and many minor parts of the rude cabins. A house of this improved workmanship, built by Rhodham Burnifield, in 1838, the year that Ross brought the saw-mill to Brush Creek, is still habitable, being the residence of Squire Rizer, of Glendale.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FREDERICK LLOYD, M. D., passed away at 8:30 A. M., April 2, at his home, No. 830 East Burlington street, Iowa City. He had reached the seventy-third year of his age, and until two years since he had maintained a good degree of health. As the result of an accident he has since the winter of 1897 been deprived of the use of one limb so that he could get about only with the aid of crutches. His strength was so weakened by constant confinement that disease found in him an easy victim.

To the State Historical Society of Iowa the death of Dr. Lloyd has more than ordinary significance. Through his services the Society has been able to put on record much historical matter that will increase in value as the years pass. The "Annals of Iowa" a quarterly publication by the Society had the benefit of his editorial supervision until its suspension in 1875.

When the Society undertook the work of publication again and were ready in the fall of 1884 to issue a quarterly, the title and the good will of the "Annals" had passed out of its hands and a new name that of "THE IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD" was adopted. But one name was suggested for the office of Editor. Dr. Lloyd accepted the trust unanimously conferred upon him, and the first number appeared January 1, 1885. The matter for the second number of the current year was ready for the printer when the Editor was called to lay down his pen at the middle of the fifteenth year of continuous service.

To his zeal and his faithfulness the Society would pay tribute in this number withheld for a few days in its publication.

A sketch of Dr. Lloyd's life will appear in our July number.

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*D. N. Richardson.*

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1899.

No. 3.

D. N. RICHARDSON.

BY B. F. TILLINGHAST.



DAVID NELSON RICHARDSON lived over sixty-six years. He was born in Orange, Orange county, Vermont, March 19th, 1832. He was the son of Christopher and Achsah Richardson, New Englanders, who knew well those sterling virtues, honesty, industry, and economy. The Richardson family is of English lineage, and traces descent in an unbroken chain to William Richardson, who came over in 1635 and settled in Massachusetts. On the mother's side he was descended from the Leland stock, also English, crossed by the Powers blood, producing men of note of both names. The antecedents were men of the sea, soldiers, merchants—hardy, brave, self-reliant—and these qualities can be traced in the character of the deceased. But, while pardonably proud of his heritage and always-viewing it from the scientific side, his life-long dependence was in making the most of the talents which came to him and in acquiring others which those who preceded him never knew. If one person were to be singled out to whom he acknowledged the largest debt of gratitude for inheritance, for counsel, and for care it was his venerable mother who died in the summer of 1892 at the advanced age of ninety-three. He was near her till he reached man's estate. She lived with him for a time in Davenport, and when old associations drew

her back to the Vermont home, the son made pilgrimages annually, sometimes oftener, to cheer her and to be encouraged and comforted by her. The father preceded his companion some years in death, and of the children the only surviving brother, J. J. Richardson, a junior by seven years, was a partner in business for more than thirty-five years.

To live in eastern central Vermont, under the shadows of the Green Mountains, in the '40s, was to make rugged character, to test self-reliance. From his birth to his eighteenth year such were his surroundings, but they had their compensations. He learned to love Nature, and the lesson was always remembered. Many times and fondly he wrote of those scenes of his youth, of the people and their customs. The opportunities for education from without were scant. They consisted of three months' common schooling each year. This was supplemented by a resort to books, such as could be had, and the early thirst for the thoughts of others was never quenched. The Vermont farm did not have a strong fascination for the future author and traveler, but he made the best and most of it. He taught school at eighteen, and the next year he found his way with slender purse to Malone, New York, where he entered Franklin Academy. Here for two years he "scrimped"—that is the word he used in referring to it—and studied. He looked with some favor then to the law as a profession and read with that in view, beside preparing to enter Middlebury College, an object not attained. He returned to Vermont and taught school at Groton, but when he came to man's estate he longed to see the west.

The "fever" strong at that time gained complete control and he started for St. Louis, reaching that city in March, 1854. It was at Sparta, Randolph county, Illinois, that he found the beginning of his life's occupation. He went to that little town from force of circumstances and for three months taught school there, this being both his staff and crutch during his early western years. There was a printing office in Sparta and to this he was naturally attracted. It was

the practical college which did more for him than any literary institution could have done. The secrets of that country printing office he made his own and he never gave them up. In the fall of 1854 he came up the Mississippi River to Rock Island and crossed the country to Peoria. An incident occurred there which was afterward reverted to with more pleasure than the occasion warranted at the time. He was arrested for murder through his personal resemblance to the real criminal, but he was able to clearly prove an alibi and to establish his identity. The printing office was his recourse and the stepping stone to his career.

Fortunately Mr. Richardson has told the story of this chapter of his life in his own way and words. In his history of *The Davenport Democrat* he wrote:

In the summer of 1855 while the writer was an attache of *The Morning News* at Peoria, he was called to the counting room one day by the proprietor and there introduced to a gentleman, Henry F. Mitchell, of Davenport, who said that in his town there was a weekly newspaper office for sale; the democracy of the place desired to have a daily organ. Conversation then and there developed the prospects of a hearty co-operation on the part of the democracy of Davenport, not only in subscription and advertising patronage, but in the way of a substantial bonus. There was much else said during the hour's conversation about the size of the place, its business and prosperity, and the conference broke up with one young man determined upon achieving a bonus in Davenport.

These were days of speculation, tribulation, a visit to Davenport, and return to Peoria. The search for capital went on until \$300 was raised. The associate in the enterprise was not the Mr. Mitchell already named, but James T. Hildreth, "who had run a newspaper office up in Kenosha, Wisconsin." The paper syndicate was composed of Mr. Richardson, Mr. Hildreth, and the latter's son-in-law, George R. West. The new paper was named, the prospectus written by George S. C. Dow was circulated, and the canvass for subscriptions pushed. To that last named duty the coming editor bowed himself with successful results. The historian of his own record continues:

The question was settled—*The Daily Iowa State Democrat* was to appear on the 15th day of October without fail. The paper appeared on the day

promised. It was printed on a 22 by 32 sheet, seven columns to the page. Moving into the new office in the latter part of November of that year (1855) it became necessary to incur more expenses than had been counted upon, and so it was thought best to call in the bonus. The conditions had all been faithfully complied with, and things were moving on with great apparent prosperity. The matter was mentioned in the usual way, was finally persisted in, and it was then, and not until then, definitely stated that no bonus had been raised.

The firm of Hildreth, Richardson & West continued until the 11th of September, 1857, at which time Mr. Hildreth died. The establishment then fell into the hands of the surviving partners and was published by Richardson & West until October 11th, 1859, when it was united with *The Daily Morning News*, a democratic newspaper that had been established three years before. The firm was changed to McGuire, Richardson & Co. This firm remained until May 11th, 1863.

From the summer of 1855 until the summer of 1863 Mr. Richardson was laying the foundation for *The Democrat's* prosperity. The editorial and city columns of those days show that he was, perhaps unconsciously, not only building up a piece of private property, but that he was in reality also marking the lines of the future city of Davenport. Every change pointed toward improvement, and every effort to advance the local interests, material, educational, and moral. For nearly forty-three years he originated, shaped, and stimulated plans for the upbuilding of Davenport. Day by day he wrote or inspired articles to encourage others who were benefited as much as he.

On the 11th of May, 1863 the firm of Richardson Bros. was formed. The elder continued to attend to the editorial duties; the younger assumed the outside business responsibilities. For more than thirty-five years they carried the load together, and at the start it was a burdensome one. Nothing daunted either of the brothers and no confidence of the one was ever withheld from the other. In the business affairs of this State it may be gravely questioned if a relationship so intimate has ever existed for so long a term under such circumstances. It was more than fraternal; it was more than brotherly. From the day the partnership was begun until death severed it there was that implicit trust and common possession that is rare

indeed. Each possessed individual endowments, but the one so supplemented the other as to make the firm stronger than it could otherwise have been. The Richardson Bros. in time came to be known to hundreds who could not distinguish between them. And yet acquaintance showed a marked difference in identity. The one who has gone left this recorded: "The one had gained some practical knowledge of the art preservative previous to his proprietorship, the other achieved his in *The Democrat* office. From the first half of 1863 to the present time their labors have been united, constant, almost unremitting. For whatever success they have achieved in their undertaking they have thankful hearts; and as to the good they may have done, they can only wish it might have been greater."

As started, *The Democrat* remained in the block on the southeast corner of Third and Perry streets until the fall of 1861. Eight years later it took possession of its present quarters built by the Richardson Bros. during the summer of 1869. The old name, *The Democrat and News* was changed to the present title in April, 1864. The daily was changed from a morning to an evening paper April 27th, 1863. *The Davenport Gazette* became *The Morning Democrat* in June, 1887, and the two editions, evening and morning, were continued until February, 1897, when the morning issue was suspended.

The highest eulogy that can be paid to Mr. Richardson's integrity and fine traits of character is the high regard in which he was held by those engaged in business here when he came, most of whom preceded him to the beyond. They were his close friends, and knew his great heart.

One of Mr. Richardson's biographers came near the truth in saying of him: "In politics he was a democrat; not of the ultra stripe, never having a taste for extremes. During the civil war he was what was denominated a war democrat and his paper was loyal to the union and the government, opposing the extreme views of his party, both in its columns and

upon the stump." He was identified with the democratic party of the nation and State for forty-five years. He always believed in going forward and never backward. He was more progressive, more liberal, more deeply read than the average of his party. Of no one can it be said with stricter propriety and truth that he never used his position as a party leader, or as a party editor, for any reward of party victory. He was constitutionally opposed to office-seeking and office-holding where partisanship could in any way cramp that larger usefulness toward which his life was aimed. And yet he was a party organizer who knew that results are attained only through method and organization. On the first anniversary of the issue of *The Democrat* in October, 1856, the Young Men's Democratic Association of Scott County, which he had been instrumental in forming, was organized. Eliel Peck was elected president, D. N. Richardson, a member of the executive board. From that early day forward his services were always at the command of the party whose principles he espoused. And it was the principle of popular government as opposed to paternalism that guided him.

The demands upon his time as editor were uninterrupted, urgent; and the discharge of duty could not be deferred. And yet he was a moving factor in a score of directions. The first savings bank was organized in this city in the spring of 1864; Mr. Richardson was a member of its first board of directors. President Griggs of the Citizens' National, when informed of his associate's death, deplored the loss personally and as a counsellor, saying:

His interest in the bank has always been evidenced by his attendance upon all of its meetings, when at home and when his health permitted. In directing the affairs of the bank, while he was always eager for a proper and legitimate expansion of its business, his views were conservative, and he considered that safety rather than profit should be the rule. His personal relations with the officers, and all associated with him in the bank were always agreeable. He was always genial, and no one of our number has been more highly valued or will be more sadly missed.

Mr. Richardson took a deep interest in all municipal affairs.

In the permanent improvement of streets he was very much interested. Davenport owes him more than it knows for his efforts to secure material improvements.

In his life and conduct Mr. Richardson exemplified Masonic teachings, both speculative and operative. He was honored by the Davenport fraternity, and the craft was by him honored.

Every cause that had in view the extension of knowledge among the masses, the placing of books within the reach of citizens, had in him a patron and zealous friend. Not unmindful of the importance of more material things he saw that others would look after them to the neglect of these.

Mr. Richardson's work for the public schools extends not only through the several years he was a member of the board of education, but throughout his Davenport residence.

In the cost of solicitude, thought, labor, in both mental and physical resources, it is doubted by the near friends of Mr. Richardson whether his more than forty years as editor of *The Democrat* were more exacting than his eighteen years as Regent of the State University of Iowa.

The expenditure of fiber and force, without any adequate compensation, desired or received, was his greatest contribution to the State, and one not to be measured by money. Long before he became officially identified with its management he was its avowed champion. In the days when it needed open friends, he was among its strongest supporters. He wanted to see a great school built up, one worthy the greatness and grandeur of Iowa; one that would give the young men and women of this State the opportunities of Harvard. The files of *The Democrat* could be quoted to the extent of volumes. As a sample an extract from a leading editorial of March 6th, 1874, this is taken:

Will the Fifteenth General Assembly gibbet itself as a body of blockheads, a clique of wiseacres, a company of boors on a par with Jack Cade's parliament which would have all who could read and write hanged—or will it prove that the people who elected it were not mistaken in supposing that its solicitude would be for the State's interests? We implore, or rather, in the name of

the people we demand that the threatened danger to the highest educational interests of the State be averted. Ignorance is a crime, and a blow struck against our State college is a blow in the interests of barbarism, monopoly, and rowdy rule.

W. J. Haddock, Secretary for years of the Board of Regents of the State University said lately: "It would be impossible to write of the University without writing of D. N. Richardson and it would be difficult to write of him and leave the University out."

He was first elected Regent by the General Assembly of 1876. At that time the Legislature was sweepingly republican and the officers of State institutions were mainly of that party. Of the eleven members only two beside Mr. Richardson were democrats—John F. Duncombe, of Fort Dodge, and J. W. Henderson, of Cedar Rapids. In 1882 he was reelected for a six year term, and again in 1888. Party insanity ran riot in the early months of 1894 and the good and faithful servant was sacrificed to the blindness of partisanship; but let it be said the protests of the republican press were plain.

During his first term he was placed on the committee on buildings and grounds, a recognition of both his fitness and capacity. This committee, the other members of which were Gov. Kirkwood and Col. Henderson, inaugurated a broad system and plan which was only limited by the want of funds. One altogether familiar with the Board says: "Mr. Richardson pressed the walk reform and the laying of flagging as an economical measure, and so thoroughly impressed his views on the Board that it is now the settled and declared policy."

During the first year of our subject's connection with the Board the total attendance was 338; it has since far passed the thousand mark. This illustrates both the wisdom and necessity, which were clearly comprehended twenty-five years ago, of making provision for the future as well as for the immediate needs. Another Regent may be quoted in this connection. "Of all the good men on the Board of Regents," he says "no one had more to do in fostering the school and moulding and

developing it, and bringing it up to its present status than D. N. Richardson."

In May, 1878, he was appointed on a committee to enquire into the efficiency of the several professors and instructors, and he was continued in that delicate position to the end of his term. The same year the Board made him a member of the finance committee, and chairman of that on buildings and grounds. From that time until June, 1894, those in a position to know say that "he had a controlling influence in all that pertained to the University buildings. And what was accomplished, new buildings on the campus testify."

Another duty placed upon his shoulders came with the chairmanship, also in 1878, of the committee on steam heating, with instructions to fully investigate the matter. That day noted the doom of the antiquated stove up to that time in use. The fuel question was solved and the attending cost reduced to a minimum. Every appropriation received by the University was made to count for as much as possible.

In June, 1884, Mr. Richardson was placed on the executive committee, the one whose responsibilities are the most onerous of all in any way connected with the school. He served in that capacity for ten years, the most of that period as chairman. "To him and to his colleagues on the executive committee," says an officer of the institution, "is due much of the best business management of the University affairs."

In 1887 the resignation of the President of the institution brought to the committee on faculty the duty of finding a successor. Mr. Richardson as chairman of the committee started in his usual methodical way in search of the man who would best meet the conditions with which he was perfectly familiar. His final judgment rested upon one man of the many whom he met, and the successful career of the late President Schaeffer approved his judgment and the unanimous endorsement of his fellow Regents.

March 11, 1891, he was elected President pro tem of the Board of Regents, so that in the absence of the Governor of

Iowa, who is ex officio President, Mr. Richardson was the regular presiding officer. No member of the Board up to that time in the history of the University had been so honored. As a mark of esteem it was pleasing in the extreme to the recipient.

In this reference to the positions filled no account can be taken of the thought and toil involved. His very life was given to that work and in the view of some who ought to know his span of life was shortened by it. Hardly a hint has here been given of the scope and variety of his efforts in behalf of Iowa's greatest school.

Ever since the close of the war there has been a manifest intention on the part of the people of this State to perpetuate in some enduring way the glorious deeds of Iowa heroes on the field of battle. It fell to Mr. Richardson's lot to formulate to some extent the popular desire; to turn it to organized action. The Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Commission was provided for by the Twenty-second General Assembly (in the early part of 1888) and the Governor, Hon. James Harlan, ex-Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood, ex-United States Senator George G. Wright, Edward Johnstone and D. N. Richardson were named in the act as the members. This act appropriated \$5,000 for preparation of site and foundations. The Twenty-third General Assembly provided an additional \$5,000 and added to members of the Commission. The Twenty-fourth Assembly confined the cost of the contemplated plans to \$150,000. At one of the first meetings of the Commission the subject of this sketch was elected secretary, a position he held as long as the Commission existed. His acquaintance with the world's art, his willingness to serve, and his lively interest in the patriotic object all united to make his part strong and earnest. His correspondence with artists, designers and others interested, was something voluminous, yet nothing was delegated to an assistant. When threatened paralysis came to his right hand and arm he learned to use a typewriter, working the keyboard or dictating to a secretary

as choice moved him. Difficult questions arose from the start and they will not be disposed of until the monument is completed. He was anxious that every move made by the Commission be understood aright by the people, and to this end wrote of the progress of the work often, and with his own hand mailed marked copies of *The Democrat* to inquirers. Printed letters of information were sent out more than once. For this service he refused compensation, returning to the State Treasury the sums of money which had been paid him for services rendered, drawing his check for nearly five thousand dollars.

Other interests demanded and received the attention of this busy, methodical man who conserved his energies by exercising them without friction, and always to a purpose. He was a curator of the State Historical Society; a trustee of the Presbyterian Church; a promoter of the old Davenport Central Street Railway Company, organized in 1870, and a member of its directory; President of the Northwestern Associated Press; President of the Richardson Land and Lumber Company; a director of the Lindsay Land and Lumber Company; of the Davenport Water Company; of the Davenport and Rock Island Ferry Company; of Oakdale Cemetery; and of other business and educational bodies.

As a journalist he was one of the most painstaking of men. In general and in detail he wanted above all things accuracy. An erroneous statement, a careless remark, an unfair criticism could not easily be committed or excused by him. For the conventional he cared little, and did not require it of others. For the high-sounding he had no respect. His style of writing was direct, simple, strong. He disliked personalities, and it is not remembered that a bitter, denunciatory, or spiteful article ever came from his pen. No spoken or written word of his was intended to give pain. He did not write until he had informed himself, and then his weapons were reason, candor, and fact. Naturally he was not a disputant, nor was he aggressive in the sense that word implies. Progressive,

liberal and charitable he most emphatically was. His vocabulary was singularly pure, expressive and original, never heavy or stilted and trivial. He wrote to be understood, and few have ever been so successful in charming the reader while imparting information.

Mr. Richardson was a child in nothing except in his love of children. Among men of the world he was the equal of the best; among travelers he held first place, if not in the number of times he had girdled the earth, then certainly in the stores of information he had gathered by personal observation; among philosophers he was a sage. But he was a child with children. He could always interest them and it was his pleasure to do so. If he did not participate in their romping games he liked to watch them. And when it came to story-telling he was as enchanting as Scott. Many are the children who have been incited to study by some question asked by him at the right time in the right way. His own children and his grandchildren may feel a deeper grief in his loss because of their greater nearness and more frequent association; but hundreds will miss him and have occasion to treasure his memory. Perhaps his summer home in the hills of Vermont is where he best liked to surround himself with his little friends. He always had them with him, and he never failed to add to their enjoyments. Men of the world and of affairs are often too forgetful of the children.

It is related of Dr. Johnson that he once remarked, of an evening of society, that there had been a great deal of talk but no conversation. Our subject could talk familiarly and he could converse learnedly. He knew the half-forgotten art and was its conceded master. He could point a moral or adorn a tale according to circumstances. His mind grasped quickly, almost intuitively. Writing, reading, and travel had equipped him, and his mind was so retentive and active that he was never at a loss. Add to this his manner, always marked by individuality; his voice, better adapted to a drawing room than a public hall, and those about him had the enlivening spirit of social intercourse.

April 15th, 1858, Mr. Richardson was united in marriage with Miss Jennette Darling, of Groton, Vermont. The honored, cherished wife of more than forty years survives, and left to comfort her are two daughters and two sons, Mrs. Joe R. Lane, Morris Nelson Richardson, Mrs. Wilson McClelland, and Jenness B. Richardson.

While he was at home always and everywhere he was happiest as a host. Those who met him at the office, on the train or boat, and even as a guest, could not fail to form the most pleasant impressions. But to see the editor, author, traveler, critic and man, all in one, it was requisite to meet him under his own roof and in his loved library. His friends were always welcome there, and many a stranger whose coming was unannounced, was received with cordiality. His book-walled rooms with their tables and shelves of curios and specimens of art brought the interesting places of earth almost within reach. In one corner, reaching from floor to ceiling, were twenty-four large, bound volumes of views. These photographs had been gathered with great care and arranged with discrimination. If the caller happened to be interested in the antiquities of Japan he could spend an evening there with his host as guide, and learn more of the men and women, the customs, the temples, the government, the religion, and the natural scenery of that beautiful island, than most tourists learn in their hurried visits to the Mikado's empire. He was an omnivorous reader of books, but he was not bookish. He was more charmed with nature and art, and most with their human sides. To visit the library and find its owner gone was to lose its best possession. No one was constrained to hear Mr. Richardson talk of things he had seen—he was not in the least assertive—but once the intellectual fountain was opened no one cared to check its flow. The knots of friends who have gathered in that library will treasure the hours so passed as rich memories.

The deceased was not a communicant of any religious organization, but he was an attendant upon the services of

the Presbyterian Church oftener than any other. His charity was broad and generous. He believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. He knew and taught that not all of Christianity is found in any one church. His life was an open book and righteous living may be called the essence of belief. He was an exemplary man with a faith rooted in deep and wide knowledge.

Few, if any, citizens of Iowa have penetrated into so many corners of the United States, and traveled so widely abroad as the one who has now entered upon his last journey to

The undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns.

In 1877 Mr. Richardson spent several months in Europe. In 1879-80 he went abroad accompanied by his family, and the wife and daughter of his brother, remaining a year. On the 18th of August, 1885, he started on his last and longest tour, during which he encircled the earth, returning in September of the next year.

Many have been the tributes of respect sent to the family since his death. We have space for two only. One is from Mr. B. H. Barrows, before the Civil War city editor of the *Davenport Democrat*.

There was one phase of his character known to me thirty years ago which is very near and very dear to me to-day—the best memory, all in all, I have of him. And that was his comradeship with young men. He was the cleanest, most wholesome, shrewdest-kindly man I knew when I was a young fellow. Those evenings on Main street in front of the old office, the young men whom he delighted in; the homely, incisive, half humorous and wholly serious advice; the clear and keen analysis of men and motives; of “getting on in the world;” paternal admonitions regarding our short comings—and some of us were fatherless—the appeal always to the higher nature. Ah, well, there were some of those lads who never dreamed then of the value to them of the hearty, merry counsel of “Dick” Richardson.

There are those who have known him better in these later years, other times, other seasons. My affectionate remembrance of him is at a period when it is so easy for the busy man to brush aside the aspiring and troublesome beginner. He was always kind, considerate, thoughtful—the kindest man to young men I ever knew.

The other from Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet) in writing of Mr. Richardson's Book of Travel.

I feel that the author of "A Girdle Round the Earth" in simply and vividly telling the truth, has "builded wiser than he knew." He has been a good citizen in his book as well as in all his honorable and useful life.

But the fascination of the book has another source; I know of no other book of travels (unless I except dear old credulous Sir John Mandeville) so spontaneous. The manner of the book's making accounts partly for this. It is his home letters, wherein he reflected the mood of the hour and the sky, with no thought of a larger circle than the ones he loved and missed and a few friends who would "want to hear." The abounding humor and the delightful gaiety were simply the natural expression of the man's nature. He was having a beautiful time, and he wanted to share it, just as he always wanted to share his good times with his friends. He wrote as he talked. His style is direct and graphic and picturesque, just as his style was in talking. There is nothing labored, nothing forced. He had been a student of the value of words all his life, he had been an omnivorous reader, a keen yet tolerant observer; the book reflects all these. Its lack of effect is its enduring charm. It has the ease of the practiced hand, it has the riches of a wide experience and an opulent brain. For all these reasons it will keep its place and remain his lasting memorial. Yet it is by no means his only work. As good work, (work that had far reaching effect, also,) he did in a multitude of unsigned editorials; and in his addresses and other public expressions. I have no right to speak of our friend as a citizen or as a man who loved many and was well loved of many who are mourning him to-day; but the same genial, gentle, wise, and humorous soul which made him loved as a man, endears him as a writer. We of his own town, the town always so close to his heart, may amid our grief, be glad and rejoice that we have had him and that he has lived and wrought among us.

It was painfully apparent to Mr. Richardson's associates that his health began to fail nearly six years before the final summons came. Had this not made the effort too great for him it can be said with confidence that another volume would have borne his name. The subject matter of this would have been the early oriental religions.

REV. C. C. TOWNSEND, ORGANIZER OF THE  
FIRST EPISCOPAL SOCIETY IN  
JOHNSON COUNTY, IOWA.

BY GENERAL CHARLES W. IRISH, GOLD CREEK, NEVADA.



OMEWHERE in the early fifties I, a young man then, met through an introduction by my father, with a clergyman by the name of C. C. Townsend. He was just out from New York City and for the first time in, or on the border of the then wild West. His journey so far from "the center of civilization" was an errand of mercy. He was an upholder of the Episcopal Church or "The Church of England" as I had often in my youth heard it spoken of derisively; for then the fierce fires of hatred kindled by the war of the Revolution and the swiftly following war of 1812 were still burning as ash-covered embers upon many a hearthstone, and were frequently fanned into weak and flickering flames of passion against Great Britain as parents related stories of the murders and woeful devastations of those great struggles to their children by the winter firesides.

I was not an exception to the rule in this matter, for my forefathers had taken a hand in both those wars. And on my father's side nearly all the male members of the family, born for generations on the New England coast and the island of Martha's Vineyard, had been sailors, my father among the number. Hence the long winter evenings by our fireside drew out many tales of the nation's struggle for independence and many stories of the sea. Thus impressed I confess now, looking back after the lapse of near half a century, to a very strong dislike in my youthful days for anything British; and this in a shadowy way included the "Church of England."

Imagine my surprise when the Reverend Townsend, talking with me soon after our acquaintance began, proposed that I

should join him in an attempt to organize a society of that church in Iowa City. He had been about and over Johnson county and had succeeded in finding several members of his church,—not above three or four as I remember,—and now he desired my help and that of some other young folks to make the organization complete. I frankly told him that I could not grant his request for I understood that he desired me to become a member of the congregation about to be organized and, further, that I did not like his church,—of its creed I knew nothing. He questioned me as to my refusal and dislikes in the matter, and I told him that I was a Quaker after the manner of my fathers and that I disliked everything English. He commended me for sticking to the faith of my fathers, pronouncing that faith a good one to live and die by, and then gave me a history of the Episcopal church, a revelation to me. I was captivated by his kindly manner and the bit of history of the church given, and consented to assist in organizing the first congregation of the Episcopal church in Iowa City.

Mr. Townsend gave me a book of prayer and instructed me in the use of it. He started me out on a proselyting expedition to gather in some of my boyhood companions to help swell the embryo congregation. He did not expect at first very many to come even through curiosity, for religious jealousy ran high at the time and there was very little amity or comity between the various religious sects then organized at the capital of Iowa.

I well remember our first meeting; it took place in Dr. Reynolds' school room in the second story of the old Mechanics' Academy. I can now recall in memory's picture only that little congregation, five or six in number, aside from the clergyman, nevertheless we went through the services without a hitch, succeeding even in the singing.

We continued to meet with great regularity and the few regular members, all of whom lived at various distances in the country, came without fail, in spite of the severe winter

weather which soon followed upon our first efforts, and the congregation grew slowly in numbers.

Mr. Townsend was a tall, slim man, his face pleasing and impressive; hair, eyebrows and beard black; and of a bilious temperament. He was naturally kind-hearted and his manner was of the most friendly.

I have said that this trip to the then wild west, the State of Iowa, was on an errand of mercy. He had observed the large number of children, offspring of dissolute parents in large proportion, but in many instances waifs from once well-to-do families broken up by business failures and other disappointments, and this mass of infantile humanity turned upon the streets of the great maritime cities of the East with no help, no shelter, nor the guidance of parents, exposed alike to the pitiless storm and the still more pitiless world, to grow up in the main, felons, preying upon the heartless society which had, in its heedlessness of the pain and the wrongs heaped upon these defenseless waifs, brought them to, and forced them into the great schools of vice to be found on every hand in all large cities.

The then wild west of Iowa and associated States was almost entirely free from such schools of vice and, moreover, being *par excellence* a farming community, it offered in the Rev. Townsend's opinion the very best school for the training of the poor little friendless street arabs of New York City, not only leading them in the paths of virtue and goodness, but along and on the broad way of industry and usefulness to suitable trades and callings, through the learning of which they might become independent and useful members of society. Thus his mission to the West was to find places among its farmers and tradesmen for cast off remnants of eastern civilization. He even dreamed of the founding of a home and school for them and hoped against hope, and most devoutly prayed for some Good Samaritan, with riches, to arise in the glorious West, who, with the kindness of heart which he himself possessed, might come forward with an ample endowment

for such an institution. He sought aid in his scheme by asking even small donations, and ever enthusiastic, began to bring as many of the destitute children west as he could find means to transport and maintain.

For many of these he found good homes, where kindly hands and hearts undertook their guidance, and for the rest he provided the best and cheapest shelter that his limited means would afford until fortune should open more friendly doors for the little members of his charge. I am glad to say that so far as my knowledge goes, the majority of the poor, friendless children, placed in Iowa homes by Mr. Townsend, grew up to be good and useful members of society, some even amassing a competence with which they entered successfully into business; and I recall instances where, with the means thus attained, parents long lost were hunted up and taken from public refuges, and made comfortable and happy for the remainder of their lives. On the other hand many of the waifs were found to be unworthy and soon became criminals. It was noted that these failures were among those who had attained several years of intimacy with the slum life of the great city where they were born, being in all cases the oldest children brought out from these haunts of vice.

As from the beginning of human society, failures have attracted more notice than have successes, so it was with the Rev. Townsend's efforts, and it was soon noised about that he was importing criminals by the car-load into Iowa City and the surrounding country.

These rumors grew apace and soon it was proposed to put a stop to his apparently "criminal behavior."

To this end a criminal prosecution was brought against him and he was forced to appear before the District Court for trial on this base charge. The old man, full of years and good works came under bonds for trial before a jury on a penal charge based upon his work of mercy and goodness which I have hastily described. The trial was in progress in the court house on a warm summer day; and Mr. Townsend was

sitting near an open window with his hand on the sill, when without warning the heavy sash descended upon his fingers and so crushed and bruised them that he sickened and in a few days thereafter died from tetanus or what is commonly called lock-jaw.

Thus ended a life devoted to charity and aiding the helpless in the most unselfish and painstaking manner. He sleeps I believe in an unmarked grave: but let the good which he did be his monument. He made some mistakes, doubtless, in selecting the little ones whom he sought to better and relieve, but if he saved even one of them to a life of usefulness and virtue, it went far toward compensating for all such errors.

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## JEFFERSON COUNTY PIONEERS.

[CONTINUED FROM APRIL, 1899.]

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BY H. HEATON, GLENDALE, IOWA.

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**S**HORTLY after Ross came to this county, two young men, Frank and Tilford Gilmer, worked an entire winter, chopping and hauling logs to the saw-mill, only to have them all washed away when the spring thaw swelled Brush Creek to an unusual height. One of those two young men, Tilford, still lives in Fairfield. This Gilmer family is another example of the many families of this county that have a history deserving of preservation. The family, like the Ross family, was from Kentucky. In one of the Indian outbreaks, that so often marked the history of Kentucky, the little outlying settlement in which the Gilmer family lived, got word to go at once to the central fort, which was several miles distant. Hastily snatching up a few of the first things that came to hand, the women put onto the horses, while the men formed a rear guard to intercept the coming

savages. One of these women was a young Mrs. Gilmer, who was mounted on a horse behind a man who was not able, by some reason, to take his place with the fighting men. Towards morning the fleeing company halted for a rest, and while resting were attacked by the Indians. A tomahawk just missed Mrs. Gilmer's head, as she was hastily put onto the horse again. In the panic that overtook the fleeing women and their escorts, the man that was guiding Mrs. Gilmer's horse, pushed her off so that he could make greater speed in his hurry to reach the fort. However, the rear-guard found the abandoned woman and when they arrived with her at the fort it was all that the garrison could do to keep the enraged men from hanging the poltroon at once, and he saved his life by flying to another settlement. Shortly after a son was born to Mrs. Gilmer and there was a mark on the side of his head as if he had been struck with a tomahawk. This child was James Gilmer, father of the two young men, Frank and Tilford. When James was a young man he served in the war of 1812, in Ohio, under Generals Clay and Harrison, in one of the bloodiest and most trying campaigns of that war, it being against the British under Proctor, a very able officer, and the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh. James Gilmer owned one of the largest and best farms in the county, and lies buried in a small cemetery in the woods near his home. Strange as it may seem the birth mark, which seldom inconvenienced him through life, was perhaps the cause of his death.

Another neighbor of Ross' was John Toothaker, who had also served in the war of 1812, but in the District of Maine. Toothaker's father had owned a large farm on Long Island, but through some turn of law he lost his home and went with his family to Maine, where his daughter, Mercy, was married to a man named Howard. The loss of his home had unsettled Toothaker's mind, and he with his sons and daughters, of whom there were a number, lived with the son-in-law, Howard, when the war opened. Howard and John, a brother of his

wife 17 years old, enlisted on the appearance of an English fleet off Belfast; but the look of preparation or a change of plans made the fleet turn in another direction and our soldiers were not permitted the glory of engaging the enemy. At return of peace, the army was given a "Triumph" at the town of Belfast. A vast multitude of people assembled to see the soldiers, but of all the glad hearts none was happier or prouder than the young wife, Mercy Howard, as she held up her little first-born son, Elasol, to see his father and Uncle John march by. Wm. Maxwell, of Salina, is a grandson of the little Elasol, and the widow of the tall slender stripling, John Toothaker, still lives at Hillsborough, this state.

In the HISTORICAL RECORD of October, 1898, there is reference made on page 378 to a conscript of Napoleon's, who served, after being taken prisoner in Spain, in the English army under Wellington. This man of many adventures, Frederick Schneringer, had married a widowed sister of the boy John Toothaker, and as the above article states, came to Iowa in 1839, walking from St. Louis to this county. The saw-mill enabled him to build a better house than the little cabin that had sheltered him and his wife, the good widow who had pitied his forlorn lot in the Maine woods. Schneringer was his own carpenter, and if we have been able to convey an idea of his character, it is remembered that he was one of the most opinionated men that ever lived. As much of the material for his house had to be brought from Ft. Madison, a distance of fifty miles, it will be seen there was some excuse to be offered in economizing as much as was possible. But the frame was cut so much too short that when it came to be raised it was necessary to hew out additional "plates" to be laid on the framed plates to make the rooms high enough for Nathaniel, a step-son, to stand erect in. Scheringer himself was but little more than five feet in height. At the raising of this house Albert Howard, a son of Willard Howard, who marched in the ranks in the "Triumph" of Belfast, took one of those "plates," twenty-eight feet long, on his

shoulder and carried it some distance to the place wanted. Mr. Howard still lives at Glendale, and the fifty years that have elapsed since that house raising have strengthened his memory as well as increased the pleasure of recounting the great strength which was his in his youth. This house of Schneringer was burned down about 1870, a loss which is to be regretted because it was one of the first frame houses built in this county. Carl Schneringer, a grandson, was a schoolboy at Bradshaw, Nebraska, when war with Spain was declared; he enlisted, and being the only soldier from the town, was escorted to the train, that bore him away, by the school in a body, and by almost the entire town and community. He returned from the Philippines the latter part of December, broken in health; and the town, school and community honored themselves on his return, as they had speeded his departure for the war.

Ten years after the first white inhabitants came to Iowa, the population had increased to such an extent that there was a widespread desire for statehood. For this purpose an act was passed by the territorial legislature early in 1844, and approved by the governor, John Chambers, in February of that year, calling for an election of delegates to meet in October of the same year, at Iowa City, to frame a state constitution.

Jefferson county sent five delegates to this convention; Sulifand S. Ross, Hardin Butler, James I. Murray, Robert Brown and Samuel Whitmore. A slight account of some of these colleagues of Mr. Ross' may be of interest in connection with his life.

Hardin Butler was born in Adair County, Kentucky, was a grandson of John Butler, one of the most noted of Kentucky's Indian scouts. In company with some relatives of his, named Hardin, and James Gilmer, he of the tomahawk birthmark, and others, he came to Iowa from Illinois, in 1836, but too late to raise any corn for subsistence, and in consequence was compelled at the coming on of winter to return to his father's

home in Illinois. All of these immigrants crossed the Mississippi river at Fort Madison. The man who managed the ferry was a rough, brutal bully; when Butler drove onto the ferryboat, one of his cattle ran away and while he was bringing it back, the ferryman cast off. Butler's wife was ill and was greatly alarmed at crossing the river, doubly so because her husband was not with her. Butler said nothing to the ferryman when the boat returned, but went on to his father's, spent the winter, returning in the spring, with his family and stock, accompanied by two or three of his cousins. After all had been safely landed at Fort Madison, Butler recalled to the ferryman's mind the incident attending former crossing of the river, and without farther ado proceeded to administer a terrific chastisement to him, and only desisted when the ferryman cried "murder," and Butler's friends interfered in his behalf. When Butler saw how severely he had punished the man, he asked his friends why they had not interfered sooner. They replied that it was an old debt, and it was well to pay the interest with the principal.

A man of Butler's character could not but be well known in a pioneer community, and this was perhaps his only recommendation to his fellow citizens in selecting him as a delegate to the constitutional convention. He was not a public speaker even to the extent of being a debater in the debating societies that were so common in the early history of the county. On one occasion, a political meeting at Glasgow, Butler was called on to make a speech. He arose and said, "Fellow citizens!" and feeling the strangeness of his position he repeated "Fellow citizens!" and not even then being able to add anything, he again repeated, "Fellow citizens!" when a man in the audience said, "Now you have done it!" and the speech was brought to a close.

Butler's notoriety does not so much depend on his labors as a delegate to the constitutional convention as on his connection with the first homicide in the county, the killing of John Woodard, in June 1856. Butler lived on a farm in

Cedar township, now the property of George Phillips, on which Levi Tracy lives. And on an adjoining farm, also belonging to Phillips, lived John Woodard, a brother of John Huff's wife. Woodard went to California in search of gold, and was successful in getting quite a sum, but on his return he found that gossip had made free with his wife's name in connection with Butler's. Mrs. Woodard had made her home, in the absence of her husband, with her mother, Mrs. Kiger, a widow. Ever since the days of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra the world has witnessed evils arising from the separation of husband and wife for any lengthened period. Woodard swore he would avenge his honor by killing Butler on sight, and these threats coming to Butler's ears, it was not long until he gave Woodard an opportunity to make them good. Taking his son, Elkanah with him in a wagon he drove by the little cabin in which the Woodards dwelt, to get a load of wood; just after passing the cabin the road descended a steep hill, and when nearing the bottom of the hill Butler heard a loud cry near the top of the hill, where he saw Mrs. Woodard standing with her arms extended pointing to Woodard, who was running after him with one hand behind his back. Giving his son the lines he picked up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon and steadying himself by standing astride of the board which served as a seat, he took deliberate aim, and when Woodard brought his arm in front, shot him through the heart, and it could not be told whether they fired simultaneously or whether only one discharged his weapon. Butler at once surrendered himself to the authorities and a trial acquitted him on the ground of self-defense.

The death of Woodard led to much speculation as to what had become of the gold which it was known he had brought with him from California. After searching in every conceivable place for it, Mrs. Woodard employed a man who lived in the neighborhood named Keltner, who had studied astrology, to endeavor by his art to discover the lost gold.

Next to Schneringer, Francis G. Keltner perhaps had led the

most adventurous life of any man who ever came to Jefferson county. Born in Hungary, of a good family, through the influence of an uncle he had received a lieutenant's commission in the Austrian army, his uncle being colonel of the regiment. While serving in Italy his duty consisted in guarding political prisoners, and the awful tyranny of Austria in Italy kept the prisons full of victims. Becoming interested in some of these persecuted people, whom he was guarding, the young lieutenant winked at the negligence of some soldiers who had procured some wine, and through its influence had not hindered the escape of the Italians. Foreseeing his own punishment, when the escape should become known, he hurried after the escaping prisoners and escaped to Switzerland before he could be overtaken; but not feeling secure even there, he hurried on to England and from thence to America. He soon found congenial occupation by entering the army, and served under Taylor in Florida against the Seminoles in a campaign in which the soldiers suffered terrible hardships. At the expiration of his five years of service, Keltner settled down to the watchmaker's trade at Baltimore and married. From Baltimore he came to this county with a large family in 1852. Mrs. William Davis of Fairfield is a daughter of Mr. Keltner's.

In a life of so many vicissitudes it is hardly to be wondered at, that he should endeavor to peer into the future, and so he had made a study of judicial astrology. It was this art that Mrs. Woodard enlisted in her behalf to find the money. But whether the stars refused to give up the secret to their interrogator, or whether as many thought there was no secret to yield, the money all the while being in Mrs. Woodard's possession, it is still a subject of conjecture what became of the gold.

The same year Butler sold his farm, and removed to Missouri, where he died at an advanced age in 1897. It is but due to his memory to add, that his last years were spent as an humble repentant in Christian preparation for eternity.

Robert Brown was a farmer of Des Moines township. He was slight of stature, and quick of movement. While Mr. Brown was not a public speaker, he was a man of superior character, held in great esteem by his fellow citizens. He represented Jefferson county in the state senate, being the third man from this county to hold that honor. He also filled the office of recorder and treasurer when those two offices were, for a number of years, consolidated.

That he was a man of independent character may be inferred from his attitude towards President Buchanan's administration. Holding an office in the land office, he was so little in sympathy with the course pursued, in overriding the wishes of the settlers of Kansas, that he boldly supported Douglas although he well knew that such a course would bring upon him the wrath of President Buchanan's supporters.

Samuel Whitmore was a farmer of Locust Grove township, and that he was a man of influence in the county may be gathered from the trusts committed to him, in after years. Mr. Whitmore, like all of the delegation from Jefferson county, with the exception of Mr. Ross, was not a public speaker. He came to Iowa in 1842 from Ohio, where he had amassed a considerable amount of property in contracting work on canals.

In 1852 he was elected to the state legislature, his colleagues being H. B. Mitchell, and W. J. Rogers; and so bad were the roads at that day, that to reach Iowa City, they were compelled to go by way of Richland, to avoid crossing Walnut Creek, that stream not yet having been bridged.

James I. Murray, the fifth man to be noticed, of the first state constitutional convention from Jefferson county, was born in Pennsylvania, and at the time of the convention was just forty years old. When a young man he went to Virginia and learned the stone mason's trade and married. His father was a colonel in the Revolutionary war. James was one of a large family—at a time when large families were the rule. In 1837 Murray came to Iowa with his family of three daughters and two sons, in company with his brother-in-law, John C.

Stuart. They built a flat boat and on it with their families, and a few household goods, bade farewell to "old Virginia," at a point in Braxton county, on Elk river, guiding their boat down that river to the Kanawha, and down that stream to the Ohio, where they sold their flat boat and took passage on a steamboat down that river and up the Mississippi, landing in the spring of 1837 at Fort Madison. Both Stuart and Murray settled five miles northeast of Fairfield, the latter buying a claim from a man named Joseph Carter, who had built a cabin of round oak logs; near a spring of sulphurous water; the cabin had been built without a nail, or iron of any description, the door was made of clapboards, fastened weather boarding fashion, on a rough frame with wooden pins; without a window, with the earth for a floor, chimney of mud and sticks, a typical cabin of the first settlers. It will be seen that it was next to impossible to sweep the floor clean of dust. During the summer of 1837 Mr. Murray built a hewn log house, which with some repairing done to it, served as a dwelling until 1898, sixty-two years. Mr. Murray entered four hundred and thirty-six acres of land for himself, when the land came into market, besides a number of tracts of land which he entered and held for neighbors, until they could obtain the money to pay for their homes. One of these men who owed the possession of his claim to Murray's helping hand, was William DeTar, now a wealthy farmer of Monroe county. Mr. Murray was all his life interested in the education of the children. He donated land and material for the first school house near what has since been Perlee, and when in a few years it was burned, he gave the logs with which another was built; besides he gave all the fuel for school purposes for ten years or more. Mr. Murray helped to build the stone work of the Deed's mill, now known as Merrimac.

Mr. Murray was not an educated man but had a good understanding, which a common school education had made more effective than the minds of many of the so-called educated people

become. He was a lover of the poet Burns, and had a good library, for those early days.

Murray enjoyed the debating societies of those days, going so far as to open his house for their meetings, making seats for the people by carrying in fence rails. At one of these debates he and Frederick Lyon, a notable pioneer, combated all opponents in discussing the evils of Mormonism.

Murray was a large man weighing 280 pounds; he was a Free Mason, and his progressive character had recommended him as a proper representative in forming a state constitution.

In 1844 there was not a mile of railway in Iowa, neither was there any public conveyance from Fairfield to Iowa City, and so the five Jefferson county members arranged to go by their own conveyance, which was a light wagon. When the wagon reached Murray's, his cabin being on the direct road from Fairfield to Iowa City, Mrs. Murray was putting out the week's washing, at the spring some distance from the house, and when the four men went into the house she said to one of the children with her, Wm. B., now of Fairfield, "they have gone in to get a drink of grog," so common was it to offer spirits to a caller at that day when it was desired to show respect.

The convention met October 7th, and chose Shepherd Leffler of Burlington, President. There were seventy-two members and they concluded their labors on November 1, 1844.

Mr. Murray's opinion of the convention was that it was very different from a debating society in a log school house. Mr. Ross told his son William when he returned home, that "lawyers were a curse to any deliberative body."

When the wagon, with the five returning men, reached Murray's cabin, Mr. Ross bade his companions adieu and walked to his home, a distance of fifteen miles.

Less than a year subsequent to the first constitutional convention, of which we have made mention, an event occurred near the home of Mr. Ross which, though at that time seemed to be of little importance, has proven to be one of the most

momentous events in the history of Jefferson county—we refer to the coming of the first company of Swedes to the State of Iowa. This was the first permanent settlement of Swedes in the entire Mississippi valley. This band of immigrants numbered twenty-five in all,—men, women and children. They sailed from Gothenburg about the middle of June, and after a tedious journey of four months, by sailing vessel, railway, canal-boat, and finally by private conveyance from Burlington, (that is, each and every one, walked every foot of the way,) they reached a point a mile west of Mr. Ross' on Brush Creek, September 13, 1845.

When this company of strangers reached the above named point they had less than fifty dollars in money all told, and the log house in which they found a temporary home was, without a roof, the property of a speculator. To prove the staunchness of their character, and touched, too, with a bit of humor, they called such a dismal shelter "Stockholm." And to this day the survivors of that company, and there are a number of survivors although fifty-five years have nearly elapsed, still call that forlorn lodging "Stockholm."

If this history endeavored to give the full list of incidents and accidents of this settlement of strange people, as they were then regarded by the inhabitants about them, it would be swelled to undue proportions. Young men came miles on horseback to see this strange folk, as if they were some new race of beings, but when it became apparent that the poor people were on the verge of want, a general sympathy was felt for them, and help was extended to them, in the way of necessities, of work, and of new homes among the pioneers. Mr. Ross and his sons were not behind their neighbors in extending a helping hand. In a few months this sturdy people had begun to climb the ladder of prosperity.

Two of the boys that came with that first company walking from Burlington,—Andrew F. Cassel and Frank O. Danielson, aged 12 and 10 years, were driving a rickety wagon, which by some means they had come into possession

of, a short time after their prospects began to brighten, when as it happened, a linchpin broke and Andy sent Frank to a near by house to get a *wheel-latch*. The boys had learned that a *latch* holds to a door, and what more natural than that a *wheel-latch* should secure a *wheel* to a wagon.

Both of those boys are living to laugh at and enjoy in memory those times of small beginnings, for there are few men in the county or state, who have more beautiful and better improved farms than those two boys, now men with hair turning gray. Among the many succeeding immigrants from Sweden since these first twenty-five, was a man named Peter Smithburg, who with his family came in 1848. No sooner did he arrive than he set about building a cabin to shelter his family, and for this purpose he went to Mr. Ross' saw mill for a load of boards, driving a team of oxen. The creek was swollen full and not knowing the locality, Smithburg got beyond his depth, and notwithstanding he was a good swimmer, was drowned. A son, who was with him but could not swim, escaped. This event cast a shadow over the community for many days. It hardly seems creditable that Brush Creek, which of late years has been so shrunken in volume, should have been a considerable stream in those days, sweeping away the entire winter labor of the two Gilmer boys at one time, carrying off Mr. Ross' saw mill in 1844, and proving so fatal a flood to poor Peter Smithburg in 1848. Mrs. Louis Mendenhall, of Fairfield, is a daughter of Mr. Smithburg's, and a son, G. A. Smithburg, has one of the most beautiful and imposing homes in Jefferson county.

## DR. FREDERICK LLOYD.



R. FREDERICK LLOYD was born in London, May 24, 1826. He was the fourth son of Frederick and Louisa Sherin Lloyd. His father was a native of County Tipperary, Ireland, and served his country as Ensign of 32nd Royal Regiment of Foot, then as Cornet (standard bearer) of 21st Royal Dragoons at Salamanca, Spain, and later as Lieutenant of 91st Royal Regiment of Foot at Jamaica, W. I. While in service at Cape Town, Africa, he married Louisa Sherin, eldest daughter of Captain Sherin of his regiment. She was a native of County Cavan, Ireland. Dr. Lloyd's parents removed to America in 1832 and settled in Dummer, Canada. His mother lived to a good old age, dying in Chicago in 1883. Not long before her death she spent a few years with her son in Iowa City.

Previous to 1850 Dr. Lloyd went to Louisville, Kentucky, in which place he married Isabella H. Wade, August 21st, 1850, a young lady whom he had met while residing in Canada. Mrs. Lloyd was the second daughter of Rev. Charles T. Wade, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and Isabella Hamilton Wade, second daughter of Henry Hamilton, Esq., of Ballymacoll, County Meath, Ireland, and was born at Burkhampstead, Hertfordshire, England, December 16th, 1825. Her paternal grandfather was Robert Wade, Esq., of Clonabraney, County Meath, Ireland. Previous to their marriage Dr. Lloyd had read somewhat in medicine. He entered the Medical College of Louisville from which he graduated and came at once to Iowa City in 1854.

Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, Dr. Lloyd, following the trend of the father's life, interested himself in securing volunteers. Upon October 22nd, 1861, he was commissioned as Assistant Surgeon of the 11th Iowa Infantry. June 29th, 1862, he was promoted to the position of Surgeon of the 16th Iowa Infantry and was honorably discharged on



**DR. FREDERICK LLOYD.**



September 1st, 1863. He returned to his practice in Iowa City which he continued, with the exception of a few months in 1868, when he visited the scenes of his birth and of the early home of his parents in Ireland, until 1878. At this time he was employed as contract surgeon in the United States Army and served in Montana, New Mexico and Arizona till 1883, when he returned to his practice in Iowa City.

The Doctor's youngest brother, Edward, was killed at Resaca, Georgia, May 15th, 1864, while leading the 119th New York Volunteers of which regiment he was Lieutenant Colonel.

Soon after Dr. Lloyd's return from the army he was chosen as editor of the IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD, successor to the *Annals of Iowa*, which he had edited for several years previous to the suspension of its publication by the State Historical Society of Iowa.

In this kind of editorial work Dr. Lloyd took special delight and for it he was admirably qualified. He took pains to secure material invaluable in character. He had a wide acquaintance with men interested in historical research and secured their hearty coöperation. The pages of the RECORD for more than fourteen years of its existence bear ample testimony to his industry and his conscientious discharge of duty. Editorial work was not new to him as he had been employed for some years upon the *Iowa Capitol Reporter*.

During the later years of his life his inclination lay in the direction of literary work. Several short stories have appeared from his pen in the local papers. They have been bright narratives of events which had come under his personal observation. One prepared for *The Youth's Companion* was accepted as a prize story. His style was simple and chaste. The language employed was always pure.

At the time of his death he held a position upon the Board of Examining Surgeons for the Pension Department.

His death was the result of close confinement on account of an accident which befell him more than a year previous.

It was the first death to occur in his immediate family for over forty-nine years.

His widow continues her residence in Iowa City. Four daughters and two sons survive. Isabella H., now Mrs. L. A. Clearman, of Iowa City; Louise F., Principal of Fourth Ward Public School of Iowa City; Edward S., practicing attorney at Lemars, Iowa; Adelaide C., Librarian of State Historical Society and Assistant Librarian of the City Library, Iowa City; Francis W., a practicing physician at Lehigh, Iowa; and Edith A., stenographer in office of Baker & Ball, Iowa City.

As a physician Dr. Lloyd was most highly esteemed by those who employed him. To his patients he was more than a physician. He was not satisfied with a visit and a prescription but watched closely the effect of his medicines. His practice could not be extensive under his views of duty, but it was successful and to his watchfulness is due, in the estimation of many, the lives of some who suffered serious illness. With his signal ability in a particular line of disease he was too modest by nature to press his claims for practice. He appeared disinclined in his later years to extend his practice.

He was timid in presenting himself to persons of distinction in military service with whom he had acted during his term as surgeon in the army. He felt a fear that he might be considered intrusive. But no man enjoyed more keenly the opportunity of conference when presented.

A few tributes to the memory of Dr. Lloyd are selected from many that have come to the family.

His brethren of the Masonic fraternity express their appreciation of the man as follows:

During his long residence in this city he was one of our leading physicians and his professional skill and kindly ministrations in the homes of the sick and afflicted, will be long and gratefully remembered. He was a brilliant and entertaining writer and had he so desired, might easily have won world-wide fame in the domain of letters. In his personal relations he was always the kind, modest, gentle, and generous friend; in the sacred precincts of home he was greatly loved and esteemed; and in the masonic order he was a true and worthy exponent of the tenets of the mystic brotherhood.

Dr. Lloyd was a man to be trusted in whatever work of a public nature was assigned him. His acceptance of the trust was a guaranty of its faithful performance.

Says one: "If any man had occasion in a selfish way to feel aggrieved at the Doctor's course as a pension examiner such was my case, for twice did he oppose an increase in my pension which at the time I felt was my due. But the ground of his opposition seemed to him so tenable that no other course would sustain his sense of justice. So strongly was I impressed with his conscientious performance of official duty, though it came in conflict with his personal desire to please a friend, that I took pleasure in recommending him for reappointment under the present administration. I was sure that though he might make some mistakes, as I felt he had done in my case, he would never use his office for personal benefit."

Says another: "Dr. Lloyd's candor, courage, and intelligence make his death a serious loss to Iowa history."

And still another: "After securing a large list of petitioners for the appointment of another to the office of pension examiner, I found that his reputation for probity outweighed the endorsement which hundreds of signatures of prominent men had given another candidate." P.

## THE FLAG OF THE UNIVERSITY COMPANY.

BY FRANK E. HORACK.



AMONG the relics of the civil war, which stand to-day as monuments of the cause of Right, ever treasured in Iowa's history and by her great institution of learning, the flag of Co. "D," 44th Iowa, should hold a prominent place. Not because it was rent with rebel bullets or stained by the blood of those who carried it, for it returned unscarred and unstained, but for that devoted patriot-

ism that prompted its bearers to offer themselves at their country's call to maintain the honor of the Union.

In this brief sketch it is not my purpose to go into the details of the part played by the University of Iowa in that great civil strife, for the columns of the RECORD have only recently contained an able article on that subject.\* But herein it is my purpose to relate only such incidents as are most directly connected with the history of the flag of Co. "D," 44th Iowa.

Three years had the great struggle between North and South continued, the results of which are too well known to need repeating here. Anxious to restore peace by dealing a crushing blow to the Confederacy, President Lincoln issued a call for a hundred thousand men to serve for three months' time. The Northwestern States had agreed to supply these, and Governor Stone of Iowa made an earnest appeal to Iowans to fill out their quota of ten thousand men at once. The Governor's appeal was answered by enlistments from almost every quarter of the State, and it was this appeal that left the State University deserted almost to a man.

Company "D" of the 44th Iowa was known throughout its whole term of service as the "University Company." It was composed of students of three Iowa colleges: The State University of Iowa, Cornell College of Mt. Vernon, and Western College, numbering eighty-three members in all, of whom forty were S. U. I. men, or rather boys, for most of them were under twenty and many of them still unshaven youths. But young as they were they fully realized the awful meaning of the war, and were filled with that divine sympathy that speaks from the heart of every true man or woman. Though there were but two married men in the company, and poor as most college students then were, they subscribed over two hundred dollars toward the cause of the Soldiers' Orphans Home.

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\* Cf. IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD for Jan. 1899. "State University of Iowa and the Civil War" by Mrs. Ellen M. Rich.

In the organization of this company Professor Parvin was the moving spirit. He made several trips to the other colleges to perfect the organization of this University Company. At the election of officers Charles E. Borland, instructor in the University, was elected captain, Western and Cornell colleges received first and second lieutenants respectively. The company was treated with much respect and distinction both in camp and on the march, and was pronounced by Adjutant General Baker to be the best company in the regiment.

Before their departure to Davenport to be mustered in, Miss May Parvin (Mrs. J. Walter Lee), representing the young women of the University, whose patriotism was just as deep as that of the young men, offered as an expression of loyalty and sympathy, a flag of the finest silk to these young men who had thrown aside their books to answer their country's call. Miss Parvin spoke briefly but with feeling in words appropriate to the occasion. Captain Borland accepted the flag in an eloquent speech of gratitude in behalf of the company.

The idea of presenting the flag to the boys was entirely original with the young women, and almost the whole amount (about \$70) was subscribed by them.

The flag of the University Company was the finest one in the regiment, and was carried on all parades and reviews as the regimental flag. Not only on account of its richness, but also on account of the distinction and high regard in which Captain Borland and his University Company was held.

This flag was carried a large part of the time by Major Ira J. Alder of Iowa City. With one of each company of the regiment Major Alder carried the flag to the camp of Col. D. B. Henderson at Collierville during the summer of 'sixty-four to investigate the sanitary conditions of that place. He also carried it at the head of the column of reserves before the attack on Memphis in August, 1864. The flag also accompanied the University Company on their visit to Fort Pillow, the scene of that horrible butchery, which will forever be a stain upon the record of Gen. Forrest.

The flag was much beloved by the student company, and when not in actual use was always carefully protected by an oil cloth sheath. The company was mustered out at Davenport, September 15th, 1864, having served more than their three months' time. On their return to Iowa City the flag was turned over to the University, where it remained in the library the pride of the hearts of both its donors and receivers for many years.

The morning of June 19th, 1897, Iowa City was in a fever of excitement over the burning of the library building. Major Alder rushed to the scene of destruction, his heart still beating with love for the old flag he had carried in 'sixty-four. He rushed into the burning building, and as he stood in the doorway, peering into the dense clouds of smoke that enveloped the room, trying to locate his treasure, with an awful crash the roof caved in burying beneath its burning timbers the unfortunate fireman Lycurgus Leek. Major Alder narrowly escaped a similar fate in his efforts to preserve the dear old flag. After the fire was under control Mr. Alder secured the flag. The pole is burnt at the top and bottom and a considerable part of the flag is burnt or charred. Yet this evidence of patriotism and sacrifice of the girls and boys of the State University has been preserved, and ought to be guarded most zealously by that institution. The flag is now in the possession of Major Ira J. Alder, and it is to him that the writer is largely indebted for his knowledge of its interesting history. Mr. Alder has expressed his willingness to again return this treasure to his Alma Mater, providing the proper precautions are taken for its care and safety. Let us hope that the State University, ever mindful of the services that her noble sons have rendered, will never let this relic, burnt and charred as it is, perish for want of care.

## THE HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.\*



IN its only surviving ex-President the University of Iowa has found a real historian. For Dr. Pickard is not a mere annalist, nor yet simply an interesting eulogist, but a writer with broad historical appreciations and instincts. The University of Iowa is, therefore, to be congratulated on the "Historical Sketch" which has recently appeared as a reprint from the *Annals of Iowa*. Indeed it is difficult to see how the University could have been more fortunate in its historian: since Dr. Pickard, as everybody knows, has been a leader in those educational developments that have characterized the West, and herein especially the commonwealth of Iowa. He has done much in his day to fix and perpetuate the educational and moral standards that are now fast making the University of Iowa one of the leading factors in the education of the West.

Dr. Pickard's history of the University is not a eulogy of the institution he has so dearly loved and the memories of which he still so dearly cherishes. On the contrary it is a fair, impartial, dignified, and withal judicious statement of important historical data. It stands to-day as the only reliable source of general information concerning the beginnings of higher education in Iowa.

To Dr. Pickard the history of education in Iowa appears as a part or phase of that broader development—I mean the history of American education in general. He also appreciates the truth that intelligence is always the most zealous supporter of liberty, and that education is a necessary function of democratic government. The establishment and maintenance of State Universities throughout the West is a logical application of these truths.

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\*Historical Sketch of the State University of Iowa, by J. L. Pickard, LL. D., ex-President of the University. Reprinted from the *Annals of Iowa*, April, 1899.

In the "Introductory" paragraphs there is presented a brief outline of the relation that the state in America has borne toward education. Herein also appears an account of the first steps looking toward the establishment of a University in Iowa. The first Collegiate degree was conferred at the close of the college year 1857-58. It would be proper to say that the University as a living, acting institution dates from the year 1860.

The Normal department was the chief department of the University from 1856 to 1858, and the sole department in operation from 1858 to 1860. It was finally merged into the Collegiate department under the Professor of Didactics. The Collegiate department dates from the year 1860. The first student Seminary for original research work was opened by Professor G. T. W. Patrick, in 1887. The number of full professors in the Collegiate department has increased from 6 in 1860 to 18 in 1899.

The University has had eight Presidents: Amos Dean, 1855-1859; Silas Totten, 1859-1862; O. M. Spencer, 1862-1867; James Black, 1868-1870; George Thacher, 1871-1877; C. W. Slagle, 1877-1878; J. L. Pickard, 1878-1887; C. A. Schaeffer, 1887-1898.

The sketch also contains a list of all those who have served as trustees or regents of the University. The names of all of the professors and instructors are given with the dates of their respective terms of service. The income of the institution is well treated with the necessary statistics. There is also a brief account of the several University buildings. And each department of the University receives special treatment. These are some of the more important features of Dr. Pickard's excellent monograph.

It is, of course, impossible to condense the matter of this well digested monograph into a review of a few pages. One must read the original to get the mass of information that it contains. The following enumeration of subjects treated will, however, give some idea of the scope of the first real history

of the University of Iowa: Board of Management, Trustees, Regents, etc.; Branches and Normal Schools; Income; University Lands; Saline Lands; Private Gifts; State Appropriations; Tuitions; Buildings and Grounds; Organization; Normal Department; Collegiate Department; The Seminary Methods; Corps of Instruction; Presidents; Law Department; Medical Department; Medical Hospital; Homœopathic Medical Department; Dental Department; Department of Pharmacy; Libraries; Hammond Law Collection; The University Museum; Botanical Collections; Medical Museums; Societies; University Publications; Student Publications; University Extension; University Properties.

B. F. S.

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NOTES.

THE Historical Society is especially interested in the erection of the new Collegiate Hall (for the State University) since it is proposed to place the Historical Library and Collections in this fire-proof structure when it is completed.

B. F. S.

A SERIES of articles upon the territorial history of the chief cities of the State is in course of preparation. They will appear in coming numbers of the HISTORICAL RECORD. The first will appear in our October number—a sketch of Dubuque.

P.

OF the first nine trustees of Iowa College, who were clergymen, seven have died at an average age of eighty-three years. The two who survive have a higher average. Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D. D., of Stockton, California, formerly of Dubuque, leading the list in his ninety-first year.

P.

THE Curators of the Historical Society have provided for the publication (during the summer) of such fragments of the

debates of the constitutional conventions of 1844 and 1846 as have been preserved. The publication of this material will make available important data relative to the history of the Iowa constitutions.

B. F. S.

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IN Mr. Heaton's article in our April number, an error appears in the statement regarding the "Black Hawk Purchase." It is unfortunate that the title to this cession of land should be misleading. Black Hawk was not a party to the cession. "Keeokuck" and eight others signed the treaty in behalf of the Sacs; "Waupello" and twenty-three others were the signers in behalf of the Foxes. As the cession is one article of the treaty which closed the "Black Hawk War," the error is easily accounted for.

P.

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INDICATIVE of a wholesome interest that is being aroused in the study of Iowa history is the work that is being done by graduate students at the State University. Mr. F. E. Horack's excellent paper on "Constitutional Amendments in the Commonwealth of Iowa" appeared in the April number of the RECORD. Mr. Theodore Anderson has written an interesting essay on "The Codification of the Law in the Commonwealth of Iowa." While Mr. F. D. Merritt is preparing an elaborate thesis on the "Early History of Banking in the Commonwealth of Iowa."

B. F. S.

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THE following letter sent by Dr. Salter for the HISTORICAL RECORD is of interest to residents of Iowa, as it introduces us to the Indian tribes with which we have become familiar in our history, though the names in some cases are different in spelling from those now known.

The writer was a distinguished general who took a British fort and garrison at Vincennes, built Fort Jefferson on the Mississippi, and was in 1780 fighting Benedict Arnold in Virginia.

P.

GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK TO PATRICK HENRY, GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

*Kaskaskia, Illinois, April 29, 1779.*

. . . Those Indians who are active against us, are the Six Nations, part of the Shawnese, the Meamonies, and about half of the Chessaways, Ottawas, Iowaas, and Pottawatimas nations bordering on the lakes. Those nations who have treated with me, have behaved since very well; to-wit, the Peankishaws, Kiccapoos, Orsaottenans of the Wabash river, the Kaskias, Perrians, Michiganyes, Foxes, Sacks, Opays, Illinois, and Pones, nations of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. Part of the Chessaways have also treated, and are peaceable. [*Life, Correspondence and Speeches of Patrick Henry by William Wirt Henry, 1891. iii, 236.*]

THE formal ceremonies in connection with the laying of the corner stone of the new building for the Collegiate Department of the University of Iowa were held on the 7th day of June. Governor L. M. Shaw presided. Professor G. T. W. Patrick delivered the address for the Faculty. He emphasized the fact that the new building was to stand for the humanities, for letters and philosophy.

The leading address was given by the Hon. J. P. Dolliver. He dwelt upon the thought that the University had overcome the difficulties attending its early life. This institution of learning has had a normal development. In spirit, in morals, in social ethics, and in politics it has always stood for truth and sanity. The University can no longer be ignored. It is now the leading factor in the educational system of the State.

It would seem that the laying of the corner stone of this University building, as well as the laying of the corner stone of the Historical Building at Des Moines, is an evidence of the liberal attitude which the people of the State have come to take toward public literary and educational institutions. It is now generally believed that the commonwealth of Iowa will in the future support her literary and educational institutions in a fuller measure than ever before. B. F. S.

THE successful efforts of Hon. Charles Aldrich to secure from the State Legislature the means whereby to erect a suitable building for the Historical Department of Iowa bring to mind the labors of the late Hon. Lyman C. Draper in

Wisconsin. For many years Mr. Draper toiled in collecting material for the beginnings of what is now the pride of the State. With slight recognition of the value of his work, and with only one thousand dollars a year at his command, he labored early and late in the basement of a church, arranging the donations, hanging portraits of the aboriginal and of the early settlers of the Territory and of the State, and conducting an extensive correspondence. In 1857, being elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Draper secured from the State the payment of the rental of an office. The State Historical rooms then served a double purpose. The assistance of the Superintendent's clerk was brought into the arranging of the Historical Collections. One term in the State's service was the measure of the favorable opportunity Mr. Draper enjoyed as collector of historical material. Political influences were unsuccessful in the attempt to take from him the State appropriation, and a turn in the tide of interest gave to him a room in the New Capitol Building about 1867, and he was also provided with the means to secure a permanent librarian. After thirty years more the State makes provision for the erection of a building, which will cost nearly a half million dollars. Iowa has moved more rapidly but is yet far behind Wisconsin in collections. P.

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ON the 17th day of May, Governor Leslie M. Shaw pronounced the corner stone of the Iowa Historical Building well set. This event is noteworthy in the history of this commonwealth. For it marks the permanent establishment in a separate building of the Historical Department of Iowa. By the erection of this building the State has forever committed itself to the policy of supporting liberally the Historical Department that was established in 1892. Everyone now expects the next General Assembly to increase the working funds of the Department.

The chief measure of credit in connection with the establishment of the Historical Department, the growth of the collections of this Department, and the erection of the Histor-

ical Building is due to the present Curator and Secretary, Charles Aldrich. Indeed, the Historical Building will in the future stand as a monument to this one man. No other man in all the history of this commonwealth has done so much for the collection, preservation and diffusion of the materials of Iowa history. The name of Aldrich will always be to Iowa what the name of Draper is to Wisconsin. In the matter of local history Iowa is literally following in the footsteps of Wisconsin.

The ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone were strikingly impressive. To the younger generation it was an inspiration to witness the laying of the corner stone of this magnificent Historical Building by the very men who have for fifty years been laying the foundations of the commonwealth itself. Among those who were present were James Harlan, John A. Kasson, William Salter, Charles Aldrich, T. S. Parvin, B. F. Hildreth, John Gear, W. B. Allison, A. N. Currier, and Ex-Governors Jackson, Drake, and Larrabee. A more distinguished group of public men of the State had never before assembled in the City of Des Moines. The younger politicians from all parts of the State were there. Indeed, the day has arrived when the politicians dare not neglect the Historical Department.

Only a part, the west wing, of the Historical Building is to be erected this year. When completed, this home of history will have cost the State \$300,000.00. B. F. S.

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The following letter sent to the HISTORICAL RECORD by Dr. Salter is a breezy sketch of affairs, political and otherwise, at an interesting point in Iowa history. The writer is known as a prominent General in the Civil War. P.

SAMUEL R. CURTIS TO JOHN TEESDALE, AKRON, OHIO.

*Keokuk, Apr. 21, 1856.*

Your letter was received on my return from a trip to Nebraska and I was very glad to read it over and find that our old friendship still exists. I am glad also to perceive that you are looking to Iowa for a new home, and assure you that it will give me great pleasure to afford you any information in my power.

Iowa City will always be a good place. It is now rather overgrown because of previous advantages. It has been the capitol and has a railroad which gives it present peculiar advantages. Its future is not so promising because the capitol will go west and the railroad also. Yet it will be a good point to start at. Points on our great rivers will be far better points at some future time. The Mississippi and the Missouri are the great avenues where a collection and distribution will be made. This is the best point in the State for making a great city, and I think its prospects are now sufficiently flattering to justify any reasonable hopes of the future. But the press is pretty well represented; one, Republican, the *Gate City*, rather dull and prosy; the *Post*, a neutral paper, is generally well liked; the *Times* is the Locofoco organ, poorly edited by two devotees of Pierce, Douglas and the spoils. I wish you had the *Post*. You could easily turn it to political account if the signs of the times would justify.

This State is Locofoco so long as the opposition is divided. The north part less so than this south part. I have bothered myself very little with political matters, being anxious to improve my property interests which I think I have materially effected.

They tried hard in my absence to beat me for Mayor, sending to Washington for Senator Jones to aid them; but it was a miserable failure. I was very successful and am determined to keep aloof from a chance of failure at the present. The office is of no profit, and not much honor, but it was a matter of importance because of the prestige in the State; and hence the Locofoco leaders deplore it as a disaster.

But I entertain great doubts of the future. I see our ranks divided. I dislike this one-idea platform. It is too sectional and too slender. Kansas matters are regulating themselves, and I think freedom needs no national effort to secure its preponderance. I tried hard to get other planks. I would have the Pacific Railroad, which Pierce has abandoned. I would have Lakes and Rivers improved. I would have one term for the President. In short I would have some other matters to discuss besides negroes and their destiny. But I am opposed to the Nebraska swindle in all its rascality, and I hope it may be again rebuked by the people, although I fear they are tired of this single question.

Give my kind regards to Mrs. Teesdale and if convenient call and visit our place.

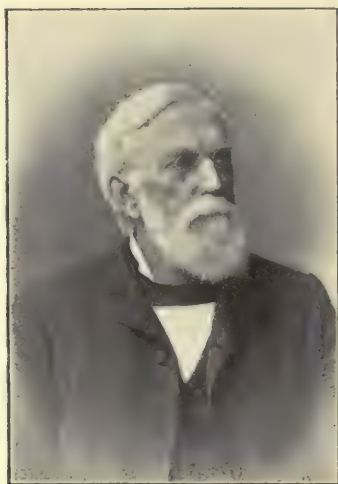
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DEY—In the early morning of June 12, the wife of Hon. Peter A. Dey, for many years a curator of the State Historical Society of Iowa, passed suddenly and painlessly from her earthly home—a home of which as daughter, wife and mother she had been the loving and loved center for more than forty years.

Her loving care of her aged mother, who reached the ripe age of 94 years, was the pattern followed by her own children and made their home an ideal home.

P.





*C. A. B. Robbins*

# IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD

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ALDEN BURRILL ROBBINS, D. D.

EPHRAIM ADAMS, D. D., WATERLOO, IOWA.



IT was the 6th of November, 1843, but a year or two later than the first decade after the Black Hawk war. The United States government, partly as indemnity for the war, and partly to protect its western frontier, had secured two tracts of land which were but a small part of what Iowa now is. One of these was upon the western bank of the Mississippi river, the other on the Des Moines. They took the names of the Black Hawk and the New Purchase. So rich and fertile were these lands that pioneer emigrants had been and were entering in to take possession, but their settlements were sparse and scattered. Such cities as Burlington, Davenport, and Dubuque were then but hamlets. Muscatine, then called Bloomington, had a population of about four hundred.

It was at this place, toward evening of the above mentioned date, that an up-river steamer was about to make a landing. Upon her deck stood a young man with his young wife taking in the scene with no idle curiosity. The sun was near its setting, obscured somewhat by clouds hanging in the horizon. As in their openings the light occasionally streamed through, the wooded bluffs on its western bank threw their shadows

across the bosom of the broad river. Across it too, came the breath of a November breeze, with more of chill than of softness and warmth. The special object that drew their gaze was the little settlement being made in that wild region, for that was their destination. It added but little beauty to the rough grandeur of the scene. Everything was primitive and bare. "Why such an uneven and hilly place for the location of a town?" they might have asked. Rude dwellings were scattered here and there, seemingly without plan for streets or alleys, some in ravines, and some on hilltops. To make place for them it was evident that forest trees had been removed, for their stumps still remained. But the evening was shutting in. The boat made her landing. The plank was thrown out and they stepped ashore, strangers among strangers, to make their home in a strange land. Had they known that they stood now upon soil where the whole of their life work was to be, that here their graves were to be made, we cannot tell what doors would have seemed to shut behind them, or what their thoughts would have been. How merciful that in life's pilgrimage the curtain that conceals the future is always dropping at our feet.

It need not be said that that young man was the subject of this life sketch, nor again need it be told why he came to the then far west, farther away from our eastern cities than India or China are to-day. His object was specified, and his work outlined in a commission he bore of the American Home Missionary Society, as a missionary to the Territory of Iowa.

Friends had told him "he might as well seek a mission field in the heart of Africa as in Iowa," but he came. He was at this time twenty-six years of age. Though special interest will be taken in what he was to Iowa, yet brief reference to his former life should be made, as not only fitting in itself, but showing that he came well prepared for the work before him. He came having had the training of the schools in those days deemed necessary in a candidate for the ministry. First, the public school, then academy, then college, then the Theological

Seminary—a ten years' course. His college was at Amherst, Mass. His theological studies were one year at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, two years at Andover, Mass. Before entering college he had made a public profession as a christian, with the inward purpose to be a christian minister. This life purpose early established, gave him a steady aim in his future studies. One year's experience in teaching, between college and seminary, was not without its value. He graduated at Andover in the summer of '43. Two things remained—marriage, and ordination. Dates here show a sort of decision and dispatch. On the 20th of September, 1843, he was married to Eliza C. Hough, of Canterbury, Conn.; on the 29th, ordained by Council at Salem, Mass., and on October 3rd started for Iowa, a journey, at that time, of nearly a month, first by rail to Buffalo, N. Y., by steamer to Chicago, and then by stage across Illinois to Iowa.

A few words respecting him in his college days by an old friend and classmate still living will close this brief sketch of his earlier life.

“On October 7th, 1835, Alden Burrill Robbins and I were made classmates in Amherst College. Our places in the alphabet brought us close together in chapel and recitation rooms. He was a city boy, pale, slender, delicate in taste, gentle in manners, of fair rank in studies, and of distinctly avowed piety. We were drawn to each other, in a year or so began to write letters to each other; his first in '38; the last, September, '96, a fifty-eight years' file, and here they lie before me. The story of his life in these years is largely seen in them.”

As the years here referred to are the years of which the story is to be told we will allow this same friend and classmate to give us, as it were, a sort of flash-light of what it must be. His closing words are, “It was a heroic life; going to Iowa, planting a church when and where it cost something, building three houses of worship, facing slavery almost at his own door, and the liquor traffic quite there, taking college and

seminary burdens, borne down by bereavements, his own health mobile, his whole life testing and proving the Man of God."\*

This heroic life, the whole of it, was in one place, the city of Muscatine. Here, for over half a century, he dwelt, most of the time pastor of the same church, and all the time as citizen, neighbor, and friend. There are glories often in the scenes of the setting sun. So too, often there is glory and honor in the sunset of a noble life. The life which we are considering has naturally divided itself into two periods; before and after the coming to Iowa. As we entered upon the former at its close, so let our entrance upon the latter be at its end.

Mr. Robbins' death occurred December 27th, 1896. The young man of twenty-six was in his eightieth year. In these years there have been great changes in Iowa. Bloomington, changing its name to Muscatine, no longer a hamlet of four hundred people, is a city of thousands. The river towns so small at first are bustling cities also. The most of Iowa then was still the red man's home. But a new race now has covered the land, bringing in the institutions, the homes, and the harvests of civilized life, in place of the wigwam and hunting ground. The tides have swept onward calling forth new States and Territories far on to the Pacific. Iowa is no longer a mere territorial frontier settlement, but a State of acknowledged rank, central among States. Buffalo, N. Y., is no longer the nearest railroad point, but the iron rails stretching everywhere between the oceans have bound the nation together. There have been great changes not only in Iowa and the nation, but in the world; changes in thought, changes in science, changes by inventions and art. There has been a civil war, slavery abolished, and the nation one. A noble time has there been in which to live. Such the times and such the field in which the young man was to do his part. Did he do it well?

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\*Rev. Lyman Whiting, D. D.

It was on December 27th, 1897, that his life work ended. In its next issue a city paper had the following:

"Muscatine mourns. One of its purest, noblest, and best citizens, one who has gone in and out before this community for more than fifty years in the highest and most responsible calling known to mankind has passed to the great beyond. While a Congregationalist and a true one, his usefulness and acceptability knew no denominational bounds. He was a preacher for the whole community in a preëminent sense, a parish priest. All, in a sense, recognized him their pastor. But the places that knew him will know him no more, and so it is that Muscatine mourns."\*

In due time came the funeral. As may be expected, it was attended by crowds. Brother ministers and members of other churches, and some from neighboring cities; old and young, men of labor and men of professions; notably old soldiers, a body of fifty or more, who had laid flower wreaths upon the coffin with the request that they remain there. The exercises were simple, but tender and appreciative, and then he was laid to his rest. On the evening of January 3rd, memorial services were held. Here too, all classes and in great numbers again convened. Tributes of respect were paid, testimonies given of the stimulus of his life to individual lives, the value of his labors to the community, nothing fulsome or strained, but all simple justice and truth. We have alluded to the glories shed upon a beautiful landscape at the sunset hour. They are flashes for a moment only, but what combinations, what creations there have been of mountain and stream, of hill and dale, of grassy slopes and of flowers of every hue, of vaulted sky and floating cloud; what preparations to make possible those scenes whose gorgeous beauties never fade upon memory's vision.

And now, having glanced at the glory of his sunset hour, whose life we are sketching, we turn back to the time when the young man of twenty-six began his life work in Iowa to trace and gather up a few of the characteristics and methods which made, in the eye of his old classmate, and to many

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\**Muscatine Journal*, John Mahin, Ed.

another, his life so heroic, "a kind of battle and a march." First of all, and almost inclusive of all, he was a preacher. His pulpit, among his people, was the throne of his influence and power. Indeed, if we were to gather here all the qualities natural and acquired that fitted him for the pulpit, the pains he took to enrich and strengthen it, but little else might remain to be said. Endowed with a mind for clear thinking, and by a long training, he had learned to be a student, and such he continued to be. From the beginning he had a study. It was bare at first, bare of furniture, bare of books, but by degrees it improved. Dry goods boxes gave place to table and desk. Shelves for books appeared and books increased. As years went on pigeon holes were multiplied, every available space was utilized for papers and documents for reference. To a stranger often it seemed crowded and cramped, suggestive of rubbish, but it was his work-shop with tools at hand. He knew where to find and how to use them. In dress, style of living, etc., he was not extravagant. In these, as became his circumstances and the times, he was economical and self-denying, but there were two things in which he indulged himself. They were books and travel. If friends suggested that perhaps a little too indulgent here, he would say, "I need these things. I need them for my mind and body. My people need them. I feel that I should bring to them all I can get, and the best that I can be." Remembering, that his sermons as a rule, were carefully written, and often re-written, we are not surprised that one of his parishioners should say, "he never preached to us a poor sermon," or that another should remark, "after he comes back from an absence we have a rich time." As to the characteristics of his sermons, they were not essays, nor were they formed after the ordinary rules of sermonizing. He had a way of his own. They were not often written to set forth and defend doctrine, yet they were doctrinal, because imbued with Bible truth. An aim to bring these truths to bear upon character and life, made doctrine practical. They were short, the end coming sometimes

unexpectedly, often sooner than desired. "Brother Robbins," said one, "knows better when to stop than any one I know of." Though short, there was a wholeness in them, because full of pith and point. "Cultivate prongs," his seminary professor used to say to his class, "cultivate prongs in your sermons; something that can be got hold of." He seldom failed in this.

As to his delivery, he could not in the usual acceptance of the term, be called eloquent, but he was forceful in matter rather than manner. True, there was a freshness in his style, with a sparkle here and a quaint expression there, that drew attention, but after all the charm for his hearers was that they were listening to solid truth plainly put by a man who believed it, and felt it. This faith and feeling gave richness and power to the tones of his voice not only to the sermon, but to the whole pulpit service. "I could sit by the hour," said one, "just to hear him read the psalms of David, or the words of Paul."

One other thing is to be added: He was a preacher of righteousness. One\* who was associated with him as a citizen in the earlier years, gives this testimony: "To a remarkable degree he had the courage of his convictions. He hated wrong in every form. The deepest of his hatred was toward the sin and curse of slavery, which he fought in season, and out of season. By reason of his activity in the work, his church was called, by those whose proclivities were pro-slavery, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Till that curse was removed no man worked more vigorously for it in the city of Muscatine or the land than did he. So in his pulpit with regard to temperance, Sabbath desecration, indeed sin and vice of whatever form, there was never an uncertain sound."

Steady and faithful as a preacher, he was also faithful and systematic in administration and pastoral work. Despising not the day of small things, he took things as they were,

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\*Hon. T. S. Parvin.

beginning at the outset to lay foundations and to build thereon. When on that November evening of '43 he entered his field, there was no church or happy people to welcome him. But there was one good man\* to take him and his wife up to his little home on the hill for the night. The next day they began to make a home of their own. Like the study, it was bare at the first of furnishing. But youthful spirits were then high, and hopes bright. She, who had left the conveniences of an eastern home, adapted herself gracefully to the one room for parlor, dining room, and kitchen. "Nice," she would say, "to have things so handy." Before the close of that first November a church was organized of twenty-eight members. No meeting house at first, the preaching had to be in a rude court house, but ere long there stood conspicuous on an eminence the little brick church derisively called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and, because of a small bell hung by staging at its rear, called also "the stern wheel church."† A Sabbath school, a prayer meeting, and missionary meetings were early started, and the years brought growth. The city grew. The first church building gave place to another, and that to a larger still. The church membership increased. Here was one secret of success—a staying quality. The young pastor came not to *find*, but to *make* a place.

To enrich his ministry there came early the touch of sorrow. For lack of this young ministers often feel unfitted for some of the tenderest offices of their calling. But for this he

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\*Dea. Pliny Fay.

†As illustrating how the early churches in Iowa were built, it may be said that two of the leading members of the Muscatine church not having money to give towards its first house of worship did their part carrying the brick and mortar. These were H. L. Jennison and Dea. Samuel Lucas; the latter lived five miles in the country, and it was to accommodate him that the weekly prayer meeting was held in the afternoon that he might attend it, which he seldom failed to do.

It also illustrates how ignorant even some intelligent people there were of the West, to note that the bell alluded to was donated by a Boston church whose officials, in notifying the pastor of the coming gift, wrote that it had been shipped to Burlington as probably the nearest landing to Muscatine.

did not have long to wait. During seven short years they labored on, that young minister and his youthful wife, their work growing and enlarging. Children were given, the new home was more home-like. Then, in 1850, came for the second time the cholera. It was a sudden sickness, brief and fatal, and as in a dream, on July 16, 1850, the husband was left without a wife, three young children without a mother. It was a generation ago that Mrs. Robbins died, and few now living know anything of her, but she was a beautiful woman, and of a lovely character. In time he had again a home. He was married September 20th, 1851, to Mary Sewall Arnold. She too was an estimable wife for home and parish, dying after a lingering illness, June 22nd, 1894. To them six children were born, four of whom were carried to early graves. As years went on he saw one after another of the twenty-eight charter members of his church go home, till at his own death but one remained. So, out of his own afflictions there came those rich words of sympathy and comfort for which in his riper years he was distinguished among the afflicted of his flock.

This sketch would fail of justice to the character and work of Dr. Robbins if there were no reference to his influence in wider circles than those of his own church and city. His high standard as a preacher was recognized in neighboring pulpits, his advice valued in the councils of the churches. He was an associational man; faithfully attending through all his long life all associational meetings, where the value of his character and judgment were acknowledged by all. It was in the first years of the first decade of his ministry that Iowa College was founded. In it he took an interest from its first conception, and labored for it. He was chosen one of its original trustees, and continued such through life. For several years he was President of the Board of Trustees, and one of the Executive Committee, and always faithful in attending the meetings of the Board, regular and special, and this at his own expense. His time, money, and influence as Trustee are among the richest gifts

to the College. So, also, he stood in relation to the German College at Wilton, since it was first started as an academy. Union Theological Seminary at Chicago was founded in 1854, just as he was entering upon the second decade of his ministry. In this too he was interested from the first, attending all the preliminary meetings that led to its organization, and then made one of its original directors. This position he held by reëlection from time to time for nearly forty years. Of his services here, one long associated with him as director thus speaks: "His clear, practical good sense, his wise and intelligent judgment; his knowledge of the churches in the west, and their needs; his evangelical doctrinal views; his sweet spirit and devoted piety; and his fidelity in attending the meetings of the Board, and active efforts to awaken interest in the work of the Seminary and to secure funds for its support, made his services invaluable."\*

In 1867 he was made a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and continued such to the end of his life. Similar testimony could be given as to his faithful labors in that position.

It was in 1869 that Amherst College, his alma mater, recognizing his growing worth bestowed its honors upon him. In 1880, at St. Louis, at a National Council of Congregational Churches, a commission was appointed to revise a creed. Allusion has been made to him as possessed of evangelical doctrinal views. He was thoroughly so. Naturally he was conservative, yet with a mind open to truth. But he felt that in many pulpits there was an uncertain sound, that crude ideas were getting abroad as to the real doctrines held, and that a clear statement should be made.

Interested in advocating the movement, a man of clear mind and sound judgment, he was put on the commission and acted with it.

We have omitted in this brief sketch any mention of domestic

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\*Rev. G. S. F. Savage, D. D.

and social qualities. This for want of space. Suffice it to say that his home was, in many respects, a model Christian home. As to social qualities, he was not here so demonstrative as many. Others have excelled him at this point. And yet he was social. Although to some he might at first have sometimes seemed to be coldly reserved, yet there was an inward warmth. When really found, he was found a friend. He loved the gatherings of his people at his home, and they loved to gather there. So he grew old among them, baptizing their children and burying their dead. Of his own children but four are now living; Horace Hutchinson Robbins, of Grinnell; and Mrs. Anna Deforest, widow of the late President Deforest, of Talladega College, now living in New Haven, Conn. Of his second marriage, Mrs. White, who with her husband are missionaries at Marsovan, Turkey, and John Alden Robbins, of Muscatine. To this youngest son, among his last words were, "Stand by the church, stand by the church," and to a young minister called to take his place in the pulpit, his exhortation was, "Be true to your convictions, be true." In these last utterances was the keynote to the life then closing.

After the funeral, a few brother ministers and intimate friends being in the home from which the remains of one dear to all had been carried out, at the suggestion of someone, repaired for a few moments to the study. A stillness was there, and silence, the silence of death, for the life was gone. There were the books, the desks, and the lounge. There the carefully arranged pamphlets and papers. There the table, on it the bible and material for writing. Before it was the vacant chair. Upon the walls were maps and pictures. Pictures of noble ones whose memories were an inspiration for noble things. There were photographs also of intimate friends here and there. In everything there seemed a voice and yet not a word was spoken. No one hardly dared to speak till someone with a sigh and almost breathless exclaimed, "Oh, what a change is here. The work of a life ended.

All these things for use and no one to use them. They never can be to any one, not even to his most intimate friends, what they were to him. No, but they will have to dispose of them somehow or other. What a tedious work will it be, and how sad to think that all these things are to be scattered and the work that for years has been going on is now to cease."

"Yes," was it replied gently, "yes, something so, and yet no, not so. These things have been going into the life of one whose life has been going into other lives and their lives are spreading and going into others. Though dead he yet lives, and those things in a sense are to live and to work. He that said, 'gather up the fragments,' will surely see that nothing is lost." True, at this writing, that study has been emptied of its treasures. Its walls are bare but the life and power once there are life and power yet.

We are proud, somewhat, of the high rank of our State among the States of the Union. Her history is indeed short, but it is a noble one. Its richest chapters are those that record for us the noble lives that have gone into it. By no means the least valuable are those of men who by a long and faithful labor in the Gospel ministry, especially in the early years, were so identified with her religious and educational developments, as to help to make the name Iowa but a synonym for prosperity, intelligence and morality. Among the names of such, that of Alden Burrill Robbins is most surely deserving a place.

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### DR. FREDERICK LLOYD.

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[We are glad to give place to the following letter of Col. Cornelius Cadle, Recording Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee.

It gives an addition to Dr. Lloyd's military record from the time of his discharge as Surgeon of 16th Iowa Infantry until he was honorably mustered out September 23rd, 1865, as also of his promotion to Brevet Lieut. Colonel of Volunteers March, 13th, 1865, for faithful and meritorious service during the war.]

J. L. P.]

CINCINNATI, O., July 4th, 1899.

THE EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD, Iowa City, Ia.

*Sir*.—My first knowledge of the death of my friend, Colonel Frederick Lloyd, came upon the receipt this morning of the July number of the RECORD.

I want to correct his military record as stated in your magazine. In your Memorial, pages 514-515, he appears as "honorably discharged from the service, September 1, 1863."

Here is his correct record, showing that he served continuously from October, 1861 to September 23, 1865—five months after the war was over. And this does not include his after-service in the army as an Acting Assistant Surgeon in the Indian campaigns in New Mexico, Arizona, and Montana between 1878 and 1883,

RECORD OF SERVICE OF COLONEL FREDERICK LLOYD.

Born in England.

Appointed from Iowa.

Asst. Surgeon 11th Iowa Infantry, October 21, 1861.

Surgeon, 16th Iowa Infantry, June 4, 1862.

Discharged from 16th Iowa, September 1, 1863, to accept position of Assistant Surgeon, U. S. V., (appointed by the President) August 15, 1863.

Surgeon U. S. V., with the rank of Major, (appointed by the President) November 14, 1863.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious service during the war."

Honorably mustered out September 23, 1865.

In 1861, I was the Adjutant of the 11th Iowa, and Colonel Lloyd the Assistant Surgeon. The friendship, commencing at Camp McClellan (Davenport) continued and has only ended by his death.

We were together at Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta, the March to the Sea, the Campaign of the Carolinas, the Grand Review in Washington, and the final muster out of the Seventeenth Army Corps, of which I had the honor to be the Adjutant General.

From the beginning of the war to the end, Lloyd and I were close together, and he took care of me upon one or two occasions when after our fighting I needed some attention.

When, occasionally since the war, I have gone to my old home at Muscatine, I have gone also to Iowa City to see Lloyd. How much he and I appreciated my two or three hours with him, on these visits, cannot be expressed.

Many numbers of your magazine for years, show Lloyd's friendship in his mention of me.

He was modest in the extreme and brave; he was always in the front of our many battles of the Army of the Tennessee from Shiloh in 1862 to Bentonville in 1865; his assistants were often shot, but Lloyd was ever on the front line, giving care to the wounded, paying no attention to shot or shell; and with that pleasant smile of his, first caring quickly for them, sending men back encouraged, though he knew that in a moment they would be dead.

I am sorry that Lloyd has gone before me.

Yours very truly.

CORNELIUS CADLE.

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## DUBUQUE IN TERRITORIAL DAYS.

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[It is proposed to publish a series of sketches of some of the chief cities of Iowa which existed previous to 1847, or of cities in territorial days. The preparation must be largely a compilation of materials gathered from newspapers and from personal reminiscences of a very few who survive and who were in those early days participants in municipal affairs. The greater part of what will appear will necessarily be reprints but in condensed form omitting mention of much which is personal in character.

Dubuque appears first in the series as it was without a doubt the first in order of time, to witness the settlement of white men with the expectation of permanence.

The basis of the sketch is in a series of articles published in the *Daily Republican* of Dubuque in 1857 and written by C. Childs, and in Dr. J.C. Holbrook's Autobiography published in 1897. Mr. Childs continues his articles to 1857, but had not then completed his plan of putting all into book form. His uncompleted work he has given to the State Historical Society of Iowa, in whose library it may be consulted by any who desire to pursue the history since Iowa entered the Union as a State.

J. L. P.]



IN the latter part of the 17th century the French Government determined to establish a line of settlements between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. With this end in view the commercial interests formed an alliance with the missionaries who were laboring among the Indians of Canada. Father Marquette and a French trader M. Joliet in 1673 left Green Bay in canoes propelled by five Canadians. They passed up Fox River to a point where by a short portage they entered the Wisconsin River, down which they proceeded into the Mississippi, and thence downward as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. Fearing that their progress would be checked by hostile Indians the hardy explorers retraced their course to the mouth of the Illinois River, which they ascended until by portage they reached Lake Michigan and returned to Green Bay. During this long tour they stopped at many places and held conferences with the natives. The first permanent settlement following the exploration was made at Prairie Du Chien about 1740—(St. Louis was settled in 1764). The wife of Peosta, a Fox Indian whose tribe had lodges upon the west bank of the Mississippi as far south as Bellevue, had discovered lead ore not far from the present site of Dubuque.

In a council of chiefs from five villages at Prairie Du Chien September 22nd, 1788, Julien Dubuque received a permit "to work at the mine as long as he shall please, and to withdraw from it, without specifying any term to him, moreover, that they sell and abandon to him all the coast and the contents of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man nor Indian shall make any pretention to it without the consent of Mr. Julien Dubuque, and in case he shall find nothing within, he shall be free to search wherever he may think proper to do so, and to work peaceably without any one hurting him, or doing him any prejudice in his labors." Dubuque with ten white men entered at once upon the territory and engaged in mining. Seven years later he sought from Baron de Carondelet, Governor of Louisiana, confirma-

tion of the title obtained from the Indians. His claim was to the "Spanish Mines" extending some sixteen miles along the river and back as far as the mines extended. Under certain restrictions as to trade with the Indians a mining privilege was granted Nov. 10, 1796, but was never confirmed by the King of Spain. Dubuque claimed a tract of about 70,000 acres, and in 1804 deeded a part of his claim to Auguste Choteau of St. Louis. The title of Dubuque was confirmed by a U. S. Land Commission in 1806, but the Supreme Court of the United States overruled the Commissioners. See case, Choteau vs. Moloney, 16th Howard, page 203. Also a case of like nature, U. S. vs. Michael Moore, 12th Howard.

Dubuque held his claim by permit of the Indians, under the King of Spain, the Emperor of France, and the United States. In 1810 he died and his settlement was abandoned. Incessant warfare of the Indian tribes prevented any further attempt to work the mines for nearly twenty years. Settlements were made upon the Illinois side of the river very soon after Illinois became a State. The first house was built at Galena in 1819, and a village was incorporated in 1827. The productiveness of the mines attracted settlers, some of whom ventured to cross the river and to explore the old "Spanish Mines." Before the Indian title to the land had been extinguished a few hardy miners began a settlement. Being out of the jurisdiction of any State or territorial government they proceeded in a strictly democratic way to frame a government for themselves. June 17th, 1830, the miners under the lead of J. L. Langworthy having obtained permission from the Indians to dig for mineral, met about an old cottonwood drift log stranded upon the shore near where the Jones Street levee furnished twenty-five years later a commodious landing for steamboats, and proceeded to enact the first civil statute within the limits of Iowa. It was written by Mr. Langworthy upon a half sheet of coarse unruled paper, the log being used as a table, and is as follows:

DUBUQUE MINES, June 17, 1830.

We, a committee, having been chosen to draft certain rules and regulations by which we as miners will be governed, and having duly considered the subject, do unanimously agree that we will be governed by the regulations on the east side of the Mississippi River with the following exceptions, to-wit:

ART. I. That each and every man shall hold two hundred yards square of ground by working said ground one day in six.

ART. II. We further agree that there shall be chosen by the majority of the miners present, a person who shall hold this article, and who shall grant letters of arbitration on application being made, and that said letters of arbitration shall be obligatory upon the parties concerned. To the above we the undersigned subscribe.

J. L. LANGWORTHY,  
H. F. LANDER,  
JAMES MCPHEETERS,  
SAMUEL H. SCALES,  
E. M. URN.

The reference to regulations prevailing on the east side of the river was to rules established by the government agent acting under the authority of the United States. The first person to act in judicial capacity in Iowa was one Dr. Jarrot with whom the paper above written was deposited and by virtue of which deposit he became arbitrator.

The United States government, more than usually mindful of its treaty with the Indians, commanded the white settlers to remove across the Mississippi and fearing refusal sent a body of soldiers from Prairie Du Chien to enforce its demands. The settlement was broken up. Two years later at the close of the Blackhawk War, the Sacs and Foxes made a cession of a strip of land about forty miles in width from the Upper Iowa River to the Missouri border. The miners immediately after the treaty was signed returned to the mines they had been compelled to leave. At this time they were accompanied by two hundred other settlers. As the government had not taken formal possession of the lands ceded, troops were again sent to remove all whites from the acquired territory, and the settlement was again broken up. Many recrossed the river and never returned. As it was mid-winter, early in January, 1833, the settlers suffered great hardships. The soldiers occupied the cabins. A few miners removed the lead they had obtained

to an island near the west bank of the river, and built rude huts of poles for a shelter until such time as navigation should be resumed and they could transport the product of their toil to St. Louis. Among these few were the Langworthy Brothers who had on hand at the time one hundred and fifty tons of lead.

The first lieutenant sent in command of troops began the destruction of the cabins and even of the wagons and other property of the settlers. Immediately upon hearing of this conduct, Capt. Zachary Taylor, later President Taylor, recalled the offending officer and sent a man of more conciliatory spirit—Lieut. Wilson, a brother of Hon. T. S. Wilson a prominent citizen of Dubuque in early days, and one of the first Judges of the Supreme Court of the Territory. By the mild though firm conduct of this officer the settlers, assured that their property would be preserved, yielded to the troops and waited patiently for the ratification of the treaty.

In June, 1833, the troops were withdrawn, and the settlers returned to their mining. John P. Sheldon, familiar with the mining interests of Illinois and Wisconsin, was appointed Government Agent and Superintendent of the mines upon the newly acquired territory. By the United States statute all mineral lands were reserved from sale at that time and rents were collected from miners. Superintendent Sheldon granted permits to miners and licenses to smelters. These permits coincided in the main with those adopted by the settlers in 1830 as quoted above. They entitled the holder to have possession of two hundred yards square of land wherever he chose, if not occupied by others, but required him to deliver his mineral to a licensed smelter. The smelter was required to give a bond conditioned upon his paying to the government the value of six per cent. of all the lead he manufactured. This tax upon the miners produced great dissatisfaction. They claimed as pioneers they had endured hardships and privations enough in opening the new country to settlement to entitle them to exemption from government supervision. A degree of permanence not hitherto felt was now secured, and settlers made

haste to select their claims and to erect dwellings. Many engaged in other occupations, gathered about the miners, and what had at first been called "Spanish Mines" and at a later date "Dubuque Mines" was by vote of the settlers called "Dubuque." Many of the settlers had by early examination learned where to locate their mining claims. Their success attracted others and by 1834 the town had increased largely in population.

The character of the population differed little from that of other mining settlements. The men were generally young, full of vigor, eager for gain. Their work was wearisome. Their success varied greatly. Some made fortunes easily. Many were less prosperous. Idle days were frequent. Without homes, other than the rude bachelor's cabin, saloons were attractive. The nature of their employment was exciting and the gambling fraternity found ready victims. The mining claims were easily staked off upon the surface but the veins of ore were not so easily marked. Rival claimants contended for rich "pockets" of mineral or for "leads" often extending under several claims. Surveyors and attorneys found ample employment. "Jumping claims" led to personal altercation and murder was not an uncommon crime. A writer in the *Dubuque Herald*, whose article was reprinted in the *Iowa Historical Record* of January, 1895, recites events of early times in Dubuque. The three events with which he begins his narrative were the "Hanging of a White Man in a Christian Manner," the "Killing of a Man which rose to the Dignity of Commanding Public Attention" and the public horse-whipping of a white man by a young woman "until he agreed to give up her gold watch which he did in a polite and gentlemanly manner," all these events transpired between May and September of 1834.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook, an early pastor of Dubuque, in "Recollections of a Nonagenarian," published in 1897, quotes a statement made to him when he began his labors in Dubuque in 1842, regarding the moral condition of the place but little

before the time of his coming. "In such a population there was none of the religious element, but on the contrary there was a total destitution of the fear of God, and, I had almost said, of regard for man. There was of course no recognition of the Sabbath, and no public worship, while vices of almost every kind were practised. A gentleman informed me that wishing to procure a bible he searched the place in vain to find one, and actually was obliged to go to Galena to procure one. After a time three or four religious families came. A prayer meeting was established, and a Methodist circuit preacher began holding services once in four weeks, and Rev. A. Kent, of Galena, a Presbyterian, preached occasionally."

An editorial in the *Visitor* published in Dubuque as early as 1836 says, "a minister is wanted here who can reason, preach, sing, and enforce the fourth commandment." A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* wrote from Dubuque, "The principal amusement of the people seems to be playing cards, Sunday and all. The laws they carry in their pockets and are ready to read a chapter on the slightest occasion."

The above statements of Dr. Holbrook are fully confirmed by C. Childs, whose articles in the Dubuque *Republican* are made the basis of this compilation. In speaking of the transition period between 1833 and 1836 when Iowa came under territorial law as part of Wisconsin Territory, Mr. Childs says: "The state of society from the necessity of self-protection of individual interests, naturally produced many neighborhood conflicts between the people and the selfish and vicious members of the community, and against which there was no protection or remedy but the inherent right of self-defense, or the union of the majority to suppress the daring intrusions or crimes of men, who had no fear of anything but the execution of summary justice. \* \* \* A court was in this interval established for this portion of the territory, first as a part of Michigan and then of Wisconsin, but not till after a number of

instances had occurred of unpunished outrages and also of the exercise of mob violence." Mr. Childs then recites, from what he had gathered from personal reminiscences of pioneers, six instances of murder only one of which ended in the execution of the murderer. In this case a court was organized, jurors selected, a sheriff chosen, and a trial was conducted after legal forms, a lawyer being appointed to defend the prisoner. The accused was convicted and condemned to death. After a brief time given him to prepare for death, he was hung in the presence of many hundred people.

"In the absence of religious influence or the moral restraint that is always felt where the majority of the people have the association of family ties around them, a large proportion of the miners, and also of those engaged in other business, made the Sabbath a holiday, gambling their amusement, and drinking, with its attendant vices, the means of increasing the immorality already commenced." \* \* \* "As the population increased, the moral power of the better class of citizens began to exhibit itself by the introduction of public worship and the organization of religious societies. The first religious worship of a public character in Dubuque was held in the house of Patrick Quigley, Esq., who came to Dubuque in 1833."

A movement was instituted in 1834 for the erection of a Catholic Church—materials were gathered, but the death of their priest stayed its erection until 1836. Meanwhile the Methodists erected a log church late in 1834, having obtained the money by a general subscription. (The original subscription paper is preserved in the library of the State Historical Society.) "In the winter of 1835," says Dr. Holbrook, "a Presbyterian missionary held services in Dubuque and organized a Presbyterian Church, which afterward became Congregational, and had no settled pastor, but a church building was begun in 1836. I found there (in 1842) a little band of nineteen members occupying an unfinished stone building, unplastered and furnished only with unpainted pine pulpit and seats,

while the prayer meetings were held in the basement, likewise unfinished, and lighted only at night by the candles which the members had brought."

Returning to 1836, we find that a town site consisting of thirty blocks of land had been platted, and when the Territory of Wisconsin was organized, including country west of the Mississippi, the village aspired to become the capital of the new Territory, but Belmont east of the river and twenty miles distant secured the coveted prize.

The year was evidently one of prosperity to the village as the files of the Dubuque *Visitor*, a weekly newspaper, show. Immigration from the east added to the population which was then estimated at 1300. The territorial government went into operation July 3, 1836. Under Gen. Henry Dodge as Governor, Charles Dunn as Chief Justice with Associate Judges Hoffman and Irwin, the executive and judicial authorities were established. The first term of court was held May 1st, 1837. The first official act of Judge Irwin was the order, "That the seal, of which the following is a copy, be the seal of this court." The "copy" is a common wafer, stuck upon the page with a piece of coarse white paper, like that of the Record Book, over it, and an impression made on it with a twenty-five cent piece.

Through the columns of the *Visitor* the question of a canal through the islands was agitated to facilitate the easy access of steamboats to the inner slough, upon the bank of which the village was built. In connection with the establishment of a harbor came the thought of a municipal organization to undertake all improvements. Up to this time voluntary contributions were relied upon. The enthusiasm of the people as they found themselves recognized as part and parcel of the people of the United States, knew no bounds, and it required two celebrations of the Fourth of July held at the same time and within the present limits of the city to furnish outlet for oratory and responses to toasts.

Through the influence of Gen. George W. Jones delegate

in Congress, a law was enacted providing for laying off the town of Dubuque by a survey to be made under the direction of the officers of the government.

The first election of members of the Territorial Council and Representatives was held upon October 2nd, 1836. The number of votes polled in Dubuque was 621 out of a population of about 1300, which proves the majority of the citizens were men of voting age.

The village of Dubuque was incorporated in 1837 under an act of the Territorial Legislature and its public affairs were placed under a board of five trustees, of which Hon. T. S. Wilson was president.

In 1838 Dubuque began to assume in its appearance in many respects the character of a well regulated community. In the act of incorporation no provision was made for public schools. A temperance society had been organized, and better regard for the Sabbath obtained, and a majority of the immigrants were people who exerted a healthful influence upon the public morals. A literary society was formed having as one object in view the establishment of a public library.

One of the means of promoting the prosperity of Dubuque was the locating of a land office, which brought thousands of strangers to the village on account of business with that office.

No government land had yet been brought into market, and village property, as well as country land, were held as claims under the preëmption terms. Even after commissioners had been appointed to adjudicate the titles to property, twelve months elapsed before any steps were taken to settle conflicting claims. Claim titles were transferred like other property but difficulties arose out of conflicting preëmption rights.

The first resolution adopted by the village Trustees referred to "removing obstructions from the slough of the river next to the town of Dubuque and rendering it navigable for steamboats."

Within a month ordinances were passed against horse racing (on the public streets presumably), concerning fines and

forfeitures, and authorizing the formation of a fire company providing also for the purchase of apparatus for its use.

A number of ordinances were adopted establishing wholesome regulations for the protection of the community against the depredations of a large number of lawless men who still lingered about the mines. From action of the Trustees in January, 1838, instituting an inquiry into the dilatory action of the U. S. Commissioners it would appear that said commissioners were not adverse to considering their office as a sinecure, since only thirteen days were "necessarily engaged in adjusting the claims in the town of Dubuque, but three months service was charged for it." One of the commissioners secured in August a report from a committee of prominent citizens declaring that the investigation made by the Trustees as the result of their action in January, and the answers of the commissioners through their secretary to questions propounded by the Trustees, "are not recorded as they should have been and are extremely incorrect."

No further meetings of the Trustees were held for six months.

The growth of the village was so rapid as to suggest the propriety of organizing under a city charter. Authority was given by the Territorial Legislature of 1841 to submit to popular vote the question of adopting the charter framed by the citizens through their Board of Trustees. The vote upon March 1st, 1841, sustained the charter.

The first charter election was held April 5th, 1841. A mayor and six aldermen were elected.

The work upon the channel between the main river and the "inner slough" was prosecuted with vigor and the work was paid for by city scrip bearing seven per cent. interest for all sums over fifty dollars. By the first of September three thousand and five hundred dollars had been expended.

The necessity for heavy taxes was not felt at this early date. The "City Hall" was secured at a rental of *Two Dollars* per month. The tax levy for the first year of the city's existence was only *two and a half mills on the dollar*.

In order to raise a revenue to aid in defraying public expenses, licenses for several branches of business had been required by the board of village Trustees two years before, and the City Council passed several ordinances in the interest of additional revenue. The license for "groceries" (the early name for "saloon") was fixed at one hundred dollars per year each, with one single exception of the man who kept a billiard table in his "grocery" for which he paid a license of ten dollars, but his "grocery" license was reduced to ninety dollars. The license authorized the holder to sell liquor by the dram. "Petty shows" were required to pay a license at the discretion of the City Clerk.

Ordinances were passed licensing wagons, carts, drays and sleds.

As in the act of incorporation of the village so in the city charter no provision whatever was made for public schools.

It does not follow that Dubuque was without schools, since the first church erected therein was used also for school purposes. During the year 1833 a school house was erected in which a school was opened early in October—the cost of the house and the expenses of the school were defrayed by the Langworthy Brothers, Thomas McCraney, Matthias Ham and several others. The children of others than subscribers were admitted gratuitously to the limit of the capacity of the house. In June, 1836, a school was advertised "to be opened on the 5th day of July in the room where the Catholic congregation meets on Sundays."

The city council, foreseeing that the possession of the islands in front of the city would in time become a valuable acquisition to the city property, presented a memorial to Congress asking for the donation of the islands to the city. The grant was obtained through the influence of Hon. Augustus C. Dodge, Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Iowa.

The city has at various times received great benefit from this source.

The corporate limits of the city in 1843 embraced only one hundred and sixty acres. The whole amount received by

the City Treasurer for the year ending in April 1844, was \$1,434.65—expenditures \$1,481.61.

During the year 1844 Congress made an appropriation of \$7,500 for the improvement of the harbor to which was added at a later period \$7,000. The expenditure of this appropriation was continued in a very leisurely way much to the dissatisfaction of the citizens who were themselves divided as to the proper use of the money. Some favored the dredging out of the slough and cutting a channel through to the main river. Others desired to see the slough filled up and the inner levee abandoned for a landing outside of the island. As the city was unable to aid in the harbor improvement and no further appropriation could be secured from Congress, the means available were expended upon the channel begun by the city. An essential service was thus rendered the city by the temporary accommodation for the increasing commerce.

The city receipts for 1844-5 were \$2,662.65 and expenditures \$2,926.11. Indebtedness of the city in April, 1845, was \$7,135.99 to meet which there was available a claim upon the United States for the sale of lots amounting to over \$2,000, also delinquent taxes and other sources of revenue in all about \$4,000. City scrip bearing eight per cent. interest was sold in the market at seventy-five cents on the dollar. The depreciation was made good to the holder of scrip by issuing an amount in excess of the claim.

During 1846 amendments to the city charter were prepared, submitted to the first State Legislature and approved by act of February, 1847.

Dr. Holbrook gives a graphic account of the change which came in the social and moral atmosphere of Dubuque during the first six years of its city life. It is taken from a historical discourse delivered in April, 1846. He had labored for four years upon a nominal salary of \$600 per year, which was never fully paid, although some help was secured from the American Home Missionary Society.

“A great change has taken place in the general aspect of what has now become a city. An Episcopal and a Baptist

church have been added to the Methodist, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches which were established previous to my coming in 1842.

“Valuable additions have been made to our population, and a United States Land Office, and a Surveyor General’s Office have been established here, which have given additional importance to the place. \* \* \*

“What a moral change has been wrought in this place by the gospel. It is still fresh in the memory of many when there was scarcely more of a Sabbath here than when the smoke of the Indian wigwam rose from the valley, and the savage yell of the natives broke the stillness of the air. But now the quiet that reigns upon the Lord’s day bespeaks another influence in the community. Our town would not unfavorably compare with the majority of others of equal population in most parts of the land. One gentleman informs me that he remembers when, a few years ago, he saw on a single Sunday in our streets horse-racing, foot-racing, card-playing, drinking of intoxicating liquors, fighting, wrestling, and the transaction of business, while few were bending their steps toward the house of God. \* \* \*

“We shall still see greater evidence than we have seen of the power of the gospel to promote peace, harmony, morality and happiness.”

A letter to the Iowa City *Republican* from George Wilson of Lexington, Mo., contains the following item of interest in connection with our sketch of Dubuque.

“My father was a lieutenant in Zachary Taylor’s regiment, the first infantry. He went from Prairie Du Chien to Dubuque to drive out intruding miners.” Mr. Childs names this lieutenant as a brother of Judge T. S. Wilson.

This Lieut. Wilson (later Capt. Wilson) was the first adjutant of the militia of Iowa Territory. The sword he carried in the Black Hawk War he gave to the State of Iowa.

He married a daughter of Gen. Street who received the reward for Black Hawk’s capture.

THE OLD NORTHWEST.  
THE BEGINNING OF OUR COLONIAL SYSTEM.

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B. A. HINSDALE, PH. D.

PROFESSOR IN UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN,

Pp. viii, 430. Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., 1898.

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THE author presents a revised and somewhat enlarged edition of a work prepared in 1888, the centenary of the establishment of civil government beyond the Ohio River.

Its pages abound in liberal quotations from other writers as found in original documents. Marginal references are furnished for the aid of students. Eleven illustrative maps help to elucidate the text. The author's discussion of the subject leaves little to be desired toward a clear understanding of the historical data, with as slight a coloring from personal prepossession as is possible to a man of independent thought and expression.

Of the twenty chapters into which the work is divided, ten chapters are devoted to the first division of North America between Spanish, French, and English claimants—to the French discovery of the Northwest and their acts of colonization—to the wresting of the territory from France by England and the Treaty of Paris of 1763—to the Thirteen Colonies upon the Atlantic slope existing under Royal Charters—to the Western land policy of the British government from 1763 to 1775—to the attitude of the Northwest during the American Revolution, and to the wresting of the Northwest from England as consummated by the second Treaty of Paris, 1783.

One chapter is given to the Northwestern Land Claims as asserted by the Thirteen Colonies to have been granted them by Royal Charters. Two chapters are devoted to the historic statement of cessions of lands claimed by the original colonies to the United States authorities.

One chapter recites the Land Ordinance of 1785 providing tentatively for the disposal of the ceded lands.

One chapter treats of the Ordinance of 1787. The next chapter gives in detail the history of the Northwest Territory which is followed by an account of the admission of five States, formed out of the Territory organized under the Ordinance of 1787. The remaining chapters are devoted to the subject of slavery in the Northwest—to a clear account of the "Western Reserve"—and to the progress of the old northwest within the nineteenth century.

A few salient features in form of direct quotations will furnish a clew to the author's temper and style of treatment.

In speaking of the benefits to western civilization from the wresting of the territory by England from France he quotes a sentence from John Fiske who says "The triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning-point as yet discoverable in modern history," and then proceeds with a comparison of the two nationalities as they presented themselves in their colonization of the New World.

"The history of French America is far more picturesque and brilliant than the history of British America in the period 1608-1754. But the English were doing work far more solid, valuable and permanent than their northern neighbors. The Frenchmen took to the lakes, rivers, and forests. They cultivated the Indians; their explorers were intent on discovery, their traders on furs, their missionaries on souls. The English did not either take to the woods or cultivate the Indians; they loved agriculture and trade, state and church, and so clung to their fields, shops, politics, and churches. As a result while Canada languished thirteen English states grew up on the Atlantic plain, modeled on the Saxon pattern and became populous, rich and strong. \* \* \* In 1754 there was more real civilization, more seeds of things, in the town of Boston than in all New France.

"It is plain that had they spread themselves out over half a continent, hunted beaver and trafficked with the Indians after

the manner of the French, Independence would have been postponed many years, and possibly forever. We owe a vast debt to the inherited character of those Englishmen who came to America in the first half of the 17th century, and no small debt to the Appalachian mountain wall that confined them to the narrow Atlantic slope, until by reason of compression and growth, they were gotten ready first to enter the West in force and then to extort their independence from England."

Dr. Hinsdale treating somewhat at length upon the difficulties attending the making of the second treaty of Paris—difficulties largely increased by the attitude of Spain and her ally France with reference to the northern, western, and southern boundaries of the territory which England might cede to the United Colonies who had achieved their independence, in which our author expresses the conviction that the treaty of 1778 between the United Colonies and France really savored less of friendship for America than hatred for England, and that now France was standing back of Spain in denying England's rights to surrender all the lands east of the Mississippi River—and on her own account interested in the limits of her Canadian possessions. The treaty of 1778 bound the United Colonies to conclude no treaty with England until such time as France and England should settle their differences.

"In this tremendous game of politics the fate of the west seemed to hang on issues wholly beyond the control of the American commissioners. No more critical or anxious moment can be found in the whole history of our diplomacy. Determined, if possible, to keep their country from becoming the football of the three powers, the commissioners resolved in disregard of their instructions, to propose to the British cabinet a negotiation to be conducted without the knowledge of the French ministers.

Lord Shelburne, now Prime Minister, \* \* \* promptly accepted this overture, and the negotiations took a new depart-

ure. \* \* \* Had the negotiation remained open at the downfall of his ministry, which was largely the result of the liberal terms that he gave the Americans, and so passed into the hands of the Fox-North coalition no one can tell what the fate of the West would have been. It is impossible nicely to divide among Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Jay the honor of saving the West to their country. \* \* \* The man, who goes through the original documents, including the discussions at Madrid as well as those at Paris, will be pretty certain to conclude that the Old Northwest has greater reason for gratitude to John Jay than to either of his colleagues."

The question of the western boundary being settled by the treaty of 1783—another serious question within the United States, as they were called after the acknowledgment of independence, arose as to the ownership of the lands acquired west of the Alleghanies. One party claimed the right of control vested in the General Government through the conquest achieved by George Rogers Clark in his capture of Vincennes in 1779. Another party claimed ownership for the States under the Royal Charters. Since only part of the States had any color of right under these charters the thirteen States were divided upon the question at issue and years were spent by the Continental Congress in attempt to reconcile differences.

Happily a spirit of compromise prevailed. A resolution presented to Congress by a committee was adopted September 6, 1789, without a roll call. Of this action Dr. Hinsdale says: "Its adoption marks a memorable day in the history of the land controversy. No other document extant shows so clearly the wise policy that Congress adopted. That policy was neither to affirm nor to deny, nor even to discuss whether Congress had jurisdiction over the wild lands, but to ask for cessions and to trust the logic of events to work out the issue. The appeal made to Maryland, (which had stood firmly in the way of an earlier settlement) was one that she could not well refuse to heed. And then that nothing but selfish interest might

stand in the way of other claimant States following the example of New York. Congress adopted, October 10th, another resolution, which provided that 'the unappropriated lands that may be ceded shall be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States, and be settled and formed into distinct republican states which shall become members of the federal union, and have the same rights of sovereignty, freedom and independence as the other states. \* \* \* That the necessary and reasonable expenses which any particular state shall have incurred since the commencement of the present war in subduing any British posts, or in maintaining forts or garrisons within and for the defense of, or in acquiring any part of the Territory that may be ceded or relinquished to the United States, shall be reimbursed.' The proposition for reimbursement had chief reference to the expenses incurred by Virginia in the campaign of George Rogers Clark.

"The longer one studies the land question of the Revolution the more he is impressed by its difficulty, by its importance, and by the wisdom and self restraint that marked its settlement. No one can deny that the young republic had a happy escape from what might easily have been a great disaster. The cessions prevented a series of inevitable controversies growing out of conflicting claims. \* \* \* The cessions satisfied the nonclaimant states and so removed jealousy and heart burning. They tended materially to nationalize the government, by creating the public domain for Congress to control and to prepare for future republics. They prepared the way for 'the more perfect union' of the constitution."

By act of May 20th, 1785, Congress made provision for ascertaining the mode of disposing of lands acquired by cession and by purchase from the Indians. "It is a curious medley of State and National ideas. \* \* \* Its state features passed away when the Constitution went into operation, while its national features are still alive."

The Ordinance of 1787 is treated briefly, except its sixth

section which prohibits slavery in the territory Northwest of the Ohio—a section of such importance that its authorship is claimed for Nathan Dane, Thomas Jefferson, Rufus King, William Grayson, and Richard Henry Lee. Dr. Hinsdale adds the name of “Manasseh Cutler who came to New York to buy land.” “An act of legislation that had been before Congress for more than three years was consummated within a week from the time that Dr. Cutler, who had been twelve days on the way, drove his gig up to the ‘Plough and the Harrow’ in the Bowery. ‘Mr. W. F. Poole says that the Ordinance of 1787 and the Ohio purchase were parts of one and the same transaction. The purchase *would* not have been made without the Ordinance, and the Ordinance *could* not have been enacted except as an essential condition of the purchase.’ ”

As is quite natural the author devotes the greater part of his chapter upon the organization and settlement of the Northwest Territory to the portion first set off as a distinct State—Ohio. Within its limits were found Virginia and Connecticut reservations in their acts of cession as also the two large tracts of land sold by the United States to speculators—Ohio Company purchase and the Symmes purchase.

“For a number of years the territory was not vexed by party politics; but in due time men began to divide along the line separating the two nascent political parties in the old states. In general, New England men tended to the Federal party, and Southern men to the Republican party—while the Middle State men were divided more equally. The fact of emigration, gave the party led by Mr. Jefferson a considerable advantage and the democratizing influence of the time and particularly of the west increased that advantage more and more. \* \* \* As soon as the new political yeast began to work men began to complain bitterly of the centralization of the government provided by the Ordinance and of the Governor’s administration. St. Clair’s sense of justice, eminent public services, social qualities, and weight of character had

made him a popular officer as long as there were no politics in the district, but henceforth his popularity continues to wane. \* \* \* A determined effort was made to induce President Adams not to reappoint him. \* \* No sooner was President Jefferson established in the chair than a still more determined effort was made to effect his removal. An indictment almost as formidable as the one preferred against George III was drawn up and forwarded to Washington. \* \* But Mr. Jefferson refused to move until St. Clair, by a characteristic act of indiscretion, himself gave a reasonable pretext for so doing." He had impoverished himself in his service of the Government, had been refused payment of funds advanced, and when at a later date a pension was granted him it was passed directly from the treasury to one of his creditors. "Hon. Lewis Cass, who had known him in happier days, found the old soldier and civilian in his rude cabin eking out a livelihood by selling supplies to wagoners on the road."

Passing rapidly over the division of the territory into five portions which were in order of time made States of the Union, Dr. Hinsdale gives an interesting sketch of the history of slavery in the Old Northwest, of the attempt made in at least two of the States to recognize slavery under the plea that as they passed from Territorial States into statehood the sixth article of the Ordinance of 1787 was no longer of force.

In a single sentence the author expresses his own conviction as to the binding and permanent cogency of the Ordinance—"Never," says he, "perhaps, in the history of political controversy was the advantage of winning the victory before the battle was fought more happily illustrated."

Connecticut claimed, under Royal Charter, lands lying west of the eastern line of New York. At the time of her cession to the United States she had already territory within New York and Pennsylvania, and so held claim only to a narrow strip from the western border of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi River, having the 41st parallel as its southern boundary. Of this strip she reserved absolutely the eastern end to the

distance of one hundred and twenty miles, an area which she calculated would equal the Susquehanna tract ceded to Pennsylvania in 1782. To this reservation, called "Western Reserve," "Connecticut's claim included both the soil and the jurisdiction." After setting aside 500,000 acres of the western end for the benefit of sufferers by British depredations, in May, 1793, the Connecticut Assembly ordered the sale of the remainder of the "Reserve," the proceeds to be kept a perpetual fund, the interest of which should be appropriated to the several ecclesiastical societies of the State. This act was soon repealed and in 1795 the lands were again offered for sale for the benefit of public schools. A company of men, thirty-five in number, became the purchasers, receiving each a deed. The price agreed upon was twelve hundred thousand dollars. Each deed represented a certain number of twelve hundred thousandths of the land, but to be held by the purchaser as tenant in common of the whole tract which had been sold without survey or measurement. The number of undivided shares received by each purchaser was determined by the number of dollars he had agreed to pay. Each "purchaser" represented one or more persons. The purchasers organized a syndicate and provided for survey. Settlements were made. Lands were bought and sold. Personal contracts were entered into. Marriages were solemnized. "But there was no government whatever, no laws, no records, no magistrates or police. The people were thoroughly trained in civil obedience; they were orderly and fully competent to govern themselves; and yet in three or four years the need of civil institutions began to be severely felt. The lack of records, in particular, was a source of much embarrassment.

\* \* \* In 1788 Governor St. Clair included the territory in Washington County. In 1796 he included it all in Wayne County. In 1797 he included a part in Jefferson County, Settlers denied the territorial jurisdiction and resisted the authority of the Territory and of the United States, in the name of the State of Connecticut. \* \* But the State was

indifferent to the controversy. \* \* Having divested herself of the territory, she apparently took little further interest in the subject."

After fruitless appeals to State and Congress alternately for relief, a "quieting act" was finally passed by Congress, of which Dr. Hinsdale says, "Logically inconsistent as were the two principles of the quieting act" (the issuing of letters patent to the State of Connecticut, and the release to the United States on the part of Connecticut of her jurisdictional claim to the Reserve) "and reversing as that act did the policy of the Old Congress, it gave the State of Connecticut, the land company, and the people of the Reserve a happy escape from difficulties that were already serious, and that threatened grave disaster. The act is a good example of the Anglo-Saxon habit of disregarding logical refinement, and legal technicalities, and of pursuing the direct road to a just end."

Governor St. Clair constituted the entire Reserve as one County and the difficulty was solved.

J. L. P.

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## NOTES ON THE EARLY CHURCH HISTORY OF IOWA CITY.\*

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BY BENJAMIN F. SHAMBAUGH.

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IOWA CITY, as the "Historical Capital of Iowa," was certainly not the seat of infidelity or of religious apathy. Almost from the very beginning of this western community the inhabitants were surrounded by religious conditions the most favorable. Dur-

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\*These *Notes on The Early Church History of Iowa City* were collected several years ago for my history of Iowa City. But when that monograph was revised and enlarged for publication by the Iowa State Historical Society, these notes were not used since a chapter on church history did not properly fall within the scope of the said publication.

ing the first decade of the town's existence,\* seven different religious societies were organized and as many church buildings erected. The leading inhabitants were earnest and enthusiastic in their religious work; and the Territory liberally donated town lots for church sites.

The liberal policy of the Territory in making donations of lots to religious denominations was first outlined by Mr. Chauncey Swan, then "Acting Commissioner" of the Territory at Iowa City.† On the original plat of the town Mr. Swan caused four half-blocks to be reserved for church purposes. The half-blocks thus reserved were: the south half of block fifty-one on Church street between Gilbert and Van Buren streets; the south half of block thirteen on Church street between Dodge and Lucas streets; the south half of block sixty-seven on Jefferson street between Dubuque and Linn streets, and the north half of block sixty-six on the Avenue between Dubuque and Linn streets.‡ It was in keeping with the action of Mr. Swan that "AN ACT to grant certain lots of land in Iowa City, for church and literary purposes" was passed by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in July, 1840. According to this act any religious denomination then existing in the United States was entitled to one equal half of any of the reserved half-blocks, "Conditioned that they will erect and finish on said lot a meeting house or place of worship within three years from the passage of this act." Four denominations took advantage of this offer; namely, the Methodist Protestant, the Methodist Episcopal, the Catholic, and the Universalist.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The Iowa mission of the Methodist Episcopal denomination

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\*Iowa City was founded in 1839.

†It was the duty of the Acting Commissioner to lay off and survey the town, also to superintend the erection of the Public Buildings.

‡No church buildings were ever erected on the Church street reservations.

was constituted in 1839,\* with Joseph L. Kirkpatrick as preacher. But, not until the spring of 1840 did Mr. Kirkpatrick open his mission in Iowa City.† In June the Rev. James L. Thompson and the Rev. Barton Cartwright preached at Iowa City; and in the fall of this same year the first Methodist class was organized by the Rev. Bartholomew Weed.‡ The first quarterly meeting was held in Jesse Berry's school house. The Rev. David Worthington was assigned as the first pastor at the Iowa City station.\*\*

In the fall of 1841, the Rev. Geo. B. Bowman, who had been sent to the Iowa Mission, began to raise funds for the building of the first Methodist Episcopal Church at Iowa City. And so successful were his efforts, that a church edifice was so far completed by the close of the year 1842 as to admit of the basement being used for purposes of worship.†† It was a brick edifice forty by sixty feet, and stood on the west half of the south half of block sixty-seven. Some years afterwards it was enlarged by an addition on the west. In 1884, after a destructive fire, the whole building was reconstructed.

#### METHODIST PROTESTANT.

When the old Methodist Protestant Church was torn down several years ago to make room for the present "Christian Chapel," leaden plates‡‡ taken from the corner-stone bore these inscriptions;

"Methodist Protestant Church in Iowa City, organized May 4th, 1841."

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\*The Rev. G. W. Brindell in the *Iowa Historical Record*, Vol. III, No. 3.

†Ibid.

‡Ibid.

\*\*Early pastors of the M. E. Church at Iowa City were: David Worthington; 1845, J. D. Templin; 1846, John Harris; 1847-48, Alcimus Young; 1849, David Worthington; 1850, J. B. Hardy.

††See *Iowa City Standard*, Vol. II. No. 46, Oct. 19th, 1842. Previous to this time services were held in "Butler's Capitol." See Shambaugh's *Iowa City*, p. 58.

‡‡These plates are deposited in the collections of the Iowa State Historical Society.

"The erection of this house commenced May 5th, 1841."

"Estimated number of inhabitants in Iowa City, May 5th, 1841, 1000."

"The corner stone of this house laid May 12th, 1841."

The Methodist Protestant was the first denomination to take advantage of the liberal offer of the Territory of a quarter-block of Iowa City land on which to erect a church; and they erected the first church building in Iowa City. This first church was erected on the reserve in block sixty-six. The corner stone was laid May 12th, 1841; and on Sunday, December 5th, services were first held in the basement.\* Funds for the erection of this church were secured through donations at home and in the East, and by the sale of pews.†

As a school building the Methodist Protestant church was first occupied by the Snethen Seminary. In 1846 it was transferred to the Iowa City College and used by this institution for recitation purposes.‡ Afterwards it was occupied by Mr. Lathrop for school purposes. On the 25th of May, 1847, Mr. A. G. Gower opened the first free public school in this same building.\*\*

The Methodist Protestant denomination was never very strong in Iowa City, and about the year 1846 the Iowa City organization was abandoned.

#### CATHOLIC.

The first to enter Iowa, the Catholics were also among the first to organize a society at Iowa City. On the 20th of October, 1840, the Very Rev. Samuel Mazzuchelli held the first Catholic services at the home of Mr. Haverstroh, a German mechanic; and on the same day he preached in Butler's hotel. After these beginnings, preparations were made for the erec-

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\**Iowa Capital Reporter*, Vol. I, No. 1, December 4th, 1841.

†Fifty dollars was the price of a single pew.

‡See joint resolution of the Legislative Assembly, approved June 9th, 1845, authorizing the transfer.

\*\**Iowa Standard*, New Series, Vol. I, No. 47.

tion of a church edifice on the east half of the reserve in block sixty-seven. The basement of the church was of stone, the superstructure of brick. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, on the 12th of July, 1841. In 1842, the church was ready for occupancy. It was replaced by the present "St. Mary's Church" in 1867.

#### UNIVERSALIST.

Mr. Frederick M. Irish gives the following account of the organization of the Universalists in Iowa City: "The first Universalist Society of Iowa City was organized at a meeting held at the house of Edward Foster on the 6th of November, 1841, at which meeting Edward Foster was elected President. Seth Baker and Daniel Hess, trustees for the term of two years, Robert Walker and Benjamin Weiser, trustees for the term of one year, Seth Baker, clerk, and Daniel Hess, treasurer. On November 19th, 1841, Seth Baker, George T. Andrews, Rev. A. R. Gardner, Benjamin Weiser and C. S. Sangster were chosen a building committee. On the 17th of August, 1842, Rev. John Libby was retained as pastor\* and added to the building committee.

"On the 22nd of May it was resolved by the building committee to commence the erection of a church building at once. The edifice erected in accordance with this resolution [was of brick and] stood upon the quarter block at the corner of Iowa Avenue and Dubuque street [on the site of what is now known as Ham's Hall]."†

#### BAPTIST.

"A Regular Baptist Church of eleven members‡ was organized in Iowa City on Saturday, June 26, 1841, by Elder

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\*The Rev. John Libby had been the first pastor of the Methodist Protestant congregation at Iowa City.

†From the *Annals of Iowa* for October, 1868.

‡They were: B. M. Parks, I. M. Choate, Newton Sanders, Jehiel Parks, Julius Brown, Joseph N. Ball, Harrison Parks, Lucy Parks, Eliza Parks, Orvilla L. Parks and Julia Ball.

Carpenter from Dubuque, and Elder W. B. Morey from Galena, Illinois. On the following Sabbath, Elder Morey "buried in baptism (two persons)\* beneath the limpid waters of the Iowa River."† The meeting at which the organization was effected was held in Mr. Choate's schoolhouse on Market street.‡ The Rev. W. B. Morey took charge of the Iowa City congregation as their first pastor. "Butler's Capitol" was used by them for a place of worship.

In 1845 the Rev. Dexter P. Smith became the pastor of the Iowa City church. Soon after his appointment he went East to collect funds for the erection of a church building. Messrs. D. P. Smith, Joseph T. Fales, H. Brown, G. Hartsock and James D. Marsh were appointed a building committee. When \$5,000 had been donated, a brick edifice, forty by sixty feet, with stone basement and large front portico with Corinthian columns, was erected on a lot in block fifty-one, donated by the Territory.\*\* It was dedicated in November, 1848.

#### PRESBYTERIAN.

In August, 1840, the Rev. L. G. Bell and the Rev. Michael Hummer organized the first Presbyterian society of Iowa City. John McConnell was elected ruling elder; Diodate Holt, deacon; and Chauncey Swan, Joseph Schell, Robert Hutchinson, J. W. Margrave and Diodate Holt, trustees. The first regular pastor was the Rev. Michael Hummer.

During the first six years of its existence the Presbyterian society had no regular and permanent place of worship. At different times services were held in Jesse Berry's schoolhouse, in the Mechanic's Academy, in Butler's Hotel, and in the Council Chamber of the Territorial Capitol. In 1844 a church building was commenced on the present site of the Presby-

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\*They were: Fred Hardee and John Wolf.

†From the *Iowa City Standard* Vol. 1. No. 32.

‡This house still stands just back of the English Lutheran Church.

\*\*Donated by an act of the Legislative Assembly, approved February 14th, 1844.

terian church, which site was donated to the society by Chauncey Swan. Funds for its erection were collected in the East by the Rev. Michael Hummer. By the close of the year 1846, the basement was in condition to be used as a place of meeting. Four years later the building was dedicated on the 24th day of February, 1850. Its style of architecture was the same as that of the old Baptist church, having a cupola and a large front portico with Corinthian columns. In dimensions somewhat larger than those of the Baptist church, it was built of similar material, having a stone basement with a superstructure of brick. The church was scarcely completed in 1855, when it took fire and burned. Aside from its relation to the religious history of the town, the old Presbyterian church is of special interest on account of its connection with the notorious episode of "Hummer and his Bell."

Of all the happenings in the capital city this certainly was the strangest, the most peculiar, and withal the most humorous. Told and retold a thousand times, it has become the most popular tradition in the history of Iowa City. It has been commemorated in oral story, in prose, in verse, and in caricature. For over forty years it has remained the most favorite theme of the fireside. The facts in this strange case of "Hummer and his Bell" are these: The Rev. Michael Hummer was sent East by the Presbyterian Church to solicit donations for the church building. Now it happened that in one instance his solicitations were rewarded by the presentation of a bell for the newly erected Iowa City church. And in accordance with the presentation and inscription on the bell itself, this bell was duly placed in the cupola of the church at Iowa City. Being an excellent bell with a clear, sweet tone, it became the pride of the congregation and the admiration of the whole town. But Michael Hummer, who had been the means of securing the bell, having digressed from the orthodox faith of the Presbyterian church and at the same time being suspected of dishonesty, was brought before the Presbytery and dismissed from the ministry. Enraged at this

treatment, Mr. Hummer planned revenge. He would have the bell which hung in the cupola of the Iowa City church. He proceeded forthwith to Iowa City, and having obtained the assistance of one, Margrave, he climbed to the cupola and lowered the much prized bell to the ground. Then Margrave leaving the Reverend in the cupola, left the church to get the wagon upon which the bell was to be carried away. In the meantime a number of citizens had been attracted by the strange proceedings in the cupola. They became indignant, jeered at their object of hatred above, and finally made him prisoner by removing the ladder. Perceiving the situation Mr. Hummer became greatly wrought up; and from that high cupola he is said to have delivered a loud and stormy sermon, hurling all the while brick and boards at the laughing crowd below. A wagon was brought and the bell soon hurried out of town. Near the mouth of the Rapid Creek it was sunk in the Iowa River. The ladder was replaced and the much agitated Reverend descended. He returned to Keokuk without the bell, which was to remain in its hiding place until the affair had quieted down and then to be returned to the cupola. But the bell was never returned. For by a perfidious act it was secretly taken from the river and transported across the prairies and plains of the West to Salt Lake City and sold to the Mormons. In 1868 Brigham Young offered to return the bell, which he declared had never been used there, provided freight charges were paid at this end. Unfortunately the bell was not sent for.\*

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\*The following is a bit of doggerel inspired by the episode of "Hummer and his Bell."

"Ah, Hummer's Bell! Ah, Hummer's Bell!  
 How many a tale of woe 'twould tell  
 Of Hummer's driving up to town  
 To take the brazen jewel down.  
 And when high up in his belfre-e  
 They moved the ladder, yes sir-e-e,  
 Thus while he towered aloft they say  
 The bell took wings and flew away.

"Ah, Hummer's Bell! Ah, Hummer's Bell!  
 The bard thy history shall tell;

## NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN.

The New School Presbyterians were a branch of the regular Presbyterian denomination which has since united with the parent stock. In the spring of 1843, the New School Society of Iowa City, which had been organized since 1841, sent C. M. Calkin to the East to solicit donations for the building of a church. Soon after Mr. Calkin's returned from the East, the society commenced the erection of that old stone edifice which still stands on the south line of Burlington street between Clinton and Capitol streets. The inscription above the door reads: "PRESBYTERIAN. ERECTED 1845."

Dr. W. W. Woods was the organizer and first pastor of this church. He also partially destroyed the society, being suspected of dishonesty. Mr. Woods undoubtedly did much that hindered the progress of the New School. About 1855, the Rev. P. S. Van Nest effected a temporary revival; but the organization always remained weak. In 1866, when, at the St. Louis conference, a union was effected between the new and old school Presbyterians, the Iowa City New School Society was abandoned. The members in conjunction with

How at the east by Hummer sleight,  
 Donation, gift and widow's mite  
 Made up the sum that purchased *thee*,  
 And placed *him* in the ministry;  
 But funds grew low, while dander riz,  
 Thy clapper stopped, and so did his.

Ah, Hummer's Bell! Ah, Hummer's Bell!  
 We've heard thy last, thy funeral knell,  
 And what an aching void is left  
 Of Bell and Hummer both bereft;  
*Thou* deeply sunk in running stream,  
 Him in a Swedenoorgian dream.  
 Both are submerged, both to our cost  
 Alike to sense and season lost.

"Ah, Hummer's Bell! Ah, Hummer's Bell!  
 Hidden unwisely but too well;  
 Alas! thou'rt gone, thy silver tone  
 No more responds to Hummer's groan  
 But yet remains one source of hope,  
 For Hummer left a fine bell rope,  
 Which may be used, if such our luck,  
 To noose our friend at Keokuk."

about fifteen Congregational families then founded the present Congregational society of Iowa City.

Among the early pastors of the New School was one, Samuel Storrs Howe. Mr. Howe, being a very eccentric man, deemed it his duty, after the disintegration of the New School, to take care of the old stone church. Half crazy, he lived alone in the cold, damp basement for many years, keeping watch of the sacred property.

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### NOTES.

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#### MRS. SARAH B. NEWSOME.

AT the ripe age of ninety-three years, Mrs. Newsome passed from earth at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Stull, of Iowa City.

To her was accorded the privilege of a residence, nearly eighty years ago, in the family of Rev. Mr. Bronté, curate in Haworth, Yorkshire, England, where she acted as nurse for Charlotte Bronté, the author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," and other works of fiction. During the lifetime of Mr. Bronté he was a correspondent of Mrs. Newsome, who took delight in speaking of him and of his talented daughters. Her reminiscences of the novelist's childhood are to be woven into shape by Marian Harlan.

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OUR leading sketch of this number is of special interest to those who believe that the ministry has been an important factor in the making of Iowa.

In 1843, twelve young men, just leaving the theological seminary, pledged themselves to the American Home Missionary Society to enter the Iowa field. They were called "The Iowa Band." Their names are as follows: Ephraim Adams, Harvey Adams, Ebenezer Alden, William B. Hammond, James J. Hill, Horace Hutchinson, Daniel Lane, Erastus Ripley, Alden B. Robbins, William Salter, Benjamin A.

Spaulding and Edwin B. Turner. Mr. Hammond's health failed and eleven only came into the territory. Of these eleven Ephraim Adams and William Salter alone survive. Dr. Robbins had but one pastorate, which he filled for more than half a century. Dr. Salter is still in active service, now in his fifty-fourth year of service in Burlington. P.

MRS. KATIQUAH EBERLE.

DIED in Cassville, Wisconsin, March 8, 1899, this woman of remarkable history. She was a full-blooded Sac Indian. After the defeat of Blackhawk in the battle of Bad Ax, she, a child of about seven years of age, was left by an aunt and an older sister on the battlefield. They had led and carried the child till they were compelled by exhaustion to leave her to her fate.

After wandering several days alone, she was met by a wounded Indian who continued with her till at the end of twelve days, Bun. Jordan, son of the first settler of East Dubuque, took them to his father's home. The girl was treated as one of the family. A boat was sent to gather up the Indians. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan took their protege to the boat. Seeing on the boat the aunt and sister who had deserted her, she refused to go with them. By permission of the captain she remained with the Jordans. Blackhawk afterwards sought to take her away, but was unsuccessful. Some Indians attempted to take possession of her, but she escaped from them by hiding under the bed. She was in constant fear of being kidnapped, but was not again molested. In October, 1854, she married Probus Eberle, a German farmer near East Dubuque. Her second daughter, Nellie, married George, son of Bun. Jordan, who found the child and brought her to his father's house. After the death of Mr. Eberle, the widow made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, of Wiota, Cass County, Iowa, until 1890, when she went to live with another daughter, Mrs. Fred Fishneck, in Cassville, Wisconsin, where she died. P.

THE University of Iowa, it is now generally felt, has entered upon a new era of development and progress. And the installation of a new President is noted as a landmark in the history of this new era. President MacLean was inaugurated on the 29th day of September, in the presence of the Regents, Faculties and Alumni of the University. The exercises were as imposing as they certainly were significant. The historical significance of the event warrants the preservation of the program in the pages of the RECORD.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA INAUGURAL PROGRAMME.

Friday, September 29, 1899, 1-30 in the Afternoon Before the Old Capitol.

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

MUSIC

INVOCATION

J. L. PICKARD, LL. D., Ex-President of the University

MUSIC

INDUCTION INTO OFFICE

GOVERNOR LESLIE M. SHAW, President of the Board of Regents

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

PRESIDENT MACLEAN

MUSIC

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES ON BEHALF OF THE FACULTIES

EMLIN MCCLAIN, LL. D., Chancellor of the Law Department

ON BEHALF OF THE ALUMNI

HON. HOWARD M. REMLEY, B. A. '69, LL. B. '72, President of the Alumni Association

ON BEHALF OF THE SISTER COLLEGES OF THE STATE

PRESIDENT W. F. KING, D. D., Cornell College

ON BEHALF OF THE SISTER STATE UNIVERSITIES

PRESIDENT CYRUS NORTHROP, LL. D., the University of Minnesota

ON BEHALF OF THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

PRESIDENT W. R. HARPER, LL. D., The University of Chicago

HYMN—AMERICA

8 to 10 in the evening at the Armory, President's Reception Under the Auspices of the Faculty and Local Alumni Association

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On the 8th day of October, Ex-Governor Samuel Merrill, was buried at Des Moines, Iowa. The following is a copy

of a blank that was filled out by Mr. Merrill about a year before his death:

1. Name. *Samuel Merrill.*
2. Date of birth. *August 7th, 1822.*
3. Native State or country. *State of Maine, County of Oxford, Town of Turner.*
4. Nationality. *From Salisbury, England, in A. D. 1636 to Salisbury, Mass. My grandfather moved to Maine in 1750.*
5. Places of residences (with dates) before coming to Iowa. *I resided as a farmer and school-teacher in Maine till I was 27 years old, and then moved with my family to New Hampshire, and was a merchant there till 1856. Member of the Legislature there.*
6. Date of removal to Iowa. *Entered into mercantile business in McGregor, Iowa, in 1856, wholesale and retail. Member of Iowa Legislature in 1859 and '60. Went into service in July, 1862.*
7. Place of residence in Iowa at time of election to office of Governor. *McGregor, Clayton County.*
8. By what political party elected. *Republican.*
9. Dates of term or terms of office as Governor. *Two terms, beginning January, 1868, and ending 1872.*
10. Occupation at the time of and before election. *President of First National Bank of McGregor. Also had interest in Dry Goods.*
11. Offices held before election to the office of Governor. *Was a member of the Legislature in New Hampshire; a superintendent of schools for a time.*

*Yours Truly*      SAMUEL MERRILL.

*P. S. I would thank you for a copy of some newspaper in which your lectures may be printed. I have a continued interest in your city and especially in the University. I am now the oldest living ex-governor of one of the noblest states of the Union. May God bless her and keep her on the high road of prosperity and honor.*

B. F. S.





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Iowa historical record

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